

THE DOME

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* * "The Melon Eaters," "The Merchant George Gisze," and "The Concert" are reproduced by arrangement with Mr. F. Hanfstaengl. THE DOME is printed by Messrs. Morrison & Gibb Limited, at Tanfield, Edinburgh.

INTROIT

*HELP us, O great Architect,
Sure foundations here to lay,
Though before Thy shrine we slay
Not one ox with garlands deck'd.
As we carve for Thee a throne,
Guide the chisel o'er the stone,
Guide it, O great Architect!*

THE MASTER-BUILDER

ONE night a certain man fell into a deep sleep. And in his sleep the gods granted him to behold a vision, strange and very glorious. And in his vision he saw a rosy sunrise; and against the sunrise a temple, rearing its proud dome up into the brightening sky.

Then the dreamer drew near to the temple, and at his every step it appeared more glorious, until, to him entering, its beauty was as the morning on the gods' high seats. Around him he saw pillars curiously carven, and walls painted with the forms of gods and heroes, and nymphs laughing and warriors triumphing in the midst of green woods, where many waters ran cool and clear from snows that crowned blue mountains; and horses and towers were painted there also, and great ships and the angry sea. Above his head soared a high vault, wonderful with lights and shadows; and the lights were more to be desired than the stars, and the moon, and the sun shining in his strength, and the shadows held more mysteries than any midnight. Under his feet spread a pavement, very cunningly wrought of stones without number, and, where the lights and shadows fell, were colours more for marvelling than all the hues of flowers and precious stones and the rainbow. And before him, and on his right hand, and on his left hand, three choirs, in blue and gold and white, sang three anthems; and whenever they smote their harps together, their voice was one voice and their song one song.

After he had seen these things, the dreamer awoke, and arose, and said, "I will build, for the honour of the holy gods, the temple they have shown me in my dream."

And because of the scantiness of his own strength, and the clumsiness of his hands, and the number and heaviness of works to be done, he sought out a hundred men, skilful with the chisel, the plumb-line, the brush, the harp, and divers tools and instruments; and to these he told the dream that he had dreamed, and the vow that he had vowed; whereat they wondered greatly, and promised their aid with one consent. So straightway he gave to each his task—a beam to shape, a stone to hew, a pillar to carve, a wall or a window to paint, a door to fashion, or a pavement to lay in patterns of pieces of stone of many shapes and colours. To a poet he appointed that he should make a noble hymn in the gods' praise, and to a musician that he should furnish it with a seemly melody, clear and joyful, and that he should search for and instruct such as should chant the same with sweet voices and pure hearts. And, having thus ordered all things, he named a certain day for the dedication of the temple, and caused it to be noised abroad throughout the city.

But with the morning when the hundred artificers should have brought each his work, only fifty appeared before him; for some were departed into far countries, and some were busy with other building, and some made excuse, and some were as though they had never been. And of those who came as they had promised, some had cut beams that were too short, and some had hewn stones that were too great, and the poet had written a song of women and wine, and the musician a dirge, very lamentable, and one who should have carved a keystone into a certain great angel, showed with pride a corbel shaped into a grinning devil. Then the master-builder saw that the work of his own hands also was blundering and unfit; and he became exceedingly sorrowful, and was fain to curse the day when he was born, and the night wherein his temple was conceived. Yet because he knew that nearly all the workmen had laboured heartily and with good intent, and that much people would gather on the day appointed, he commanded that certain of the stones and timber that had been wrought should nevertheless be piled and joined together.

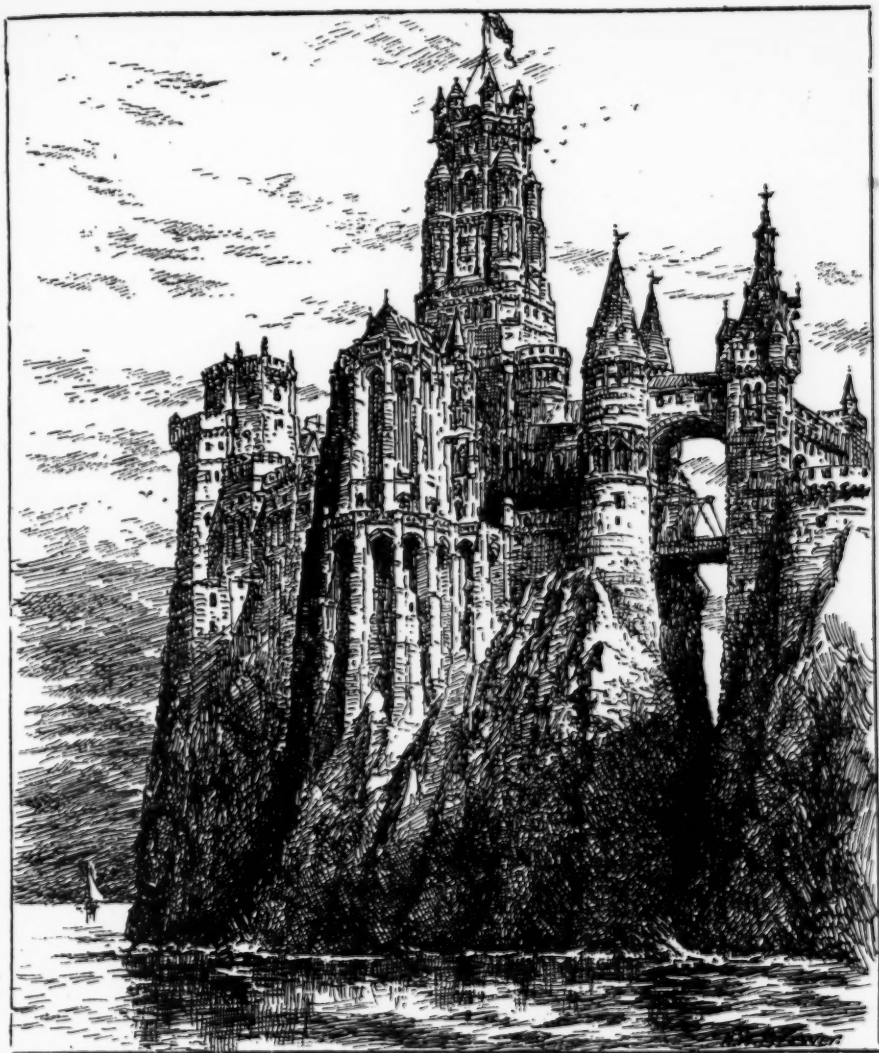
And so, after many days, there was an end of building, and thousands came, and looked, and spake, and departed.

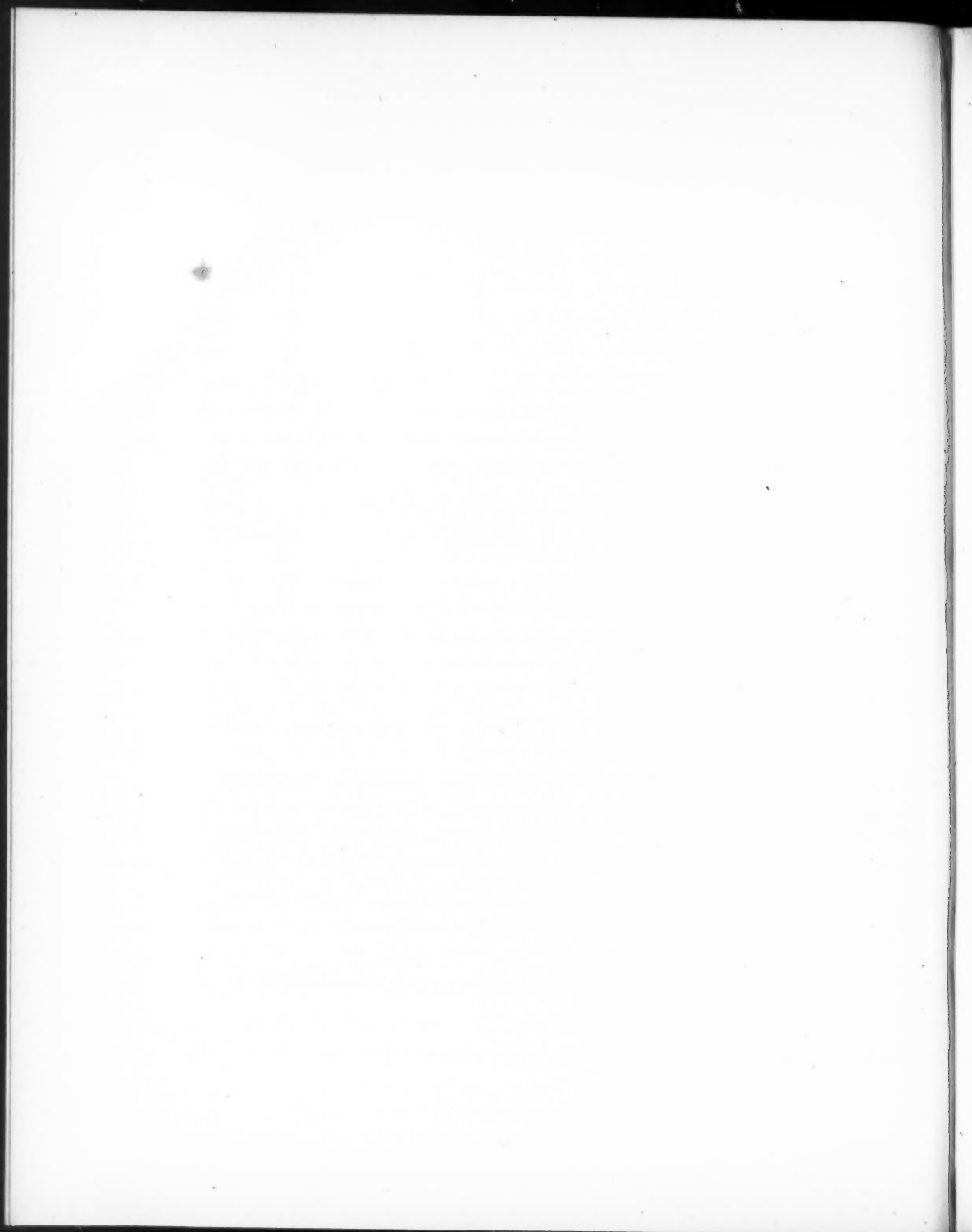
And at eventide the master-builder lay wide awake on his bed,

and saw through the window his work against a forlorn sunset, thrusting its mean dome up into the darkening sky.

But two things gave him comfort. To accomplish a little, as well as to dream much, was surely good. And again, he remembered that while of the multitudes who had poured through the temple (each man declaring how he himself would have built it), there were a few of whom even the dreams were less fair than his accomplishment, there was not one whose dream was fairer than his own dream.

And then, as the twilight pondered into night, once more he fell into a deep sleep, and once more the gods granted him to behold a vision. And in his vision he knelt in midnight blackness on a mountain where, for all he could not see them, he knew there sat the holy gods. All night long he prayed, craving pardon for his broken vow. And at daybreak the gods smiled, and straightway it was day. And he looked down into the valley at the city; and against the rosy sunrise, rearing its proud dome into the brightening sky, he saw, more beautiful than the morning on the gods' high seats, the temple of his dream.





A CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE

ON the top of Drundle Head, away to the right side where the track crossed, it was known that the fairies still came and danced by night. But though Toonie went that way every evening on his road home from work, never once had he been able to spy them.

So one day he said to the old faggot-maker, "How is it that one gets to see a fairy?" The old man answered, "There are some to whom it comes by nature; but for others three things are needed—a handful of courage, a mouthful of silence, and a capful of moonshine. But if you would be trying it, take care that you do not fail more than twice; for with the third time you will fall into the hands of the fairies and be their bondsman; but if you manage to see the fairies, you may ask whatever you like of them."

Toonie believed in himself so much that the very next night he took his courage in both hands, filled his cap with moonshine, shut his mouth, and set out.

Just after he had started, he passed, as he thought, a priest riding by on a mule. "Good-even to you, Toonie!" called the priest. "Good-even, your reverence!" cried Toonie, and flourished off his cap, so that out fell his capful of moonshine. And though he went on all the way up over the top of Drundle Head, never a fairy did he spy; for he forgot that, in passing what he supposed to be the priest, he had let go both his mouthful of silence and his capful of moonshine.

The next night, when he was coming to the ascent of the hill, he saw a little elderly man wandering uncertainly over the ground ahead of him; and he, too, seemed to have his hands full of courage and his cap full of moonshine. As Toonie drew near, the other

one turned round and said, "Can you tell me, neighbour, if this be the way to the fairies?" "Why, you fool," cried Toonie, "a moment ago it was! But now you have gone and let go your mouthful of silence!" "To be sure, to be sure, so I have!" answered the old man sadly; and turning about, he disappeared among the bushes.

As for Toonie, he went on right over the top of Drundle Head, keeping his eyes well to the right; but never a fairy did he see. For he, too, had on the way let go his mouthful of silence.

Toonie, when his second failure came home to him, was quite vexed with himself for his folly and mismanagement. So, that it should not happen again, he got his wife to tie on his cap of moonshine so firmly that it could not come off, and to gag up his mouth so that no word could come out of it. And once more taking his courage in both hands, he set out.

For a long way he went and nothing happened, so he was in good hopes of getting the desire of his eyes before the night was over; and, clenching his fists tight upon his courage, he pressed on.

He had nearly reached to the top of Drundle Head, when up from the ground sprang the same little elderly man of the evening before, and began beating him across the face with a hazel wand. And at that Toonie threw up both hands and let go his courage, and turned and tried to run down the hill.

When her husband did not return, Toonie's wife became a kind of a widow. People were very kind to her, and told her that Toonie was not dead: that he had only fallen into the hands of the good-folk; but all day long she sat and cried, "I fastened on his cap of moonshine, and I tied up his tongue; and for all that, he has gone away and left me!" And so she cried until her child was born, and named little Toonie in memory of his lost father.

After a while, people, looking at him, began to shake their heads; for as he grew older it became apparent that his tongue was tied, seeing that he remained quite dumb in spite of all that was done to teach him; and his head was full of moonshine, so that he could understand nothing clearly by day; only as night came on his wits gathered, and he seemed to find a meaning for things. And some said it was his mother's fault, and some that it was his father's, and some that he was a changeling sent by

the fairies, and that the real child had been taken to share his father's bondage. But which of these things was true, little Toonie himself had no idea.

After a time little Toonie began to grow big, as is the way with children, and at last he became bigger than ever old Toonie had been. But folk still called him little Toonie because his head was so full of moonshine; and his mother, finding he was no good to her, sold him to the farmer, by whom, since he had no wits for anything better, he was set to pull at waggon and plough just as if he were a cart-horse,—and indeed he was almost as strong as one. To make him work, carter and ploughman used to crack their whips over his back; and little Toonie took it as the most natural thing in the world, because his brain was full of moonshine so that he understood nothing clearly by day.

But at night he would lie in his stable among the horses, and wonder about the moonlight that stretched wide over all the world and lay free on the bare tops of the hills; and he thought, would it not be good to be there all alone, with the moonbeams laying their white hands down on his head? And so it came that one night, finding the door of his stable unlocked, he ran out into the open world a free man.

A soft wind breathed at large, and swung slowly in the black-silver tree-tops. Over them little Toonie could see the quiet slopes of Drundle Head, asleep in the moonlight.

Before long, following the lead of his eyes, he had come to the bottom of the ascent. There before him went walking a little shrivelled elderly man, looking to right and left as if uncertain of the road.

As little Toonie drew near, the other one turned and spoke. "Can you tell me," said he, "if this be the way to the fairies?"

Little Toonie had no tongue to give an answer; so, looking at his questioner, he wagged his head and went on.

Quickening his pace, the old man came alongside and began peering; then he smiled to himself, and after a bit spoke out. "So you have lost your cap, neighbour? Then you will never be able to find the fairies." For he did not know that little Toonie, who wore no cap on his head, carried his capful of moonshine safe underneath his skull, where it had been since the hour of his birth.

The little elderly man slipped from his side, seeming to disappear among the bushes, and Toonie went on alone. So presently he was more than half-way up the ascent, and could see along the path-track of the thicket the silver moonlight lying out over the open ahead.

He had nearly reached to the top of the hill, when up from the ground sprang the little elderly man, and began beating him across the face with a hazel wand. Toonie thought surely this must be a carter or ploughman beating him to make him go faster. So he made haste to get on and be rid of the blows.

Then, all of a sudden, the little elderly man threw away his hazel stick, and fell down clutching at little Toonie's ankles, whining and praying him not to go on.

"Now that I have failed to keep you from coming," he cried, "my masters will put me to death for it! I am a dead man, I tell you, if you go another step!"

Toonie could not understand what the old fellow meant, and he could not speak to him. But the poor creature clung to his feet, holding them to prevent him from taking another step; so Toonie just stooped down, and (for he was so little and light) picked him up in one hand, and carried him by his waistband, so that his arms and legs trailed together along the ground.

In the open moonlight ahead little people were all agog: dew-drops were shivering out of place in thousands, where flying feet alighted—shot from bent grass-blades like arrows from a drawn bow. Tight panting little bodies, of which one could count the ribs, and faces flushed with fiery green blood, sprang everywhere. But at Toonie's coming one cried up shriller than a bat; and at once rippling burrows went this way and that in the grass, and stillness followed after.

The poor dangling old man, whom Toonie was still carrying, wriggled and whined miserably, crying, "Come back, masters, for it is no use; this one sees you! He has got past me and all my poor skill to stop him. Set me free, for you see I am too old to keep the door for you any longer!"

Out buzzed the fairies, hot and angry as a swarm of bees. They came and fastened upon the unhappy old man, and began pulling him. "To the ant-hills!" they cried; "off with him to the

ant-hills!" But when they found that Toonie still held him, quickly they all let go.

One fairy standing out from the rest shook off his cap and bowed low. "What is your will, master mortal?" he inquired; "for until you have taken your wish and gone, we are all slaves at your bidding."

They all cringed round him, the cruel little people; but he answered nothing. The moonbeams came thick, laying their slender white palms graciously upon Toonie's head; and he, looking up, opened his mouth for a laugh that gave no sound. "Ah, so! That is why—he is a mute!" cried the fairies.

Quickly one dipped his cap along the grass and brought it filled with dew. He sprang up, and poured it upon Toonie's tongue; and as the fairy-dew touched it, "Now speak!" they all cried in chorus, and fawned and cringed, waiting for him to give them the word.

Cudgelling his brain for what it all meant, he said, "Tell me what wish I may have?" "You have only to ask it," said they, "for you have become one of our free men. Tell us your name?"

"I am called little Toonie," said he, "the son of old Toonie that was lost." "Why, as I live and remember!" cried the little elderly man, "old Toonie was me!" Then he threw himself grovelling at his son's feet, and began crying, "Oh, be quick and take me away! Make them give me up to you: ask to have me! I am your poor loving old father whom you never saw: all these years have I been looking and longing for you! Now take me away, for they are a proud, cruel people, as spiteful as they are small; and my back has been broken twenty years in their bondage."

The fairies began to look blue, for they hate nothing so much as to give up one whom they have once held in bondage. "We can give you gold," said they, "or precious stones, or the root of long living, or the waters of happiness, or the sap of youth, or the seed of plenty, or the blossom of beauty. Choose any of these, and we can give it you."

The old man again caught hold of his son's feet. "Don't choose these," he whimpered, "choose me!"

So, because he had a capful of moonshine in his head, and because the moonbeams were laying their white hands on his hair,

he chose the weak shrivelled old man, who crouched and clung to him, imploring not to be let go.

The fairies, for spite and anger, bestowed every one a parting pinch on their tumbledown old bondsman; then they handed him to his son, and swung back light-heartedly and forgetfully to their revels.

As father and son went down the hill together, the old man whistled and piped like a bird. "Why, why!" he said, "you are a lad of strength and inches: with you to work and look after me, I can keep on to a merry old age! Ay, ay, I have had long to wait for it; but wisdom is justified in her children."

Laurence Housman.

Der Fichtenbaum.

Heinrich Heine.

Harold Thorp

Andante Tranquillo e Sostenuto. ♩ = 80.

The first system of musical notation is for the piano introduction. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, and a grand staff (treble and bass) with the same key signature and time signature. The treble staff contains a whole rest followed by a half note G4. The grand staff contains a piano (p) dynamic marking, a half note G4, and a series of chords in the bass. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is at the end of the system, followed by an asterisk (*).

The second system of musical notation is for the vocal entry. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The grand staff (treble and bass) has the same key signature and time signature. The vocal line begins with the word 'Ein' (A) and continues with 'Ficht- en- baum- steht ein-'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the bass. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is at the end of the system, followed by an asterisk (*).

The third system of musical notation is for the vocal entry. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The grand staff (treble and bass) has the same key signature and time signature. The vocal line begins with the words 'sam- ly' and continues with 'Im Nord- en auf kön- der Höl-'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the bass. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is at the end of the system, followed by an asterisk (*).

p.

ahn schla... fert... mit weis... ser
 slum... sters in wh... it... e... st

pp.

Red. *Rall.* *Red.*

Wack... um... hul... len ihn Eis und Schnee.
 rai... ment... of cling... ing Ice and snow.

Rall.

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

p.

p. Espressivo.

Er träumt von ein... er Pal...
 dream... ing of a Palm.

Red. *Red.*

DER FICHTENBAUM

15

...me, Die fern im Mor... gen land...
the that in an East... ern land...

Ped.....* Ped.....* Ped.....* Ped.....*

Ein... sarn und schweig... end rau... chr
Lone... ly and si... lent... ly weep... eth...

Espressivo.

P. P.

Ped.....*

Auf... bren... nen... der Fel... sch... wand...
In des... erls of burn... ing sand...

Dim e Rall.

Dim e Rall.

Ped.....*

Rit.

* Senza Ped

STIMMEN DER WINTERNACHT

SIEHST Du nicht die finstern Rosen
Matt die Winternacht durchglühn?
Komm im Blumenhag zu kosen,
Wo die Rosmarinen blühn!—
Siehst Du nicht die finstern Rosen?

Hörst Du nicht die leisen Stimmen,
Wie von einer fernen Maid
In der Finsternis verschwimmen,
Ein Gesang aus dunkler Zeit,—
Hörst Du nicht die leisen Stimmen?

Komm, Dich trägt des Teiches Decke,
Deinen Fuss das junge Eis,
Dass Dich kein geflüster schrecke,
Brennt die Fackel hoch und weiss,—
Komm Dich trägt des Teiches Decke!

Höre die Fontainen weinen
In dem wolkenblauen Licht,
Rate, was die Sterne scheinen,
Was das wirre Leben spricht,—
Höre die Fontainen weinen!

Komm, eh' Dich der Morgen finde
In dem fahlen Winterrot,
Komm, Dich trägt der frühlinglinde
Kuss in einen süssen Tod,—
Komm eh' Dich der Morgen finde.

Oscar A. H. Schmitz.







UTAMARO

THOSE to whom the art of Japan is a new thing are apt to admire the landscapes only. In Hokusai, and still more in Hiroshige, they can recognise certain elements akin to those which make up the painting to which they are accustomed. In the figure-subjects they miss that affinity, and, to supply its place, they seize on what is immediately dramatic and forcible—despising it all the time as essentially barbaric. It is thus that Toyokuni and Kunisada are popular. The current European fallacy that catalogues art by its subject-matter makes it difficult to think otherwise. Regarding the Japanese as, at best, only half civilised, we are willing to accept any obvious force their art may evince, and to look upon less showy merits either as an accident or as tame and monotonous. Monotonous they may be for those who are always seeking some new thing; tame they may be for those who expect from art the exciting, the sensational; but for those who can recognise exquisite drawing, spacing, and colour, the figure designers of Japan have provided sources of pleasure that are as unique as they are inexhaustible.

Such an explanation is a necessary preface to any popular account of one whose aims were so definitely limited as those of Utamaro. He has been a favourite subject with writers on Japanese art, perhaps through this very limitation, for it makes him seem readily comprehensible. That his personality is not really so simple, may be presumed from the fact that his critics are unable to agree even as to whether he is realist or idealist, primitive or decadent. While, for most of them, his elegant graces are proofs of a mannered decline, Edmond de Goncourt, in his brilliant biography,—the unique authority on the master and his work,—

maintains that Utamaro, rather than Hokusai, was the pioneer of naturalism. Even his artistic merits are a matter of dispute. With De Goncourt he is the perfect artist of Japan, for whom no panegyric can be more than adequate. For Professor Anderson, on the other hand, "The effect is marred by the ungraceful mannerisms perverting the drawing of the faces and limbs. In colour, they (his prints) are inferior to . . . Kiyonaga and Kioden." In fine, Utamaro is a puzzling personage.

The senior of Hokusai by six years, he came to Yedo while quite young, and lived there till his death, in 1806, at the age of fifty-two; lodging for the greater part of the time at the house of his publisher, near the entrance to the Yoshiwara quarter. All day he worked on his designs under the publisher's eye, and at night was free to repair to the society that he loved so well, as a man and an artist. His death, indeed, is said to have been the result of dissipation acting on a constitution already weakened by an imprisonment for drawing a political caricature.

Though tradition makes him a pupil of the Kano School, his earliest known work shows no trace of Chinese influences. On the contrary, it is so like that of his predecessor Kiyonaga, that one has to look at the signature to make sure that the prints are not wrongly titled. Kiyonaga, in his limited way, was a realist. His people stand on their feet firmly. Their faces are not mere doll-figure-heads, but have a certain amount of individual, if uninteresting, expression. To what he learned from Kiyonaga, the young artist added a power of minute observation that was entirely his own. The three series of plates on natural history, the *Shell-fish*, the *Insects*, and the *Hundred Song-birds*, besides being marvels of colour printing, show how entirely a man could sacrifice convention to truth when it seemed good to him. If judged by these books alone, he would appear a realist of the first rank among his countrymen, anticipating by twenty years the triumph of Hokusai.

These three books, however, stand alone among Utamaro's achievements. They show that he could see and follow nature; the rest of his work proves that he loved art still more. He imitated Kiyonaga, but made no further advance upon that master's formula in the direction of realism. Quite early a second tendency becomes evident—a love of flowing lines, of tall feminine forms, that have nothing in common with the stout, healthy women of

Kiyonaga. This tendency, which De Goncourt ascribes to the graceful primitive Shigemasa, has been traced by a recent critic to a more distant source, the hieratic art of India, through which some vague memory of Hellenic models was passed on to the Far East. Whatever its origin, the new seed takes firm root; the plant waxes apace, and soon blossoms into the painter of fair women that we know. Kiyonaga and natural history are alike forgotten; surviving only in a fondness for processional compositions, for rapid natural gesture, and for perfect drawing of detail. The chosen formula requires no more of them.

Henceforth Utamaro is an artist with one absorbing passion—the love of woman. With a persistency that is almost monotonous, sheet after sheet of his designs show us nothing but women at their toilet, at meals, boating, walking, nursing, reading, amusing themselves or their children. To those of us who realise that *genre*-painting in Europe has for the most part been an entire failure, it will be difficult to understand how the Japanese colour-printer achieved greatness in a still more limited field. Apart from matters of design or colour, the success is in a measure due to extraordinary sympathy resulting in extraordinary insight. No other man ever understood woman so truly in her most characteristic functions. Maternity with him is a thing as distinct from the sentimentality of our popular contemporaries, as it is from the formal caress that satisfied the Middle Ages. Whether it be the ruddy heroic infant Kintoki with his fierce parent, or some weakly little mortal clawing at his mother's hair, or dress, or neck, Utamaro's babies are always delightful. Even as they play, mother and child cling together as if they were a single being. There is no showing off, no studied sitting for a portrait. The effect is that of a lucky sketch made by an artist peeping through a nursery keyhole.

Yet one notes that, while the slightest personal gesture is caught, as by a second Hokusai, the woman of Utamaro is no more like the *petite* broad-faced woman of Japan than a duck is like a swan. Fashion, no doubt, will account for a good deal. In the eighteenth century the artists made all their ladies conform to the type of the fashionable style of beauty, as happens in our costumiers' advertisements. But in Japan this style varied more than with ourselves, for, besides dressing their hair, and colouring of cheeks

and lips, the ladies shave their eyebrows, and paint artificial eyebrows wherever the prevalent mode ordains. No tricks of the toilet, however, could make the woman of Utamaro, with her long, oval face, and extraordinary stature. She has become not only a graceful, wayward creature, but a symbol of much in the world without. Series upon series—the *Stations of the Tokaido*, the *Six Signs of Famous Saké-houses*, and the like—show this plainly enough, till even the tragedy of the Forty-seven Ronins, that grim reality of feudal Japan, is played by groups of women. Strained as this reiterated convention may seem to us, is it, after all, so wholly distinct from some of the decorative work of Burne-Jones? The latter's women are at least as tall and exotic as Utamaro's. It is the crossing of this convention with delicate natural detail in the Englishman, with exquisite natural gesture in the Japanese, that delivers both from the gulf of mannerism that has swallowed the reputation of Parmigiano.

A word as to Utamaro's models. The ceremonial surrounding the frail, stately ladies of the Yoshiwara has been described by De Goncourt, and drawn by several Japanese artists—by none more exquisitely than by Utamaro himself in the famous book the *Annual of the Green Houses*. The illustration shows us the homely side of things—the cleaning-up of the house in the morning, with servants bustling about, while a visitor, tooth-brush in hand, sits in a window-seat and looks out disconsolately at the snow. From the other plates we may see what was the life of these girls with the education of princesses, skilled in music and the arts, who speak an archaic language, the language of poetry. Grace and splendour, allied with simplicity, are the dominant notes of Yoshiwara life—as indeed they are of the artist's workmanship.

On this little or nothing can be said here that has not been said more completely elsewhere. Utamaro draws with equal facility those "shapes that have the curves of fountains," and the delicate armour of an insect. We can only follow his skill through the medium of engraving, for original drawings by him are practically unknown. In colour, the best prints of his maturity are unsurpassed, except by those of Harunobu. The technique of block-printing is refined till no further advance seems possible, to produce those colours that are at once striking and indescribable. In addition to the devices of printing in relief and of sprinkling

powdered mica or dry colour on to the wet paint, the flat tints are broken apparently by the application of a drop of water, till that subtle vibration of individual hue results which makes the last perfection of harmony. The fair flesh of his figures is seen through the green mist of a mosquito net, through a veil, or through clear water, that he may find a new gamut of colour notes. The schemes vary from brilliant oppositions of green and coral red to faint greys and dusky yellows, that have the charm of most faded things, the delicate aroma which hangs about a stuff that was perfumed long ago. Lest the delicacy should seem weakness, black and white are used boldly to sharpen the impression of the design—black and white themselves become the most exquisite of colours, as indeed they are for all the greatest painters. With a like purpose a white shoulder or a slender arm flashes out from a fold of dark drapery. If now and then the elaborate technique makes a single print contain harmonies that seem too numerous, too varied, the fault is at least on the right side.

The exquisite grouping of Shunsho was infused by Utamaro with new graces born of his preference for less obvious curves and more general spacing. The stiffer processional arrangements of Kiyonaga were remodelled in the same way; but the greatest improvement appeared in the designing of single figures. Whether he draws a full length, or a head only, Utamaro is equally successful. Like all great designers, he chose comparatively simple arrangements, which he enriched by intricate and perfectly wrought detail. From this commendation we must except the prints signed with his name, but worked in the manner of Toyokuni, in the hope that subsequent research may prove that they are not from his hand.

No notice of Utamaro would be complete that did not mention his contemporary the brilliant Yeishi, who combines so much of his rival's genius with a remoteness and a colouring that are quite personal. When once they are seen, his harmonies of white, coral-red, and primrose-yellow are not easily forgotten. Mr. Strange has been the first to point out that certain prints signed Shiko vie with Utamaro's best works, and the one specimen in the writer's possession fully justifies all Mr. Strange's praise. At present nothing is known of this admirable artist, and his prints seem to be rare. The pupils of Utamaro and Yeishi—Hidemaro, Tsukimaro, Yeisho, Yeiji, and others—carried on their master's tradition for a

short time, and then yielded to the prevalent craze for the style of Toyokuni.

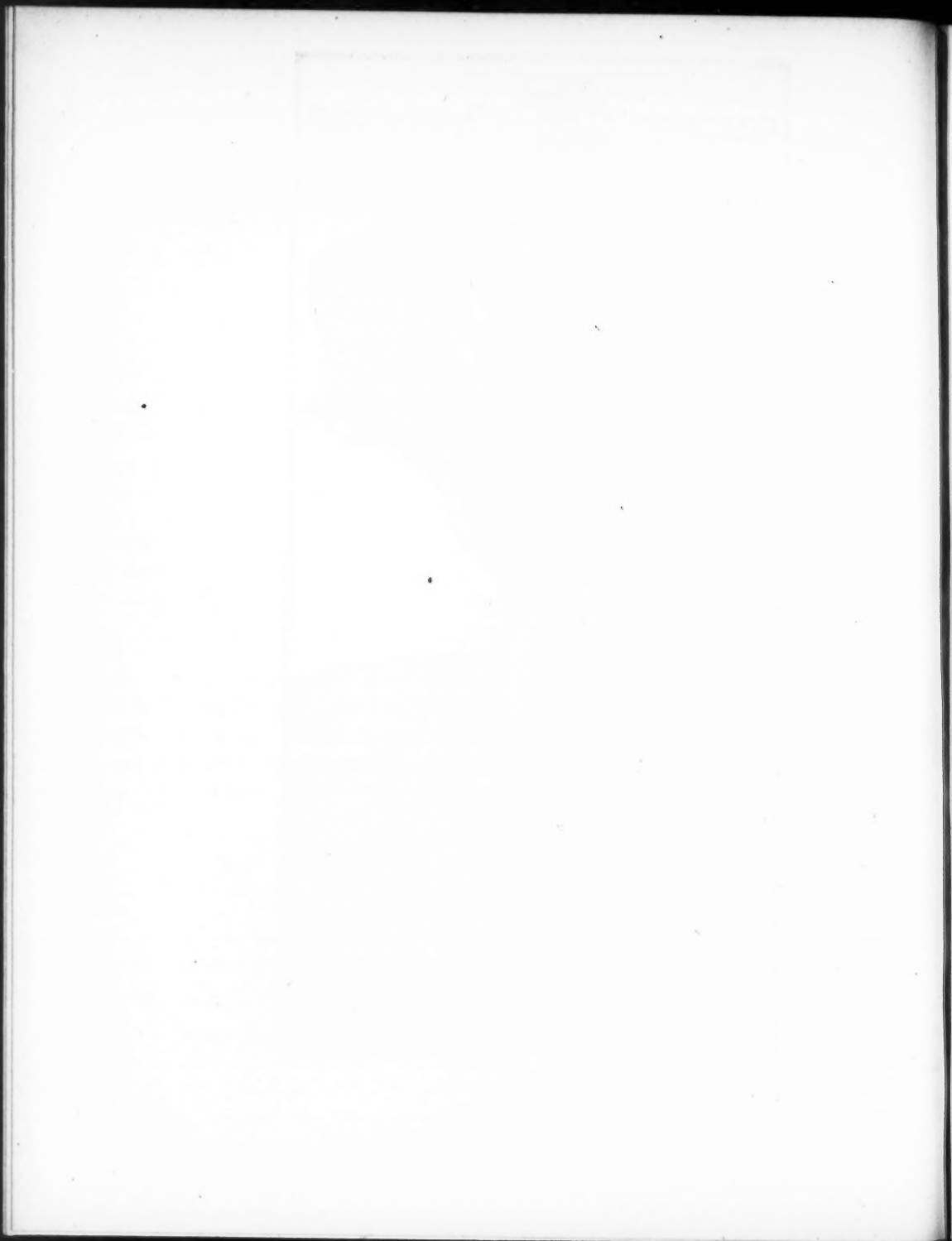
Utamaro is often compared with Watteau, but his influence, unlike that of the master of *Fêtes Champêtres*, practically ceased with his death. If any strong element of freshness or naturalness had been inherent in it, we can hardly believe it would have been dissipated so readily. Like a lion that dies of an ass's kick, Utamaro was overwhelmed by Toyokuni. Had Hokusai's *Mangwa* appeared ten years earlier than it did, the painter of fair women might at least have fallen worthily.

C. J. Holmes.

Bussy d'Amboise

1580





JEYPORE

(A STUDY IN ROSE-JACYNTH)

JEYPORE is the Apotheosis of Buszard. Jeypore is a dazzling city of pink cakes of wondrous designs. For its splendid houses of two, three, and four storeys high are rose-coloured to the exact shade of a pink cake, and, moreover, they are decorated with graceful, fantastic designs in white—sugar, I am sure!

One does not need rose-coloured spectacles to appreciate Jeypore. For the wonderful town is a shimmer of rose-jacynth throughout; its wide, grand streets all pink; its fine houses—in the Hindu style of architecture, varied and picturesque, and all different in design though uniform in colour—pink. These Arabian-Night-like houses of the Bazar have soft green shutters to their lowest storey, where the merchants display their wares; and they have overhanging balconies, with pink and white carved lattices. The mingled turquoise and sapphire of the Indian sky, seen through those rose-coloured screens, must make an exquisite mosaic. But this rose-coloured city is not too monotonous of hue; sometimes the ubiquitous pink is all brodered—one can use no other word—over with other colours—green and blue and white—images of gods, flowers, horses; but these more elaborate cakes are rare. The pink erection, decorated beautifully with white sugar tracery, is almost universal. The main streets of the Bazar are very wide and spacious, even somewhat suggestive of a Parisian boulevard, but there are many soul-satisfyingly narrow alleys running down mysteriously somewhere behind the pink houses.

Still, the chief impression made by Jeypore is one of Maharajah-like magnificence.

In the middle of the town is the great square market-place,—thronged with blue-grey pigeons and Brahminy bulls and chaffering natives (sweetmeats seem the staple wares of the Bazar in this idyllic city),—spacious as the Place de la Concorde. In the heart of the Bazar is the Palace of the Winds, a grand rose-jacynth cake with a towering, fantastic façade in the Saracenic style, frosted with white sugar tracery of rare design. Standing on the shining steps of the Palace of the Winds one is indeed

“Devant une façade rose,
Sur le marbre d'un escalier.”

This Palace of the Winds—the title takes me hugely—is the headquarters of the innumerable sacred pigeons which cover Jeypore in clouds. Only less numerous than these are the Brahminy bulls, which wander at will about the wonderful streets,—placid and lordly beasts with velvety black hides, that strike an enchanting note in the pink-and-white colour symphony. Up and down the Bazar flows a vivid stream of natives and camels and bullock-carts and ekkas, and Rajputs on gaily caparisoned little Turkoman horses. The plain theme of the bullock-cart is wondrously orchestrated in these parts: here you see bullocks drawing glorified chariots, with painted canopies and freights of tinselled, silken women. And if you are lucky, you may even see an elephant lumbering along, or a peacock displaying his jewelled fan by the roadside. And you are sure to meet the Maharajah's hunting cheetahs, under convoy of their keepers—lithe, sinewy cats, with their eyes bandaged (they would go for anything they saw); these are let slip on black-buck in the desert.

Jeypore is a typically Hindu town, as its sacred bulls and pigeons declare; and it abounds in quaint Hindu temples, with long flights of pink steps, dotted with little grey doves. I was so fortunate as to be at Jeypore during the “Holi,”—a disreputable Hindu festival in honour of Krishna, which takes place about the 7th of March. The natives all get drunk on this auspicious occasion, and they also cover themselves with rose-coloured paint. I chanced to meet a great procession of the revellers in the Bazar—several huge elephants, with gorgeous caparisons and painted ears and foreheads, their white tusks banded with brass; camels and Turkoman horses, all gaily

adorned, and crowds of brilliant natives. The effect in the pink bewildering Bazar of Jeypore was most beautiful, mad, and impossible.

One does not weary of rose-jacynth Jeypore; though the town is in the key of pink, the colour is merely dominant, not monotonous. Here and there pink modulates into green or white,—indeed, the tall minaret which marks the centre of the town has so far forgotten its sense of fitness as to be ivory white. Likewise the palace of the Maharajah departs from tradition by being coffee-coloured,—a coffee-coloured cake of expensive make, with white sugar tracery. It is a huge, rambling building, with a wilderness of courtyards and corridors and halls, wherein hundreds of sacred pigeons and a few stately peacocks disport themselves. This palace is furnished in a curious style,—a mixture of garish Hindu and European-in-the-worst-possible taste. Grotesque, Oriental, inartistic magnificence combines with red satin sofas and out-of-date pier-glasses framed in ormolu. The result can be imagined!

The palace garden is very large, and filled with fountains and pagodas and fragrant lemon groves; at one end is a big tank, wherein the sacred crocodiles take their ease. It is a sight to see them fed! Their keeper calls them from their happy dreams on the mud-banks, "Come brothers, come!" And the great brutes slide sullenly into the water and swim across—moving points of horror—to the feeding-place, where they fight for their raw meat: horrible things, twelve and even sixteen feet long, with appalling jaws and jagged teeth. I longed to put half a pound of lead into one! How they growled, and hissed, and snapped at one another!

I cannot fathom wherein lies the holiness of a crocodile. Sacred bulls and pigeons and peacocks and dogs and monkeys are all very well,—but crocodiles! Asia carries her vivid Pantheism rather too far.

I visited the Maharajah's stable—an imposing cloister-like quadrangle enclosing a spacious tan exercising ground. Here are 300 horses, kept mainly for show, and fed (Heaven help them!) on sugar and ghee and treacle, to make them fat, wherefore they are sadly out of condition. The Maharajah has many breeds,—Arab, Kathiawar, Turkoman, and even English, and one or two

tiny Burmese ponies, not over ten hands in height. They say the Maharajah rides these, I don't know how he does it!

One of the great man's peculiarities is a preference for three hundreds: he has 300 horses, 300 dogs,—overfed, snappy little beasts,—and 300 dancing girls. Of the last triple century, O Jehannum! I cannot judge.

An enlightened man is the Maharajah, with a taste for beaded mats and billiard-tables. He has civilised his beautiful city. And now Jeypore is like a fairy tale with an unfortunate veneer of Parisian boulevard. Alas! the streets are paved, and lit with gas; there are a Museum, a Zoo, and also a School of Art.

Now the roof and crown of Jeypore art is its brass-work—its wrought and enamelled brass vases and tables and trays. This is very seductive, and the whole town teems with it. Most costly and curious is the gold enamel work. I saw one perfect little gold peacock, with the intricate gem-like feathers marvellously reproduced in both colour and form. One sees many wrought scimitars and daggers with the curved Rajput blade, and jade-hafted knives, and strange, polished leather shields, ornamented with embossed brass.

So much for present-day Jeypore. Yet more interesting is the deserted city of Amber or Amer, some four miles off—among the hills. And it seems a romantic thing to ride an elephant to the ivory palace of Amber, which crests a picturesque peak. Yet I went up in an ekka, an adorable, jolty contrivance, with a painted ceiling cloth and a pair of meek-eyed bullocks.

The old city of Amber is beautiful in its decay as a nocturne of Chopin. Hyenas and deer and monkeys range its deserted palaces, and Hindu fakirs frequent its ruined temples. It is a dreamy, snaky town, set in a lovely hollow of green hills and shallow lakes—mostly dried up—and cactus hedges with their flame-like flowers; peacocks gem its rocky ways, and clouds of pigeons hover round it. The ancient palace is a wonderful old place, with a labyrinth of courts and painted chambers and pillared halls, commanding hill and dale and tiger jungle; its walled-in garden is odorous of jasmine and lemon trees; and the temple within its court holds the dark shrine of the goddess Durga, a black-faced demon with her head slightly averted,—she is turning in anger from the poor daily sacrifice of a goat at her altar (so the

legend runs); in the old romantic days she used to have a man for breakfast every morning. I can quite understand her feelings. Very sinister and mysterious looked the black little temple, with the dull lamp faintly glaring on the grim face of the goddess—they knew how to stage their horrors in the olden time! Here, once a year, the Maharajah sacrifices a buffalo, striking off its head with one blow. Here also a hundred of his nobles sacrifice buffaloes, and he who fails to strike off the creature's head at one blow pays a fine of Rs. 1000. These Rajputs are a fine race, and they seldom have to disburse, I believe.

Their Maharajah is something of a sportsman. Besides buffalo beheading, he is extremely fond of tiger-shooting; and this is how they're shot:—A buffalo is tethered in the jungle, beside it is placed a bowl of doctored water; when the casual tiger has consumed the unhappy buffalo, he naturally feels thirsty, drinks deep, and sinks into a state of beastly intoxication. Thus he falls an easy prey to the guns. This is a very Bowdlerised edition of tiger-shooting, is it not?

All round Amber is the tiger country; indeed, so wild is the scenery, that one thinks one might pot a tiger from the palace window.

The Maharajah also cultivates live tigers, keeping them in a kind of miniature Zoo in the city of Jeypore. I went to see them—magnificent brutes with velvet hides, sleek and supple and splendid fearsome beasts, fierce from the Amber jungles. I should think the catching of a tiger must be a dainty job!

One sees strange barbaric things in the old uncivilised palace of Amber.

Besides the excellent billiard-table and the shrine of the goddess Durga, I saw the old brocaded chariot in which the Maharanee of long ago used to drive her slaves like horses—silver bits in their mouths, silken reins in her hands.

To me the sentiment of Amber suggests that of Chopin, strangely,—its dead barbarisms, its moonlight seclusion, its pensive romance, the endless illusion that Time has woven round its mouldering splendours, its "dead past" atmosphere,—Chopin and Shelley.

Nine hundred years ago the city of Amber sprang up, and the city wall is standing yet, surrounded by ruins, mouldering

exquisitely, decaying slowly, magically, in the clear Indian air. Looking from the palace on the hill, one has a splendid view of the deserted town far below in the valley ; it still seems almost inhabitable, its temples and palaces yet make a brave show—and it is all as lifeless as the city of Ys under the Breton waves. It is true that jackals and wolves and snakes have taken up their abode in it, and there may be ghosts, of course ; but one sees no trace of these in the midday sunshine, from the hill above. I should like to visit Amber by moonlight, and meet the Spirit of the East in her white fire-shroud revisiting her deserted halls. But I should not like to step on a cobra !

Only the moon-fire makes clear those mystic characters, traced in the invisible ink of Fancy, that shine out on every antique stone—as surely as any of those inscriptions in the Persian and Arabic you can't read. When the moonlight falls thick as snow on old ruins, it clasps a legend in each ray,—which it is your business to decipher, and turn into marketable (oh, uncommonly cheap !) English.

But I know I have read most of the Amber legends already—in Chopin. Either in the body or out of the body, as St. Paul would say, Chopin must have visited Amber ; his strange West-Eastern opium imaginings sometimes lose all trace of the West, and then they revert to Amber. All Chopin players should make a pilgrimage to Amber ; saving you are a genius, you cannot play Chopin with full comprehension unless you have been to Amber. For Amber and Chopin are almost interchangeable terms.

Jeypore and Amber are extraordinary and unique cities, set in the wild and lovely country of Rajputana—that Rajputana which is an idyllic native State, where the Rajahs have prancing steeds and cloth-of-gold ; where the landscape has wild, sharp hills, and sandy deserts and jewelled peacocks ; where the native's dress is more than common gay ; where the Blue bird of Romance flies higher than the White bird of Truth, and the hotels are impossible.

Israfel Feist.

READING

"HAVE you read the law?" asked the priest.

"Through and through," replied the poet.

"Then pray recite to me some passage therefrom."

"Nay! That, I am afraid, is beyond me."

"Truly," said the priest, "you are a pretty reader."

"Sir," responded the poet, "if I may make so bold, have you bathed to-day?"

"I am just come from the pools."

"Then please give me a few drops of water."

"Tush!" answered the priest, "I bathe not that I may carry away water, but for the health and refreshment of my body."

"And I read," remarked the other, "not that I may accumulate phrases, but for the health and refreshment of my spirit."

T. W. H. Crosland.

SONG OF MONGAN

Mongan, in the old Celtic poetry, is a famous wizard and king who remembers his passed lives. "The Country of the Young" is a name in the Celtic poetry for the country of the gods and of the happy dead. The hazel tree was the Irish tree of Life or of Knowledge, and in Ireland it was doubtless, as elsewhere, the tree of the heavens. The Crooked Plough and the Pilot Star are translations of the Gaelic names of the Plough and the Pole Star.

I HAVE drunk ale from the Country of the Young,
And weep because I know all things now :
I have been a hazel tree, and they hung
The Pilot Star and the Crooked Plough
Among my leaves in times out of mind :
I became a rush that horses tread :
I became a man, a hater of the wind,
Knowing one, out of all things, alone, that his head
Would not lie on the breast, or his lips on the hair,
Of the woman that he loves, until he dies ;
Although the rushes and the fowl of the air
Cry of his love with their pitiful cries.

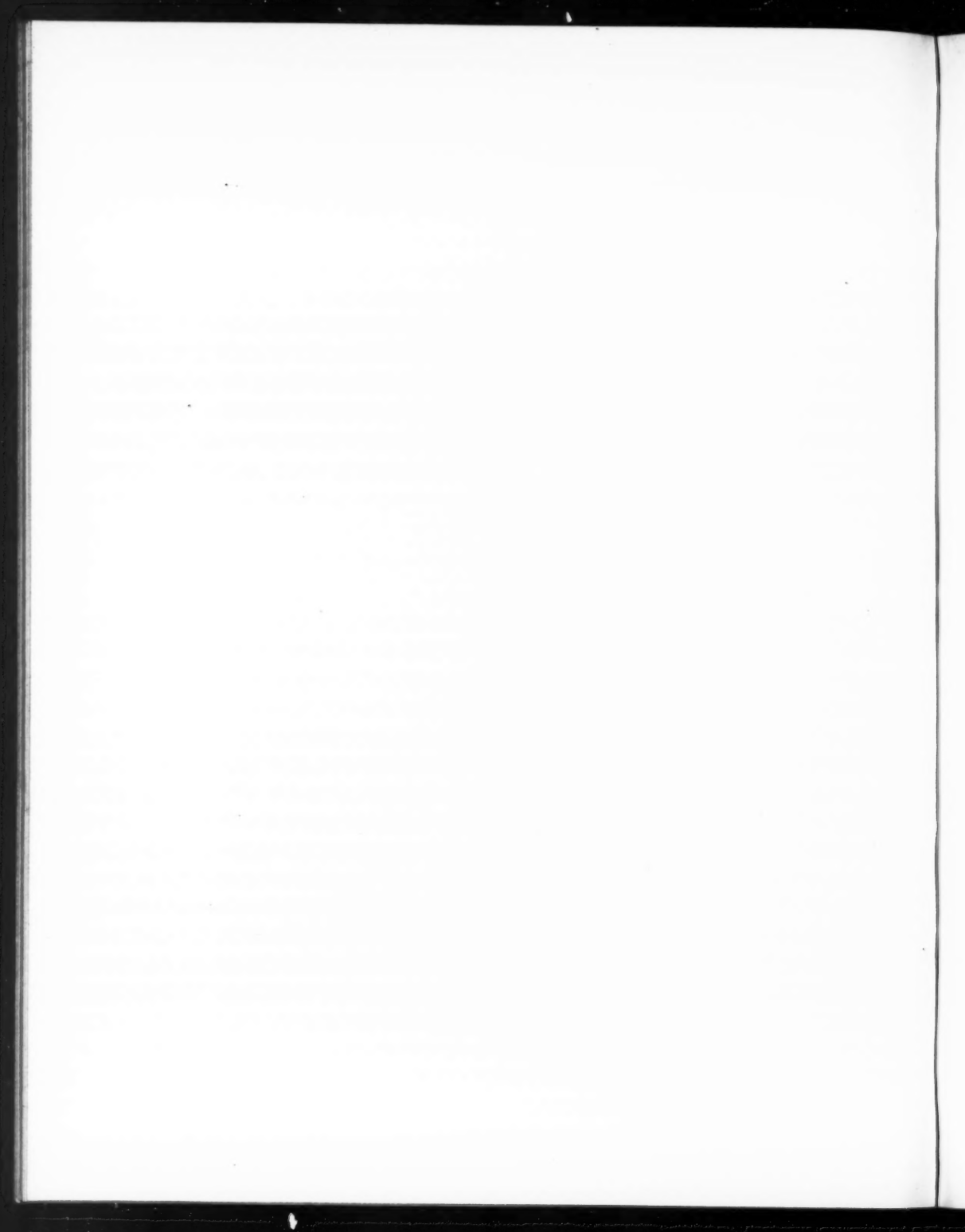
W. B. Yeats.



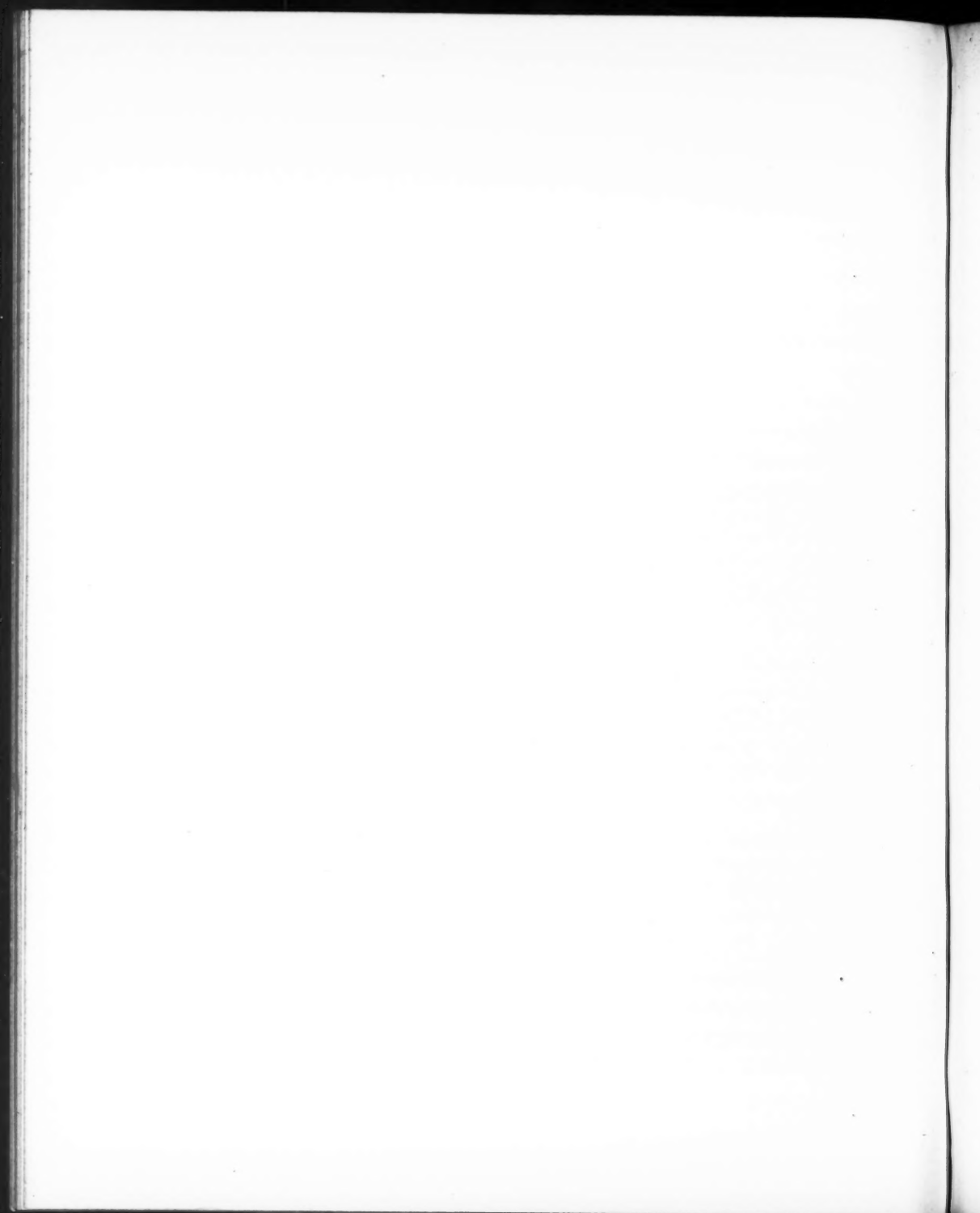












AT THE SIGN OF THE POSTBOY'S HORN

ACT I

SCENE :—*An old-fashioned garden, with a rustic table and seat under one of the trees. There is a sundial in the middle of a small lawn. On the left, a high hedge, and a white wicket-gate opening on a steep road. On the right, the porch of a timbered, ivy-clad house, with two gables, and a swinging signboard lettered "The Postboy's Horn."* KATHARINE ORPINGHAM, in a print gown and without her hat, has been touching-up the signboard with a brushful of gold paint. She jumps down from a stool a few seconds after the curtain rises.

KATHARINE :—Now, good Master Postboy, with your trumpet new gilded you should pluck up courage to blow another blast. Not that you'll bring the dear old stage-coaches rumbling past again though, even if you blow harder than a railway whistle. But you've had your day. Why, you must have blown a welcome every week for more great lords and ladies than you have buttons on your coat. To think that twice a day the whole place turned out for the London coach, and the whole London coach turned out for roast beef and old ale! But the last coach was chopped into firewood long ago; and as for you, poor old Postboy, you'd have been chopped up and burnt yourself last week, if it hadn't been for me. So blow me a flourish—blow! (*She crosses to the gate, and looks into the road.*) No, no more stage-coaches, and never even a haywain; and since they've cut the new road round the other side of the hill, scarcely even so much as a tramp. No wonder old Turner couldn't make it pay, and gave the place up. Only five shillings, he said, did he take the last month he kept

open: though I'd have said, from the look of him, that if he paid for his own drinks he must have taken more than that in a day. Of course I can understand mother being annoyed at the way he went off,—about the lease and all that,—but I don't altogether blame him. And certainly he left just at the right moment, for here we are, on Midsummer Day, in the very quaint, snug, sweet, dear old sort of cottage I've always dreamed of. No doubt I'm a spoilt and ungrateful child for not being satisfied with Orpingham Hall, and Eaton Square, and Torquay . . . and Torquay, and Eaton Square, and Orpingham Hall. Mother can't understand why I feel no transports over all her alterations at Orpingham—electric light and hot-water pipes, and most of the place rebuilt with all the latest improvements, just like a big hotel . . . I hate Orpingham, I hate it—the terrible rows of little brick houses they're building in the village, and the excellent railway communication with the Metropolis, and the parish council, and the gas lamps. I hate it! (*She comes back to the porch.*) Yet I mustn't think bitter thoughts about mother. She's ruined Orpingham from the best of motives. And, after all, it was splendid of her, when she must have thought it was stark madness on my part, to let me do-up the old Postboy's Horn, and furnish it with the old oak that had been put away in the attics at Orpingham, and have a real little country cottage of my very own. Why, I could scarcely believe it when she even gave way at last over the dear old signboard—though she'd soon have it down if she knew that two tramps came in and called for beer on Monday! (*She sits down under the tree, and sighs.*) I'm a lucky girl, of course! I'm Katharine Orpingham, Favourite of Fortune, of Orpingham Hall, Eaton Square, Ripplecombe Lodge, Torquay, and the Postboy's Horn. And I hate it all save the Postboy's Horn—the dull, stiff, selfish life—and in a day or two, as soon as mother thinks my silly whim has been indulged enough, back we go to Orpingham. This free and simple existence here . . . how delicious it is! and yet I've only had a few days of it ever since I was a child; and even now I enjoy it fearfully, by my mother's fitful good-nature. It's hard that, while my heart craves for an honest, wholesome life like this, my fate should impose the idle and conventional. (*She laughs rather bitterly.*) Why, I mustn't even fall in love freely and simply! I'm to be a good girl,—a duti-

ful, sensible girl,—with no romantic nonsense, and marry Bertram Sanderstead. I've never seen him, I know nothing about him, I may never care a fig for him, I may even hate him, but I'm to be a dutiful, sensible girl all the same, because the family expect it, and uncle put it in his will. (*She rises indignantly.*) Yes, in his will! I might be the heroine of one of those penny tales that Martha's always reading. "About three years before our story opens"—yes, that's it—"about three years before our story opens, Jeremiah Jones, a rich merchant"—no, "rich" isn't right—"an opulent merchant, and an eccentric old bachelor, willed and bequeathed the mansion of Deerhurst, and a goodly sum in the Funds for its maintenance, to his favourite niece, Alicia Bollingdene, on condition that she married before her twenty-first birthday Gerald George, the only son of his dearest friend and benefactor, John Smith." (*She laughs rather dismally, and once more sits down.*) Yes, I'm in a will. Why else has mother always kept me out of men's society, so that Bertram Sanderstead will be the first man I've really known? I'm to be an obedient, dutiful, sensible, unromantic child. I'm to be wooed in that stiff new Orpingham, in the new stiff way, in the glamorous radiance of the electric light, and I'm to take lovers' walks past those little brick houses, and I'm to be completely altered and improved like Orpingham, and settle down as a sober married woman to Orpingham Hall, and Eaton Square, and Ripplecombe Lodge, Torquay, and give up all this schoolgirl nonsense of the Postboy's Horn!

(*She springs up.*) Ah, but Postboy, dear old Postboy, I haven't been gilding your trumpet for wedding music! You're to sound for battle! (*She walks a few yards back, leans against the sundial, and goes on rapidly and decidedly.*) Bertram Sanderstead comes to Orpingham this very week—Saturday, or even sooner. I kept the letter out of mother's way, or I should never have got her here. I believe she's rebuilt Orpingham for this very match-making, so as to receive my rightful lord like a little king. But I've told Williams, when he comes, to make our apologies and drive him over here. It's hardly five miles, so his longing heart won't have to beat faster for more than another half-hour. I'll see him here or not at all. He's a pampered boy, no doubt; and at Orpingham he'd get all he wanted, and there'd be nothing to

ruffle him, nothing to show me the real, selfish or unselfish, man. He must win or lose at the Postboy's Horn. Here I shall find out if he can ever be a comrade for me, and if he loves a simple life, and dear quaint old things, as I do—this old sundial, these gables, the flowers, the beasts, and *you*, good Master Postboy. Yes, that's it. Love me, love my Postboy! And as for you, old sundial, I'll give you something else to mark instead of these sweet summer hours, that are flying all too fast. Now listen. I, Katharine Orpingham, am henceforth an undutiful, romantic, unsensible, disobedient, obstinate, happy, misguided girl, and I defy Bertram Sanderstead, and his collar, and his drawl, and his conceit, and his affectation, and all his hosts. He may be nice . . . but I know he won't! And, if he likes, he can have Orpingham, and find a girl who'll go into raptures over it to help him keep it, and I'll stay here and sell beer to tramps, and have no sweetheart but you, faithful old Postboy, and be as merry as this Midsummer Day.

But mother's headache! What a selfish little wretch I am! (*She runs into the house.*)

(BERTRAM SANDERSTEAD *opens the gate and enters the garden. He looks round delighted, and at last catches sight of the signboard.*)

BERTRAM :—"At the Sign of the Postboy's Horn." It ought to be "At the Sign of the Garden of Eden." Why, there's the original Bower of Bliss! (*He has spied the seat under the tree, and advances towards it.*) Paradise Regained! (*He stretches himself full length on the bench.*) Clover! (*After a time he raises himself on his elbow, and looks at the garden more carefully.*) As the proverb ought to say, this shows the wrong way is always the right one. Take Lionel Hatton, last week, when we went to Cowes, for instance. He must know Bradshaw off by heart, must Lionel. That must be why he's generally missing about the beginning of the month, stewing it up. He can tell you how much it costs to Killarney, and the shortest cut to Nuremberg, almost before you've asked him. So last week he goes to the right station . . . of course; takes the right ticket . . . of course; climbs into the right train . . . of course—and almost sits down on poor old Bobby Hobbs, who goes straight and borrows five pounds. Then his train gets shunted or something,

and arrives an hour and a half late, when everyone has given him up and gone off without him. I drive to the wrong station, just in time to see the troops come home from the Indian war; I get bundled into an omnibus and then into a train by somebody, find I'm in the luncheon-car, and turn up in time for everything.

Same to-day. As soon as I got out of the station and saw the paved new road, and the hideous little new houses stretching away, I knew it would lead me straight to Orpingham, and that this steep, grass-grown old road would wind round and round, and take me three hours instead of one. And here I am in an enchanted garden. (*He gets up and walks about restlessly.*) No, even if the new road had been sweeter than a Devonshire lane, I couldn't have gone straight to Orpingham. This whole errand is hateful to me. Katharine Orpingham means thousands a year, and very likely she's handsome, and clever, and good, and all that, and Orpingham Hall has been turned into one of the most comfortable houses in the county; and if I go about it with moderate common sense, I can have all of it; and yet I loathe the whole sordid, humiliating business. (*He paces to and fro thinking.*) It's a temptation, certainly—especially to a man that's always more or less hard-up. No doubt I shall yield to it. It won't be very unpleasant, of course, to have the shooting to ask a few people to, and I could lend poor old Dick Rushford that hundred, and perhaps even buy that yacht of Lionel—I know he's at his wits' end how to turn it into cash. . . . But oh, the sorriness of it! To feel to our lives' end, even if we grow to like one another, and agree perfectly, that we married for money and to please other people. (*He leans against the sundial and grows more thoughtful.*) To feel I've left love out of my life; or—if love comes—to feel I risked leaving it out. (*After a time he shakes off his seriousness, and resumes his walk.*) But let Orpingham wait. I didn't fix a day for my call, on purpose. Far better to get a private peep first. So Orpingham can wait. I've stumbled on this perfect Postboy's Horn, and it would be a sin against good luck not to enjoy it for an hour. (*He sits down under the tree again, and raps the table.*)

(KATHARINE appears in the porch, much surprised.)

KATHARINE:—What do you want?

BERTRAM:—Ale.

KATHARINE:—I beg your pardon.

BERTRAM :—Ale—and please look sharp about it. (KATHARINE advances into the light. BERTRAM instinctively ceases to lounge, and alters his tone). Er—any time will do.

KATHARINE (*going back into the porch*):—Really, this is too much. The poor old Postboy will have to come down after all. Two tramps last Monday, and now a tourist, or a bicyclist, or some such creature. It's too much. I must tell him and send him away. (*She walks half-way to the tree.*) I'm sorry if you want ale very badly, but we don't—

BERTRAM (*rising*):—Oh, I'm not tremendously keen on ale, really. Anything will do—stout, cider, half-and-half, lemon squash, sherry and bitters, ginger beer, whisky and soda, lager . . . whichever's most convenient. I'm thirsty enough to drink anything.

KATHARINE (*to herself*):—It's very awkward. He seems sober and respectable, and it's four miles' hot walk before he can get anything. Perhaps I'd better . . . for the very last time. (*She goes into the house.*)

BERTRAM :—Well, I called this Postboy place the Garden of Eden when, for all I knew, there was nothing but an old Adam of a fat potman in his shirt-sleeves. What shall I call it, now Eve's come? (*After a pause, with conviction.*) That's the prettiest girl I ever saw!

(KATHARINE returns and places before him a shining silver tankard, filled with foaming ale.)

BERTRAM (*rising gallantly, as if to drink her health*):—Thank you, my beauty! Here's your— (KATHARINE cuts him short by a quick look of indignation, then turns her back on him and walks contemptuously back to the porch.)

KATHARINE (*to herself*):—Impudence! . . . Yes, Master Postboy, down you come this very night. Why, a nice bit of flirting you'd have seen if I'd been out and Martha in. (*She enters the house.*)

BERTRAM (*snubbed and crimson, watches the porch for a few moments, then tries to laugh off his humiliation*):—Oh, hang it all! (*He tastes the ale.*) Good! (*He takes a long drink.*) Beautiful! (*He drains it off.*) Confound the girl! She's made me feel a complete bounder! (*He gets up and walks about.*) These barmaids and waitresses . . . Why, their poor little feelings are generally

hurt if you don't make a fool of yourself, more or less—or at least you don't get any attention. How was I to know this Postgirl boy—I mean this Postboy girl—was different? But she *is* different. She blazed scorn at me like an empress . . . I must put the thing right somehow. (*He returns to his seat, and raps the table again.*)

KATHARINE (*in the porch, coldly*):—Well?

BERTRAM (*meekly*):—It was only I—rapping.

KATHARINE:—So I heard. What did you do it for?

BERTRAM (*after racking his brains in vain for a form of apology, suddenly*):—More ale.

KATHARINE:—You can't have any more ale.

BERTRAM (*surprised*):—Oh, but come, I beg your pardon, but I'm not drunk or disorderly, and it isn't prohibited hours, or Sunday, and I've enough money to pay for it, and you can't refuse. That's the law. You know it as well as I do. Kindly bring me some more ale.

KATHARINE (*aside*):—The unfaltering impudence! But I've begun, and can't stop . . . unless I explain it all to him. I will! No . . . there's that horrid law he's been talking about . . . selling beer without a licence . . . (*still arguing it with herself, she goes in.*)

BERTRAM (*puzzled*):—I'm not quite sure whether polite firmness suits her much better than easy familiarity. (*KATHARINE re-enters and sets down a second tankard without a look or a word.*) It's very good of you.

KATHARINE (*coldly and stiffly*):—You see I know the law. (*She walks away more haughtily than ever.*)

BERTRAM (*looking after her till she has disappeared*):—What's up now? . . . The law. (*He springs up angrily.*) I'm playing the bounder to-day, and no mistake. First I begin fooling like a clerk at a refreshment bar, and then I go bullying and threatening law. (*He sits down again and speaks resolutely.*) I'll not move from here till I put it right, though, if I've to drink every quart of beer they've got in the place, and stay till closing-time. Here's the loveliest girl I ever set eyes on, and as much a lady as a beauty, and I've spent all the time since I saw her in making her vote me a cad. (*He empties the tankard, and is about to rap the table again.*) Hold on! She won't think much the better of me for guzzling beer

like a tramp . . . I know! (*He raps the table several times, without any notice being taken. At last KATHARINE comes out.*)

BERTRAM :—I am so very sorry to keep on putting you to all this trouble, but would you be so good as to bring me a little bread and cheese

KATHARINE (*unable to restrain her impatience*) :—Oh, really—

BERTRAM (*meekly*) :—Just a very little, any time when you're not busy. I'm . . . so hungry. I've had nothing to eat since I left town. And, besides, I don't think it's good to drink so much without eating. Any time will do.

KATHARINE (*vexed, to herself*) :—I suppose, if I don't explain, I shall have to give it him. It's just what those tramps said on Monday: that as we were Licensed Victuallers, we were compelled to give them cold beef and pickles, and gooseberry tart, and then—though of course I meant all along to make them a present of it—they sneaked off without offering to pay.

BERTRAM (*plaintively*) :—If you haven't any cheese handy, bread will do . . . any old crust, just to keep me going.

KATHARINE (*aside, after looking at him suspiciously*) :—Now I wonder! Is this more impudence? He isn't so hungry as that, of course. I think I see. He knows I'm angry at his familiarity, and now he's trying to atone for it by excessive politeness . . . After all, he seems to be not a bad fellow. That silly habit of joking with the waitresses at hotels and bars . . . most young men have it more or less, I suppose. He wants curing of it, all the same. (*An idea strikes her.*) That's the plan! I'll bring him his cheese and his bread, and whatever he wants, and when he calls for his bill I'll write on it . . . let me see . . . ale a shilling, cheese sixpence, bread threepence, and trying to flirt with the landlady's daughter . . . how much shall he pay for that? I know: he shall pay me his word as a gentleman, that the next inn where he feels inclined to go on in such a silly, second-hand way, he'll remember what they thought of it at The Postboy's Horn. (*She goes in.*)

BERTRAM (*crestfallen*) :—She stood there without answering a single word. But I'll stay till I bring her round, if I've to eat a dozen loaves and a whole cheese! Hallo, here they are!

(*KATHARINE carries towards him a tray with a huge cottage loaf, an enormous wedge of cheese, and another tankard of ale, and sets it on the table.*)

BERTRAM (*rising as she puts it down, very courteously and gratefully*):—Thank you, thank you, thank you. It is beautiful. You've taken far too much trouble. It's awfully good of you to bring it.

KATHARINE (*coldly, without looking at him*):—You see it's the law.

BERTRAM (*stung*):—Oh!

KATHARINE (*perceiving the genuineness of his penitence and gratitude, and feeling she has gone too far*):—But I've brought a little extra . . . because you are so hungry.

ACT II

SCENE:—*The same place an hour later. KATHARINE sits in the porch with some needlework, and BERTRAM leans against the sundial.*

BERTRAM:—You seem to do a great deal of work.

KATHARINE:—I was just thinking you seem to do none at all.

BERTRAM:— . . . Well, but why should I?

KATHARINE:—For common decency's sake, if for nothing else. Why, if I were an able-bodied man like you, I should be ashamed to loaf away a whole day, drinking beer and talking, instead of trying to do something useful. I should be ashamed!

BERTRAM:—So I am. (*KATHARINE gathers her work together and gets up.*) . . . Where are you going?

KATHARINE:—To do some more work.

BERTRAM:—But what am I to do?

KATHARINE:—Go on idling, I suppose. (*She disappears.*)

BERTRAM (*gloomily*):—I can't stick here much longer, that's very plain. I've got a hint to go, broad enough for anybody. I can't ask for more beer without being a beast, and I can't take up more of her time without being a nuisance. . . . She's forgiven me, I'm sure. But I must make my apology all the same, and then get off to Orpingham, odious Orpingham, and that unalluring Katharine. . . . Oh, it's a badly managed world, a vilely managed world! Why isn't this Posthorn place Orpingham Hall, and why isn't the Postgirl Katharine Orpingham? Then I'd

put the old will in a gold frame, and obey my family like a shot. But it isn't. They aren't. This place is just a pub. after all, and no doubt most people would call my Postgirl a barmaid. (*He straightens himself up, as if repelling an insult.*) What do I care, though, what they call her? I know that if I'd my choice I'd ten times rather polish pewters here than drink champagne out of golden goblets at Orpingham Hall; and I'd a hundred times rather be snubbed by my Postgirl than be flattered by Katharine Orpingham.

KATHARINE (*returns to the porch and talks to herself softly*):—Poor man! He sees it's time to go. That was a stupid notion of mine after all about his bill. Give him his due. As soon as he saw what I wasn't, he did his best to make amends; and it was really very clever and tactful the way he drew me into talk in spite of myself; and I'd no idea how much I'd missed the papers here until he told me all the morning's news in such an amusing and intelligent way. It seems there must be some interesting men in the world after all, as well as big, empty, dressy boys, like I'm sure that Sanderstead will be. Somehow I hate him, that Sanderstead. I don't know how I shall have patience with him when Williams drives him over. . . . But Martha will be coming back, or mother will be feeling better and coming downstairs. I must get this penitent and fascinating tramp on his way again somehow. (*Aloud.*) Do you want anything else before you go?

BERTRAM (*to himself, gloomily*):—I want more than I'm likely to get. But I'll not go till I've begged her pardon. I'll do that; then I'll go. (*Aloud.*) Yes.

KATHARINE (*coming forward*):—Not more ale?

BERTRAM:—No. Your pardon.

KATHARINE:—My pardon? What for?

BERTRAM:—I thought you noticed it. . . . I was rude . . . foolish, when you brought me the ale first.

KATHARINE:—You were. Very rude, and very, very foolish.

BERTRAM:—You see I knew this was a place of refreshment for man and beast . . . and I forgot which I was.

KATHARINE (*to herself*):—First he called me the Beauty and now he's calling himself the Beast! (*Aloud, good-naturedly.*) Ah, well, but you've been a tolerably-behaved man since—though I must say a very lazy one. If my pardon's all you want, you have

it. Good-morning! Be sure you don't take the little lane to the left. It leads nowhere. (*She returns towards the house.*)

BERTRAM (*aside*):—It leads to a better place than Orpingham, then . . . No. I won't go yet. I can't . . . (*Aloud.*) You forgive me? Then, on the strength of it, you'll let me have one last tankard of ale.

KATHARINE (*decidedly*):—Not one.

BERTRAM:—Please! Talking's made me so thirsty.

KATHARINE:—I can't help that. You can't have a drop more. You've had quite enough.

BERTRAM (*desperately*):—But I must . . . I will. I claim it as a *bonâ fide* traveller.

KATHARINE:—Where from . . . where to?

BERTRAM (*promptly*):—From Thundersbury Mansions, London—to Orpingham Hall.

KATHARINE (*withdrawing hastily into the porch to hide her astonishment*):—. . . It's . . . Bertram Sanderstead! (*She goes inside without a word.*)

BERTRAM (*at first perplexed at her going*):—What . . . (*Angrily.*) I've done it again! Made a thundering idiot of myself the third time. Why couldn't I have said just London, and Orpingham village? No wonder she's off, and won't be patronised. I begin rattling off the grand names and my grand friends . . . (*He sits down moodily, and does not notice KATHARINE till she is close to him.*)

KATHARINE (*putting before him a small tankard*):—So you're going to Orpingham Hall?

BERTRAM (*eagerly*):—Yes. And I'd a thousand times rather stay away.

KATHARINE:—But it's a very fine place—the finest place, they say, in all this country-side.

BERTRAM:—I hate fine places. I like little places—quaint places—cosy, jolly, chummy places, like this Postboy's Horn. If ever you covet Orpingham Hall, believe me that sort of place is a prison, a splendid prison, where your soul is like a bird in a gilded cage. It's all fenced and walled with custom and insincerity. Here you have freedom and simple happiness, and I envy you living always here.

KATHARINE (*to herself, slowly and scarcely believing*):—So this

. . . is Bertram Sanderstead. (*Aloud.*) But there are great people as well as a fine house at Orpingham—grand people.

BERTRAM:—I detest great people and grand people. They're often very petty people—very proud, selfish people—magnifying the lesser things of life and leaving out the greater ones.

KATHARINE (*quickly*):—But how do you know the Orpinghams are like that?

BERTRAM:—I don't know. But I know Mrs. Orpingham has pulled the quaint old place to pieces, and built it up again with an eye to show and luxury alone.

KATHARINE:—But Katharine . . . I mean Miss Orpingham?

BERTRAM:—What about her?

KATHARINE:—Yes. What about her? You don't detest her as well, do you?

BERTRAM (*cheerfully*):—Not yet; but I shall detest her heartily when I've seen her, no doubt. What's she like?

KATHARINE (*modestly*):—You surely don't expect me to know such grand people?

BERTRAM (*coaxing*):—But you've seen her . . . You've heard all about her. What's she like? Is she . . . good-looking?

KATHARINE:—What do you want to know for?

BERTRAM:—Oh . . . nothing.

KATHARINE:—Then if you've no reason for asking, of course I've no reason for answering.

BERTRAM:—No . . . Yes . . . I have a reason.

KATHARINE:—What?

BERTRAM (*flushing a little, after a pause*):—I . . . can't quite answer.

KATHARINE (*easily*):—Neither can I. (*As BERTRAM turns away.*) So there's a deadlock, you see. I don't tell you till you tell me. You'd better finish your ale, and go and find out. (*She goes inside.*)

BERTRAM (*forming the sentence slowly, after walking about in deep thought.*) Not till I tell . . . her. (*He sits down and pushes the ale aside.*) So now, unless I'm a sentimental ass, I shall pay for all this ale and cheese, and get over to Orpingham and look at the place quietly. Then I shall go to Shellborough, put up to-night at the hotel, and write to Mrs. Orpingham fixing Friday. And on Friday I shall go, meet Katharine, decide she's quite a

tolerable young woman, recognise which side my bread's buttered, broach the matter with tact, become her suitor, accepted lover, and, at last, husband, write and speak the proper number of affectionate nouns and adjectives, fill my pockets with money . . . and be a worm! (*He gets up and paces the garden excitedly.*) Ah, I know myself well enough just now! Mine has always been a life of self-indulgence, with just enough denial to make me dread poverty and desire wealth; and once I am at luxurious Orpingham, I know how it all must end . . . (*After a long pause, with sudden emphasis*) I will not go to Orpingham! (*He sits down and raps the table.*)

KATHARINE (*reappearing with a smile*):—You can't have any more ale.

BERTRAM:—I don't want any more ale.

KATHARINE:—And you can't hear anything about Miss Orpingham till you tell me why you want to know.

BERTRAM (*to himself, agitated*):—Will she think me such a very big fool? I'll tell her all the same, and get a word of sympathy and counsel. Every sentence she spoke, while we talked over the cheese, was so wise and kind. Yes, I'll tell her. (*Aloud.*) I will tell you why I wanted to know . . . as soon as you sit down. (*He rises and makes room for her under the tree.* KATHARINE *sits down with sudden and growing concern.* BERTRAM *remains standing.*)

BERTRAM:—I'll give you my reason, but you needn't give me your answer. I don't want to know any longer what Katharine Orpingham is like. But . . . I've been making an idiot and a bore of myself all day long, and . . . I want you to know what I am like . . . and to help me. I've never set eyes on Katharine Orpingham. But for nearly two years, while I've been travelling about, I've known that my name and hers were coupled in a will. Miss Orpingham and I are under a dead man's orders to marry; and a dead man's gold is to reward our obedience—more gold than you and I have ever seen . . . and though you don't know the world, that means something to a man who enjoys life and is generally short of money. At the end of this week I'm expected at Orpingham to be looked at, like a horse that's for sale. And I tell you frankly that I hate the job—hate it from beginning to end; and if it wasn't for my people, and a few good fellows I should like

to do a friendly turn to, I should have backed out of it at the very start.

KATHARINE (*trying to speak calmly*):—But why?

BERTRAM:—Because . . . Oh, I know its too ridiculous for me to talk to you like this, but . . . you understand it. I . . . loathe with all my soul the idea of marrying without love.

KATHARINE:—But you might—

BERTRAM:—We might . . . Yes! But, at the best, love would be an extra to be thankful for, and not the first and greatest bond. We might . . . but just think that we might *not*!

KATHARINE (*greatly moved and speaking softly*):—You said . . . you wanted me to know what you were like . . . and to help you?

BERTRAM:—Yes. I want a word from someone unselfish and noble-hearted, like you are . . . a word that won't be like what my family and friends have dinned into me these two years. I am not going to Orpingham Hall; and, in the midst of the anger and ridicule at home, I want to know that there's just one person in the world as well as myself who believes I've done right.

KATHARINE:—Not going to Orpingham Hall?

BERTRAM:—No. I shall write explaining. I shall go back to town.

KATHARINE:—But going to Orpingham Hall doesn't bind you to anything. Surely you can lose nothing by paying your visit. How do you know you may not fall in love with Miss Orpingham at first sight . . . unless . . . ah, I see now . . . someone else . . .

BERTRAM (*warmly*):—No, no. There's no other, Heaven knows.

KATHARINE:—Then why can't you go?

BERTRAM (*with difficulty*):—I said I wanted you to know what I'm like . . . I'm a coward—a self-indulgent coward. You were right when you called me lazy and good for nothing. All my life through I've nearly always had all I've wanted through someone or another: but with just enough feeling of dependence to want money of my own. And if once I get to Orpingham, among all the money and the luxury . . . well, I tell you I'm a coward. (*He tries to laugh.*) Splendid, manly, admirable fellow, am I not? (*KATHARINE sits silent.*) . . . I thought perhaps you would . . . understand.

KATHARINE :—I do understand.

BERTRAM :—And—

KATHARINE (*after a pause*) :—And I think you should go to Orpingham Hall.

BERTRAM :—I can't.

KATHARINE :—You can't?

BERTRAM :—I daren't. I'm a coward. I'm going back to town. Only, before I go, I thought . . . you might help me.

KATHARINE :—How? (*She raises her eyes and looks at him steadily.* BERTRAM, *awaking all of a sudden to the truth, averts his face, uncertain of himself.* KATHARINE *gets up softly and goes to the sundial, where she leans her head on her hand, thinking. There is a long silence.*)

BERTRAM (*dropping at last into the seat Katharine has vacated*) :—How? . . . I know . . . and so does she. And I know now why I couldn't leave this garden. (*He loses himself in a reverie, and grows troubled and irresolute.*)

KATHARINE (*softly*) :—Postboy, I told you to sound for battle. Sundial, I told you I defied Bertram Sanderstead and all his hosts. Help me to stick to my guns . . . Ought I to tell him all? No, no . . . not yet. Better fight it out to the end. Postboy! he can't have us unless he's willing to lose Orpingham Hall. Sundial . . . he must renounce Miss Orpingham, and all the gold and acres, if he wants . . . Katharine.

BERTRAM (*the trouble and irresolution vanishing as he reaches a decision, aside*) :—Why, I emptied at least two tankards of ale away to make an excuse for more. (*With almost boyish gaiety.*) If the landlord had served me, I should have been peeping through the fences in the park an hour ago—and yet I thought it was the dread of Orpingham that kept me here . . . My proverb again, "The wrong way's always the right one." (*He laughs merrily.*) But Aunt Lucy and Lionel and poor old Dicky Rushford . . . Yes, and a thousand times Aunt Lucy, when they hear I've turned publican! Never mind. A man can do a lot of good keeping a public-house . . . and I've done precious little good up to now. I'll only keep pure beer, and I won't let the men mix their drinks, or spend their wives' housekeeping money, and I'll persuade the village drunkard to drink lemon squash. No. I know. I can scrape enough to buy the place, and turn it into a private cottage,

and bring a lot of books and pictures here, and be as happy as a king, with the Postgirl for my queen. (*Losing his gaiety.*) If she'll have me—if she'll let me. (*He jumps up and approaches Katharine, but his courage fails.*)

KATHARINE (*distrusting her self-control, and trying to take refuge in banter*):—You must think that this is some enchanted garden?

BERTRAM:—It is.

KATHARINE:—At any rate you called me a Beauty—

BERTRAM (*ardently*):—You are . . .

KATHARINE (*stopping him*):—And yourself a Beast.

BERTRAM:—I am.

KATHARINE:—Beauty and the Beast, then. And I'm to help you like a fairy, I suppose?

BERTRAM:—Yes, it's an enchanted garden. You're the beautiful Beauty, and I'm the . . . Beast, and you're to transform me by magic words.

KATHARINE:—Then here's my incantation—Go to Orpingham Hall.

BERTRAM:—No, no. You see I'm a comfort-loving Beast, a selfish Beast, a lazy Beast. Once let me get a soft, warm rug under me, and I shall settle down like a tabby cat to a Beast's ignoble sleep. Not Orpingham Hall. (*Seeing that KATHARINE has suddenly grown serious, he alters his tone. Imploringly*) . . . Help me.

KATHARINE:—How?

BERTRAM (*searching her eyes with his*):—You know . . . I know you know what I mean.

KATHARINE (*meeting his eyes steadily with grave kindness*):—Yes. I know what you mean. But do you know yourself? A public-house instead of a mansion . . . a poor girl . . . a publican's daughter . . . a woman you've never seen till to-day . . . and all this instead of a great lady and a fortune?

BERTRAM:—I know. I know!

KATHARINE:—You cannot know. It's . . . (*with an effort*) all that ale!

BERTRAM:—No, no. When you weren't looking . . . it was splendid ale really, but . . . you see I wanted to stay here so . . . I poured most of it away!

KATHARINE:—Then it's Midsummer Day. It's a passing madness.

BERTRAM:—No, no. I thought it all over and worked it all out under the tree just now. I know what I'm doing perfectly. (*As she continues silent.*) Tell me I can stay.

KATHARINE:—I tell you, you must go.

BERTRAM:—Where? To town again? Yes, but I may come . . . next week . . . to-morrow?

KATHARINE:—To Orpingham Hall.

BERTRAM:—But I prefer The Postboy's Horn.

KATHARINE:—To Miss Orpingham.

BERTRAM:—But I don't want to see her, now I . . . love you. (*He tries to take her hand.*)

KATHARINE (*resisting him*):—You . . . love me?

BERTRAM (*with the greatest fervour*):—I love you.

KATHARINE (*after a few seconds' thought, ceasing to lean against the sundial, speaks earnestly and gently*):—Then you will go to Orpingham Hall. You have called yourself a coward. I don't believe it. But do you think I would let you . . . love me if I thought you daren't carry your love to a great house and to a beautiful woman for fear of losing it there . . . for fear of letting it go just for a prettier face or a bribe of lands, and bodily ease and gold? (*Drawing herself up proudly.*) Do you think I can accept your love unless it's the most precious, strongest, most beautiful thing in your life? This is my answer, the first and last and only one: Go to Orpingham Hall. Pay a visit as long, walk and talk with Miss Orpingham as much, as if you'd never seen me. Then if all this seems madness . . . well, it's better to find it out now. If not . . . then perhaps you will come back . . .

(BERTRAM moves away. *It is a great struggle.*)

KATHARINE (*very pale, to herself*):—Heaven help him in his ordeal . . . and me too, if he fail. Sundial, as I've stared at your old iron circle these last minutes, I have seen into a new world. Oh, Bertram Sanderstead, if you fail, you must go. It is better . . . but you will bear away my heart. (*Forgetting everything, she rests her elbows on the dial, and buries her face in her hands.*)

(Suddenly BERTRAM, radiant with new resolution, returns to the sundial, takes her two hands in his, and bends to look into her eyes.)

BERTRAM:—I told you I was a coward, and it was true ; but I'm not a coward now. I've sacrificed all but love . . . and I am strong. I go to Orpingham Hall !

(KATHARINE leaves her hands in his, and they look at each other for a long time. He seeks to kiss her brow).

KATHARINE:—No . . . not that . . . not now. Perhaps . . . you will come back.

BERTRAM (*defiantly*):—To Orpingham Hall ! (*He strides down the path and steps out into the road. Brightly and gladly KATHARINE waves her hand.*)

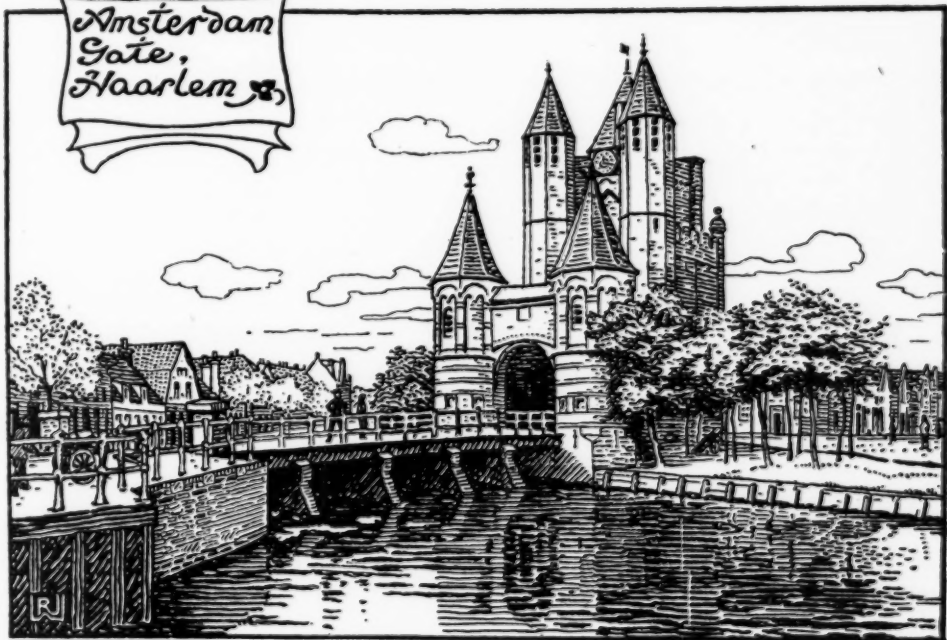
BERTRAM (*leaning over the gate*):—I was to avoid the lane to the left ? (*In overflowing spirits he doffs his cap like an inquiring stranger.*) Which is the nearest way, please—the shortest cut—to Katharine Orpingham ?

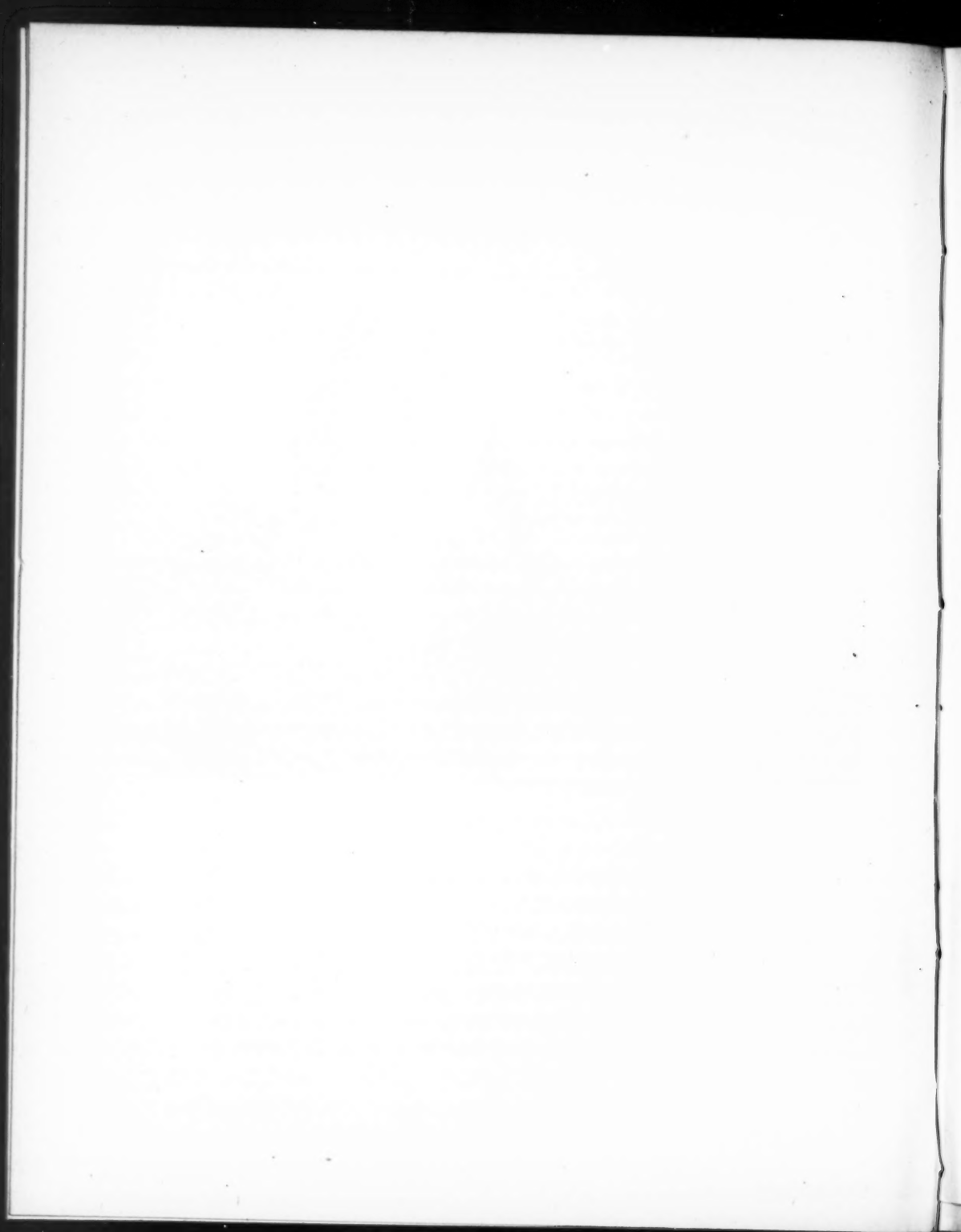
KATHARINE (*moving backwards to the porch as she answers*):—To Katharine Orpingham ? Oh, she's a strange girl, and she gets into very unlikely places. Come back to the tree . . . then turn to the left by the sundial . . . and you'll find her at The Sign of the Postboy's Horn !

(BERTRAM looks at her bewildered ; then springs towards her as the curtain falls.)

J. E. Woodmeald.

Amsterdam
Gate,
Haarlem





BALLET, PANTOMIME, AND POETIC DRAMA

I. THE WORLD AS BALLET

THE abstract thinker, to whom the question of practical morality is indifferent, has always loved dancing, as naturally as the moralist has hated it. The Puritan, from his own point of view, is always right, though it suits us, often enough, for wider reasons, to deny his logic. The dance is life, animal life, having its own way passionately. Part of that natural madness which men were once wise enough to include in religion, it began with the worship of the disturbing deities, the Gods of ecstasy, for whom wantonness and wine, and all things in which energy passes into an ideal excess, were sacred. It was cast out of religion when religion cast out nature; for, like nature itself, it is a thing of evil to those who renounce instincts. From the first it has mimed the instincts. It can render birth and death, and it is always going over and over the eternal pantomime of love; it can be all the passions, and all the languors; but it idealises these mere acts, gracious or brutal, into more than a picture; for it is more than a beautified reflection, it has in it life itself, as it shadows life; and it is farther from life than a picture. Humanity, youth, beauty, playing the part of itself, and consciously, in a travesty, more natural than nature, more artificial than art: but we lose ourselves in the boundless bewilderments of its contradictions.

The dance, then, is art because it is doubly nature; and if nature, as we are told, is sinful, it is doubly sinful. A waltz, in a drawing-room, takes us suddenly out of all that convention, away from those guardians of our order who sit around the walls, approvingly, unconsciously; in its winding motion it raises an

invisible wall about us, shutting us off from the whole world, in with ourselves; in its fatal rhythm, never either beginning or ending, slow, insinuating, gathering impetus which must be held back, which must rise into the blood, it tells us that life flows even as that, so passionately and so easily and so inevitably; and it is possession and abandonment, the very pattern and symbol of earthly love. Here is nature (to be renounced, to be at least restrained) hurried violently, deliberately, to boiling point. And now look at the dance, on the stage, a mere spectator. Here are all these young bodies, made more alluring by an artificial heightening of whites and reds on the face, displaying, employing all their natural beauty, themselves full of the sense of joy in motion, or affecting that enjoyment, offered to our eyes like a bouquet of flowers, a bouquet of living flowers which have all the glitter of artificial ones. As they dance, under the changing lights, so human, so remote, so desirable, so evasive, coming and going to the sound of a thin, heady music which marks the rhythm of their movements like a kind of clinging drapery, they seem to sum up in themselves the appeal of everything in the world that is passing, and coloured, and to be enjoyed: everything that bids us take no thought for the morrow, and dissolve the will into slumber, and give way luxuriously to the delightful present.

How fitly, then, in its very essence, does the art of dancing symbolise life; with so faithful a rendering of its actual instincts! And to the abstract thinker, as to the artist, all this really primitive feeling, all this acceptance of the instincts which it idealises, and out of which it makes its own beauty, is precisely what gives dancing its pre-eminence among the more than imitative arts. The artist, it is indeed true, is never quite satisfied with his statue, which remains cold, does not come to life. In every art men are pressing forward, more and more eagerly, farther and farther beyond the limits of their art, in the desire to do the impossible—to create life. Realising all humanity to be but a masque of shadows, and this solid world an impromptu stage as temporary as they, it is with a pathetic desire of some last illusion, which shall deceive even ourselves, that we are consumed with this hunger to create, to make something for ourselves, of at least the same shadowy reality as that about us.

The art of the ballet awaits us, with its shadowy and real life, its power of letting humanity drift into a rhythm so much of its own, and with ornament so much more generous than its wont.

And something in the particular elegance of the dance, the scenery; the avoidance of emphasis, the evasive, winding turn of things; and, above all, the intellectual as well as sensuous appeal of a living symbol, which can but reach the brain through the eyes, in the visual, concrete, imaginative way; has seemed to make the ballet concentrate in itself a good deal of the modern ideal in matters of artistic expression. Nothing is stated, there is no intrusion of words used for the irrelevant purpose of describing; a world rises before one, the picture lasts only long enough to have been there; and the dancer, with her gesture, all pure symbol, evokes, from her mere beautiful motion, idea, sensation, all that one need ever know of event. There, before you, she exists, in harmonious life; and her rhythm reveals to you the soul of her imagined being.

II. PANTOMIME AND THE POETIC DRAMA

It might be contended that in the art of the theatre an absolute criticism can admit nothing between pantomime and the poetic drama. In these two extremes, drama in outline, and drama elaborated to the final point, the appeal is to the primary emotions, and with an economy and luxuriance of means, each of which is in its own way inimitable. It is an error to believe that pantomime is merely a way of doing without words, that it is merely the equivalent of words. Pantomime is thinking overheard. It begins and ends before words have formed themselves, in a deeper consciousness than that of speech. And it addresses itself, by the artful limitations of its craft, to universal human experience, knowing that the moment it departs from those broad lines it will become unintelligible. It risks existence on its own perfection, as the rope-dancer does, to whom a false step means downfall. And it appeals, perhaps a little too democratically, to people of all nations. Becoming aristocratic, getting sheer through the accidents of life without staying by the way in the manner of the realistic drama, it adds the beauty of words to the

beauty of primary emotions, and is the poetic drama. Between lie the non-essentials, a kind of waste.

All drama, until one comes to the poetic drama, is an imitation of life, as a photograph is an imitation of life; and for this reason it can have, at the best, but a secondary kind of imaginative existence, the appeal of the mere copy. To the poetic drama nature no longer exists; or rather, nature becomes, as it has been truly said nature should become to the painter, a dictionary. Here is choice, selection, combination: the supreme interference of beauty. Pantomime, in its limited way, is again no mere imitation of nature: it is a transposition, as an etching transposes a picture. It observes nature in order that it may create a new form for itself, a form which, in its enigmatic silence, appeals straight to the intellect for its comprehension, and, like ballet, to the intellect through the eyes.

And pantomime has that mystery which is one of the requirements of true art. To watch it is like dreaming. How silently, in dreams, one gathers the unheard sound of words from the lips that do but make pretence of saying them! And does not everyone know that terrifying impossibility of speaking, which fastens one to the ground for the eternity of a second, in what is the new, perhaps truer, computation of time in dreams? Something like that sense of suspense seems to hang over the silent actors in pantomime, giving them a nervous exaltation which has its subtle, immediate effect upon us, in tragic or comic situation. The silence becomes an atmosphere, and with a very curious power of giving distinction to form and motion.

I do not see why people should ever break silence, on the stage, except to speak poetry. Here, in pantomime, you have a gracious, expressive silence, beauty of gesture, a perfectly discreet appeal to the emotions, a transposition of the world into an elegant, accepted convention: in a word, all the outlines of the picture. Poetry comes, not only looking beautiful, not only excluding what should not be there, but saying beautiful things, the only things worth saying when once words begin to be used, not for their mere utility (the ordering of dinner, a bargain, the arrangement of one's affairs), but for their beauty, in a form of art. Here is the picture completed, awaiting only, for its ideal presentment, the interpretative accompaniment of music, which

Wagner will give it, in what is so far the most complete form of art yet realised.

III. THE LESSON OF *PARSIFAL*

The performance of *Parsifal*, as I saw it last year at Bayreuth, seemed to me the one really satisfying performance I had ever seen in a theatre; and I have often, since then, tried to realise for myself exactly what it was that one might learn from that incarnation of the ideas, the theoretical ideas, of Wagner. I have not read any of his theoretical writings, and I can only make my own deductions from what I actually saw, there on the stage.

Parsifal, then, presents itself as before all things a picture. The music, soaring up from hidden depths, and seeming to drop from the heights, and be reflected back from shining distances, though it is, more than anything I have ever heard, like one of the great forces of nature, the sea or the wind, itself makes pictures, abstract pictures; but even the music, as one watches the stage, seems to subordinate itself to the visible picture there. And, so perfectly do all the arts flow into one, the picture impresses one chiefly by its rhythm, the harmonies of its convention. The lesson of *Parsifal* is the lesson that, in art, rhythm is everything. Every movement in the acting of this drama makes a picture, and every movement is slow, deliberate, as if automatic. No actor makes a gesture which has not been regulated for him; there is none of that unintelligent haphazard known as being "natural"; these people move like music, or with that sense of motion which it is the business of painting to arrest. Gesture being a part of a picture, how should it but be settled as definitely, for that pictorial effect which all action on the stage is (more or less unconsciously) striving after, as if it were the time of a song, or the stage direction: "Cross stage to right"? Also, every gesture is slow; even despair having its artistic limits, its reticence. It is difficult to express the delight with which one sees, for the first time, people really motionless on the stage. After all, action, as it has been said, is only a way of spoiling something. The aim of the modern stage, of all drama, since the drama of the Greeks, is to give a vast impression of bustle, of people who, like most people in real life, are in a hurry about things; and our actors, when they are not making irrelevant

speeches, are engaged in frantically trying to make us see that they are feeling acute emotion, by I know not what restlessness, contortion, and ineffectual excitement. If it were once realised how infinitely more important are the lines in the picture, than these staccato extravagances which do but aim at tearing it out of its frame, breaking violently through it, we should have learnt a little, at least, of what the art of the stage should be, of what Wagner has shown us that it can be.

Distance from the accidents of real life, atmosphere, the space for a new, fairer world to form itself, being of the essence of Wagner's representation, it is worth noticing how adroitly he throws back this world of his, farther and farther into the background, by a thousand tricks of lighting, the actual distance of the stage to the proscenium, and by such calculated effects, as that long scene of the Graal, with its prolonged movement and ritual, through the whole of which Parsifal stands motionless, watching it all. How that solitary figure at the side, merely looking on, though, unknown to himself, he is the centre of the action, also gives one the sense of remoteness, which it was Wagner's desire to produce, throwing back the action into a reflected distance, as we watch someone on the stage who is watching it!

The beauty of this particular kind of acting and staging is of course the beauty of convention. The scenery, for instance, with what an enchanting leisure it merely walks along before one's eyes, when a change is wanted! Here is none of that base, tricky realism, which would have us believe too prosaically in the real existence of what is going on before us: a reality neither more nor less, not more fortunate, or more unfettered, or less trivial, than our own, here in the stalls. And yet realism is outdone by such a mechanical triumph (done for the sake of its strange beauty) as the withering of Klingsor's rose-garden, the dead leaves fluttering suddenly on the ground. And this is partly because the beauty of convention includes, though it may, when it pleases, disregard, what we call nature. Convention, here as in all plastic art, is founded on natural truth very closely studied. The rose is first learned, in every wrinkle of its petals, petal by petal, before that reality is elaborately departed from, in order that a new, abstract beauty may be formed out of those outlines, all but those outlines being left out.

And *Parsifal*, which is thus solemnly represented before us, has in it, in its very essence, that hieratic character which it is the effort of supreme art to attain. At times one is reminded of the most beautiful drama in the world, the Indian drama *Sakuntalâ*: in that litter of leaves, brought in so touchingly for the swan's burial, in the old hermit watering his flowers. There is something of the same universal tenderness, the same religious linking together of all the world, in some vague enough, but very beautiful, Pantheism. I think it is beside the question to discuss how far Wagner's intentions were technically religious; how far *Parsifal* himself is either Christ or Buddha, and how far Kundry is a new Magdalen. Wagner's mind was the mind to which all legend is sacred, every symbol of divine things to be held in reverence; but symbol, with him, was after all a means to an end, and could never have been accepted as really an end in itself. I should say that in *Parsifal* he is profoundly religious, but not because he intended, or did not intend, to shadow the Christian mysteries. His music, his acting, are devout, because the music has a disembodied ecstasy, and the acting a noble rhythm, which can but produce in us something of the solemnity of sensation produced by the service of the Mass, and are in themselves a kind of religious ceremonial.

Arthur Symons.

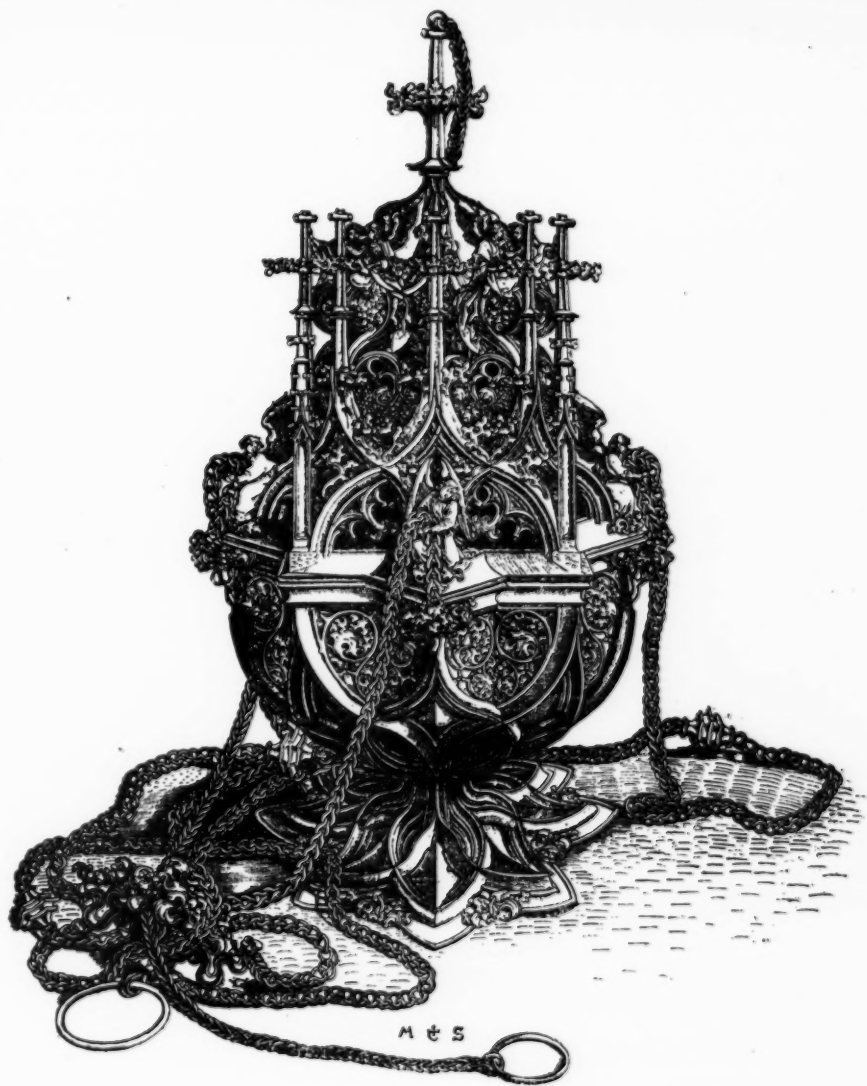
THE POPLAR

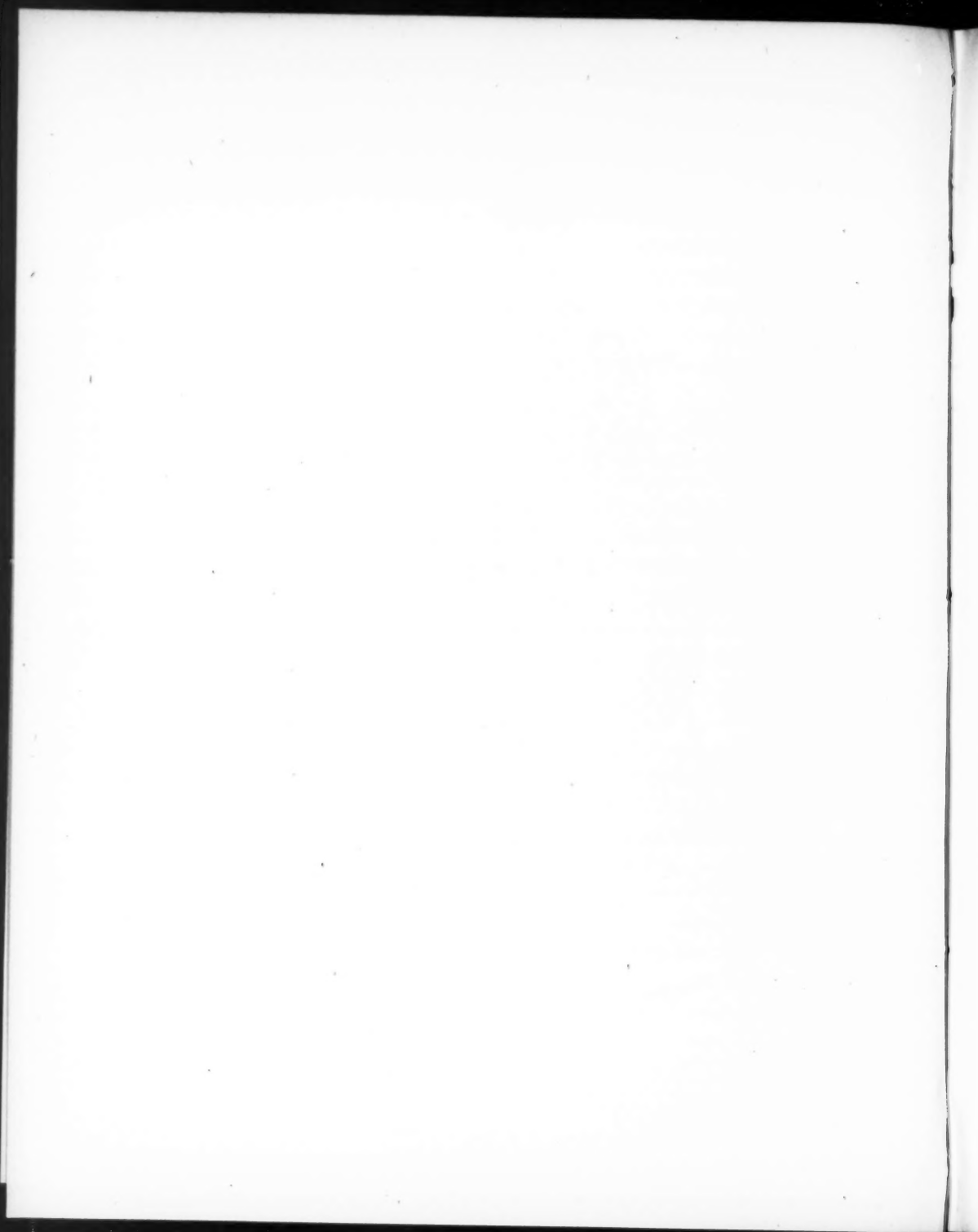
O KING of etchers! master mind
Whose pointed frailties, pale and spare,
On cloudy sheets of silver air
With thin fastidiousness are lined,—

So hard thy secret seems to find!—
Until the days to autumn wear,
And clouds in layer on drifted layer
And autumn-tipped, are dim defined

About the sky that burns behind,—
O then, thy poplar-soul lies bare
Like upward-pointing flames that flare
Along the margin of the wind.

Ethel Wheeler.





THE LAST NIGHT OF ARTAN THE CULDEE

It is but a little thing to sit here in the silence and the dark :
For I remember the blazing noon when I saw Oona the White.
I remember the day when we sailed the Moyle in our skin-built
bark ;
And I remember when Oona's lips were on mine in the heart of
the night.

So it is a little thing to sit here, hearing nought, seeing nought :
When the dawn breaks they will hurry me hence to the new-dug
grave :
It will be quiet there, if it be true what the good Colum has
taught,
And I shall hear Oona's voice as a sleeping seal hears the moving
wave.

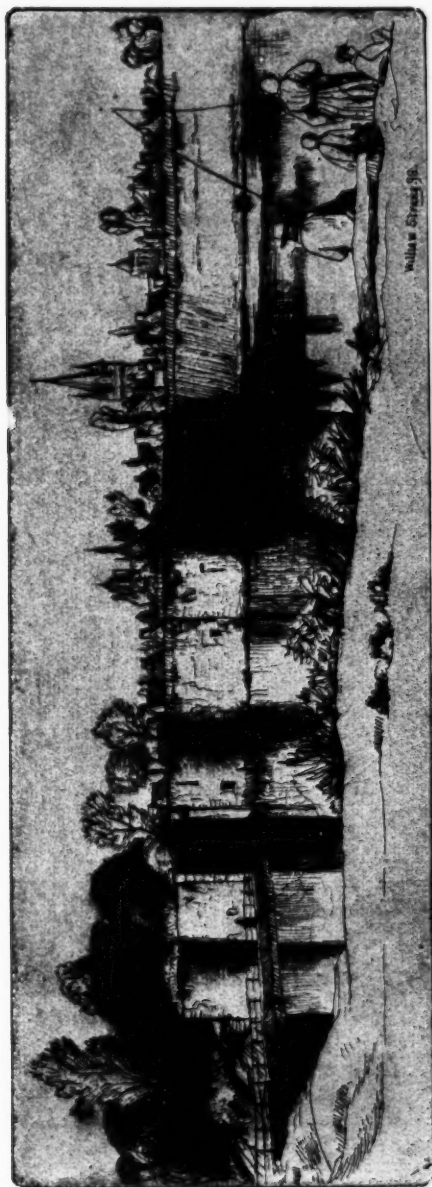
Fiona Macleod.

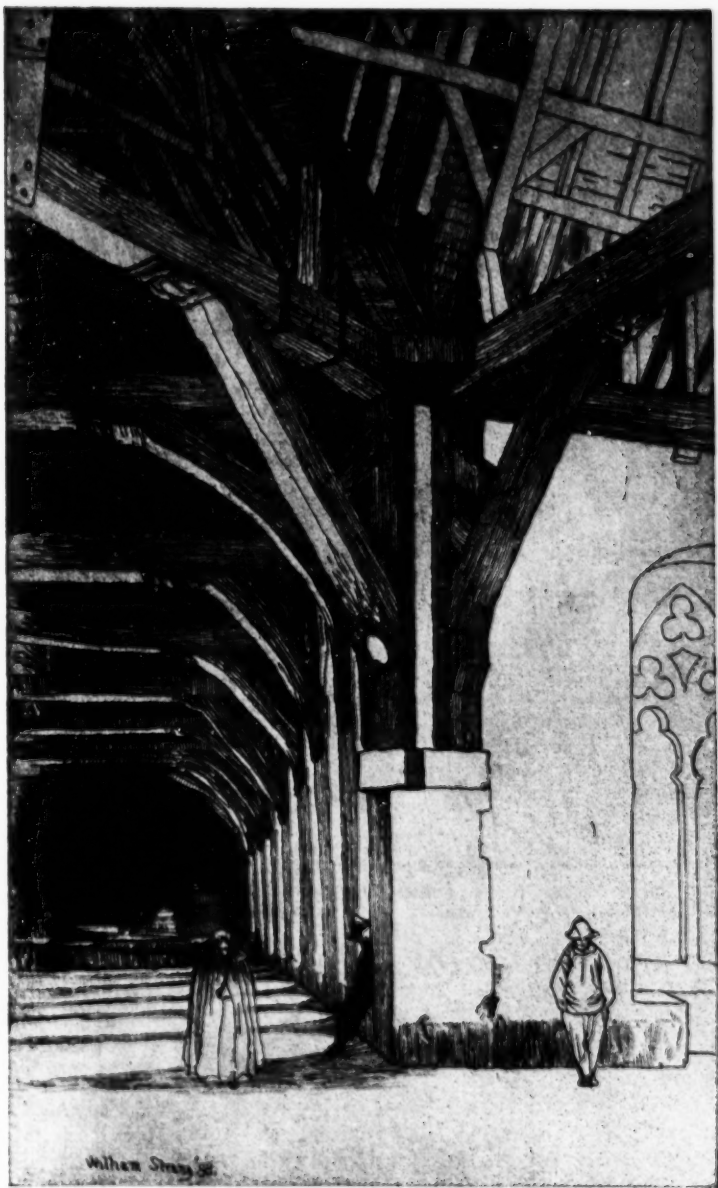
THE MONODY OF ISLA THE SINGER

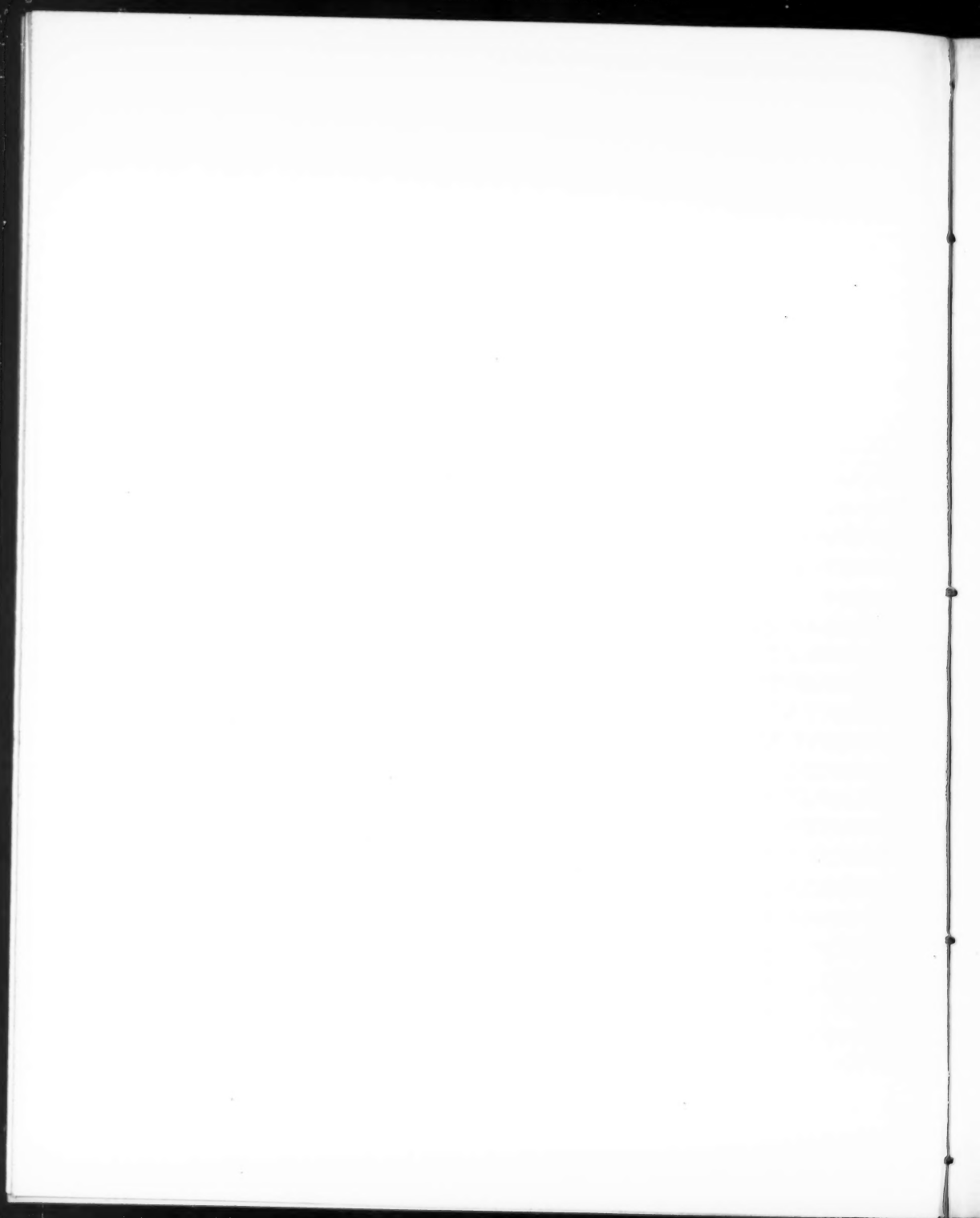
Is it time to let the Hour rise and go forth, as a hound loosed from
the battle-cars?
Is it time to let the Hour go forth, as the White Hound with the
eyes of flame?
For if it be not time, I would have this hour that is left to me
under the stars
Wherein I may dream my dream again, and at the last whisper
one name.

It is the name of one who was more fair than youth to the old,
than life to the young :
She was more fair than the first love of Angus the Beautiful, and
though I were blind
And deaf for a hundred ages I would see her, more fair than any
poet has sung,
And hear her voice like mournful bells crying on the wind.

Fiona Macleod.







THE ENTRY INTO YPRES

ABOUT ten miles or more beyond the Flemish frontier, the high road from Lille begins to show signs of approaching a town. All around is the same level, fertile landscape; fields of flax and rows of poplars; but the roughly-paved road becomes, imperceptibly, less solitary; the farmsteads are less scattered; and the leisurely traffic of the country-side converges in a sparse line of slowly moving waggons.

Crossing a rail, where at long intervals a gentle, venerable locomotive brings its light train along a grass-grown way, the road enters an avenue of shady trees. Two windmills, one on either side, deliberately whirl their arms with ruddy sails; each raised on a mound above the marshy meadows. In a few moments a glimpse of high grey walls appears beyond the trees. The avenue opens out. At the right a little alehouse stands on the remains of some crumbling brick fortifications; and beyond a sheet of water rise the magnificent ramparts which enclose the roofs and the towers of Ypres. The road becomes a causeway, and, crossing the broad moat, enters between the bastions of the Lille Gate.

Time, the tamer of proud cities, has had his will on Ypres. These ramparts, once a masterpiece of Vauban, thrusting massive angles into the broad moat, are become like an exquisite fabric of Nature's handiwork. To-day it seems as if they had grown upward, with all their kindly covering of lichen and soft foliage, from the water that mirrors them, where the armies that assailed them so fiercely sleep an unending sleep. A mere two centuries old, they have withdrawn to the native atmosphere of Ypres, and

seem moved back to a far remoter epoch, primeval as the Egyptian Pyramids. And as of old they repelled the onset of pikemen and swordsmen and the battering of artillery, they seem even now unconsciously impregnable to the agitations of this modern age.

The traveller who pauses before entering Ypres, delaying to admire its noble exterior view, is easily made aware of a certain influence that seems to emanate from this strange old city. The long, massive, low-wheeled waggons, drawn usually by a horse and mule abreast, move gently as if to an ever-postponed destination. A great elm trunk is brought in from the country; three stout horses, a white one between two black ones, convey it over the causeway at a pace that could not be statelier if it had been the body of an emperor. Perhaps a shepherd will bring his sheep to pasture on the open grass before the city. He carries a long spud wherewith to root up herbs noxious to the flock; he stands leaning on it, apparently deep in thought, for an hour at a time. Fishermen are seated at intervals on the moat's bank, among the tall reeds, immovable and patient as if they had been sitting there since first the city betook herself, by this placid water, to an endless repose.

All are of the same type, old in a lean old age; wise, weather-coloured faces, and gaunt figures in dark blouses and high flat caps. The women who pass across the causeway with their baskets, move without haste, but with ample stride; they, too, wear the same aspect of deliberate strength and calm.

To be a citizen of Ypres is to have wandered out of time; to have come into an indefinite region, where the rising of the sun is but a casual device of Nature, where the seasons make no dates, and events never happen. The wind is tempered to him; affliction and adversity go over his head like the swift grey clouds of autumn. Even Death overlooks him. Man here, I verily believe, may attain to hundreds of years. And instead of coming to a violent conclusion, I divine rather that his vitality dissolves away, little by little, and disappears unperceived, as leaves that fall and fade into the ground.

But come, let us be going on, for assuredly, if we linger by these dreaming waters, we shall strike roots into the earth.

Between the round towers of the Gate a long street becomes visible. It appears quite empty, half in shadow, half in sunshine.

Are there no sentinels to guard these walls and battlements? You expect a challenge and levelled weapon; and all being silent, you apprehend an ambush. But no, not a voice or footfall sounds from the bastion, so perfectly mirrored in the still moat. Only, at one side, there is a mysterious regular noise of the water being sucked underground beneath the tower; and it sounds like the snoring of a giant. There are spectral sentries, I doubt not, who cross their phantom pikes before your body; but all that you feel is a slight and inexplicable shudder, which seems to be communicated from the past. One inhales the past at Ypres.

Just within the Gate a beggar stands with cap held out. He does not importune alms, he does not seem to expect it; he is indifferent; someone will give, some day. He is a man of Ypres.

How strangely deserted the street seems! Yet look into some of these dark windows, and you will see the lace-makers at their work within. It is strange that they can see what their hands are doing, so dim it seems behind the windows. But the lean fingers of the women ply nimbly and incessantly; and for a moment a face will look up, and eyes meet yours in a sort of wondering unconcern, but the fingers never cease from their task.

In the street itself one may sometimes see children playing, jumping on a sand-heap, or spinning tops, or singing: nothing more violent than this. But any day, in any of the streets, one may observe men kneeling, a strip of carpet under their knees, and patiently plucking up the grass that grows thick between the stones. This, indeed, is become the principal industry of the city. And still the grass gains on their efforts. In vain they kneel down to their task in the morning and rise up in the evening. The earth begins to claim this town, to cover it up with soft mosses and silence; and all of which it was composed, buildings and shaped timbers and wrought metal, to be resigned to the elemental stuff of this ever-germinating world.

But what is this great stone vision that closes up the street? A vast and majestic array of statue-guarded windows, arch after arch in severe regularity; and above, an immense high roof, with scales of grey slate, like the skin of a serpent, and in the centre, a square tower springing, and pinnacles and spire surmounting it. These are the Halles of Ypres, the famous Halles, one of the

architectural glories of the Middle Ages, the most thronged and busy exchange of traffic in Northern Europe.

But now the great clock on the tower, skilfully devised to announce with scrupulous division each precious particle of time, sends only solitary echoes through the noonday silence; the immense market-place is empty; and the hours fall slowly on unrecognising ears.

Laurence Binyon.

THE ROOF OF THE HALLES AT YPRES

I SAT, one rainy afternoon, beneath the soaring timbers of the Halles of Ypres. The light was dim; the vast gallery silent; and the sound of drops falling at intervals seemed full of the meaning of time. Then, imperceptibly, the magic of Ypres began to work. Little by little the mind became aware of the colossal force sleeping in this adjusted frame and these supporting beams. It was no longer a constructed fabric, laboriously joined together from a thousand members, but an organic, almost animated, thing, living its own remote and solitary life.

The oaken vaulting now was like the striding legs of Atlas, and the ponderous stones ached beneath the planting of his feet. The trenails were like hands that gripped and would have crushed, were not the beams so obstinate in resistance. The whole great arch, with all its tense thews and rugged bones, seemed emanating power, pregnant with menace, like two strong wrestlers locked together for one immovable moment.

All that the men who raised it had put into it, this roof contained, and nothing was lost: the architect's dream and desire, the shaping and hewing of hands that have been dust for centuries, the countless strokes and hammerings; and even the far-back strainings of the tree in the earth, the implacable twining and grasping of its deep roots, the stir of its youth shooting upwards to the sun, the strength that the winds gave it in perpetual rockings—all these were living now, in this wonderful wrought roof.

And as the daylight darkened, and the gusts blew louder and sadder, I seemed to myself to be standing lost in a strange land, among the pillars of some Druid forest. A bird came flitting with tremulous, dismayed wings, hither and thither in the darkness

overhead ; and there in the intricate gloom that seemed like dense leaves of the forest, the light fell through a few small chinks like scattered and distant stars. I seemed to have come past all human desolation to some ultimate region of time, where all things were so immeasurably old that they had taken on a new primevity, and the ruined memorials of mankind were as wave-washed rocks of the seashore.

The wind came wailing under the dim arches ; and I shuddered, for it seemed to me as if the solid roof stirred above me ; and I felt such a fear as a solitary traveller might feel, who, encamped among the ruined palaces of Nineveh, should see the sculptured bulls awaken from their sleep before the porches and stir their marble wings.

Laurence Binyon.

A SHEAF OF SIX POEMS

When I am King

Oh, what shall I sing
But of when I am King:
How the world at my knee,
And the sky and the sea,
Shall be better and gladder and sweeter through me,
When I become King?

I will give you a year
Such as never came here,
Full of wonderful things,
With two blossoming springs,
Till every man's heart is all music and wings
For the whole of the year.

I will give you as well
A blue sky like a bell
Of two summers in height,
All the day, all the night,
And every man's heart shall have room for its flight,
And for singing as well.

And of all that is mine,
Whether honey or wine,
Or the grain that men store
From the hills to the shore,
I will give you twice over, till every barn door
Shall stand open as mine.

I will give—I will give
Two white winters to live
By the fire all blazing,
When sheep give up grazing,
And the stars and the snows are each other amazing,
And laugh while I give.

When at last I am King,
Then the very best thing
I will give—be you sure—
Is one love and no more ;
For no heart shall be lonely, and none shall be sore,
When at last I am King.

Edwin J. Ellis.

The Repentant

LET me creep in again to Thee,
Somewhere—only, let me creep in:
For lo, how small this poor body of me!
Give me my soul and forgive my sin.

Never again shall my will be mine:
Sinful will of the proud flesh, when
It maddens my brain with the damning wine—
Let me creep in to Thee again.

Ah, be Thou gentle and good and kind:
Only let me creep in somewhere:
For never again my face shalt Thou find
Hidden from Thee in a woman's hair.

Why hast Thou made them so beautiful?
Nay, nay—my sin! I am full of my sin!
But broken in twain is my sinful will—
Only, let me somewhere creep in.

Charles Weekes.

An Elm Recounts

AN elm tree told this story to the copse;
Deep sighed his friends, and shook their leafy tops.

"Two lovers came to-day into the wood;
Those lovers cannot come to any good.

He was past youth in years, and one might trace
Woe and world-weariness in his wan face.

And she was young and fragile; the mere sight
Of her youth's grace was a supreme delight.

Haphazardly the winding paths they took;
They wore a strange, beatified, mad look.

The sunset through our faded foliage blazed:
They watched it, but they seemed half blind and dazed.

Ever so long they paused here, side by side,
Like statues mute, with fixed eyes open wide.

And then they turned, still silent, face to face,
And wrapt each other in a long embrace.

Under these very branches thus they stood.

Oh no! They cannot come to any good.

They never spoke one word; but I could see
They both were weeping—weeping desperately."

T. H. Prichard.

April's Lady

"DALLY awhile in your primrose-pride
(Crumpled leaves on your vesture lie),
Beautiful woman of God!" we cried,
As April's Lady passed us by.

"Mad with the sense of the sun, but true
Only true to the earth's unrest,
Loud sings the lark, as the shining dew
Breaks from his warm and dappled breast.

High in the elm it is silver morn:
Dusky nestlings chatter and peep
Over the rim of their cradle. Dawn
Lays her hand on the lips of Sleep!

Soon will the lyrical, lofty thrush
Pour his tumult of joy and song
Thro' the green mist of the birch . . . O hush—
Lady! live with us, April-long.

Thou art the sister of March and May;
Thou art giver of joy and pain—
Braiding the light with thy darkest day,
Wilful maid of the sun and rain!"

Fred. G. Bowles.

A Snowdrop Song

UNDER the snow, when the night is done,
Next year's sunflowers talk of the sun.

Next year's speedwell, with naught to do,
Dream of the skies and their fields of blue :

Snowdrops are dumb all their waiting-time,
Saving their strength till they rise and climb ;

But they listen always, and long to be
White as the lilies they never see.

They fain would bring, when they rise at last,
Sweetness and colour of roses past.

But white they quicken, and white they go,
To the snow above from the sleep below.

And sad and sorry and pale they flower
'Neath a weeping sky, in a wintry hour—

Lilies and roses they may not be ;
Their own pale beauty they cannot see,

And, drooping and dim and in discontent,
They go the way that the roses went,

And never know that the world would forget
The rose, if no snowdrop seal was set

On the rose's grave, that the world might know
One sweeter than snowdrop slept below.

Nora Hopper.

Come Forth into the Night!

COME forth into the night,
Beloved! See
The myriad starry, flashing spheres alight
For thee and me.

For us alone the world
Was greatly planned,
The Rose-of-Beauty's secret bud unfurled—
(Ah Sweet! thy hand!).

Some festival on high
Calm Destiny
In silence holds, through these rapt hours while I
Am one with thee.

Strange melodies the wind's
Hand quickeneth,
No forest that he unresponsive finds—
(Ah Sweet! thy breath!).

The moon upon the sea
A dream of bliss
Bestows, and all her waves thrill visibly—
(Ah Sweet! thy kiss!).

Night folds released Day,
His cherished guest,
In tender arms in Love's immortal way—
(Ah Sweet! thy breast!).

E. Gibson.

UNDER THE DOME

The Castle by the Sea, on page 5, was suggested by Longfellow's translation of Wieland's poem. It is the first of a sequence of Architectural Fantasies which Mr. H. W. Brewer is making for this Magazine, and it is hoped that other artists will contribute further pieces. In the old series of *The Dome*, Piranesi's *Staircase*, Mr. Brewer's *City Gate*, and Mr. Housman's *Well in the Wall* were notable examples of architectural invention; and it is possible that, if the designs which will be published in the new series succeed these worthily, a slight stimulus may actually be given to the practitioners of that Art which more sorely than any other needs a fresh inspiration; for it is Architecture alone who seems to believe her last great word spoken, and the evolution of a new and yet dignified style impossible.

Of course the pictorial artist is an architectural outsider. Cathedrals are no more to be conceived as pen-drawings than symphonies for full orchestra as pianoforte solos. Yet an imaginative drawing may jog the sluggish invention of him who thinks in stone, just as one finger on the piano may stumble on a theme for trombones. The difficulties in the way of originality in Architecture are undeniably enormous; but it is still less to be denied that only fitful and unimpressive efforts are made to overcome them. We especially invite designs which shall be practicable as well as of pictorial interest, in which the preponderating importance of iron in modern building is frankly recognised and boldly accepted as dictating the style.

As in the old quarterly, so in the new monthly *Dome*, it has been decided to give reproductions, in about equal proportion, of

both classical and contemporary drawings, paintings, wood-cuts, engravings, and lithographs. It has been suggested that a richer service were rendered to Art by publishing the new work only; but it is lawful to ask if it is not a good thing to set the new sometimes in the company of the old. The full badness of Frith's *Derby Day*, the full worth of a fine Watts, are not known till they pass from the walls where they are "Pictures of the Year" to the ordeal of Trafalgar Square. At least this is a way of quickly dividing the fresh, true, and strong from the academic, the eccentric, or the merely modish.

There can, however, be no doubt that the reproductions of classical and exotic schools (like the plates after Burgkmair, Hiroshige, Hokusai, Van de Velde, Piranesi) have been highly valued by readers of *The Dome*, especially as most of them have been unhackneyed and not easily accessible examples. In the New Series it will be seen that the plates have a much larger engraved surface, and also that there are twice as many.

That a Murillo should have been given with this number, when a choice was possible among the paintings of a far greater Spaniard, will be held a proof of second-rate taste in the Direction by those whose enthusiasm for Velasquez has hardened into an obsession. But the depreciation of Murillo has now gone far enough. On the strength of his *gamin* pieces alone, like this *Melon Eaters*,—the *gamin* pieces, beside which almost all other *gamin* pieces seem to have been painted in the hope of a commission for a Christmas Number Coloured Plate,—he will compel affection, as firmly as greater and severer masters will admiration. Nor are his qualities as a simple artist so negligible as is often implied. It is intelligible that we should not put him quite where our fathers did; but if a mood revisits men of which there are many portents, our children will not put him quite where we do.

Not that we would go to the stake for these opinions. *The Melon Eaters* has been chosen for its own sake rather than for championship of Murillo; for *The Dome* will be at more pains to awaken interest in men who have never had a vogue, than to restore the worship of gods who happen just now to be a little out

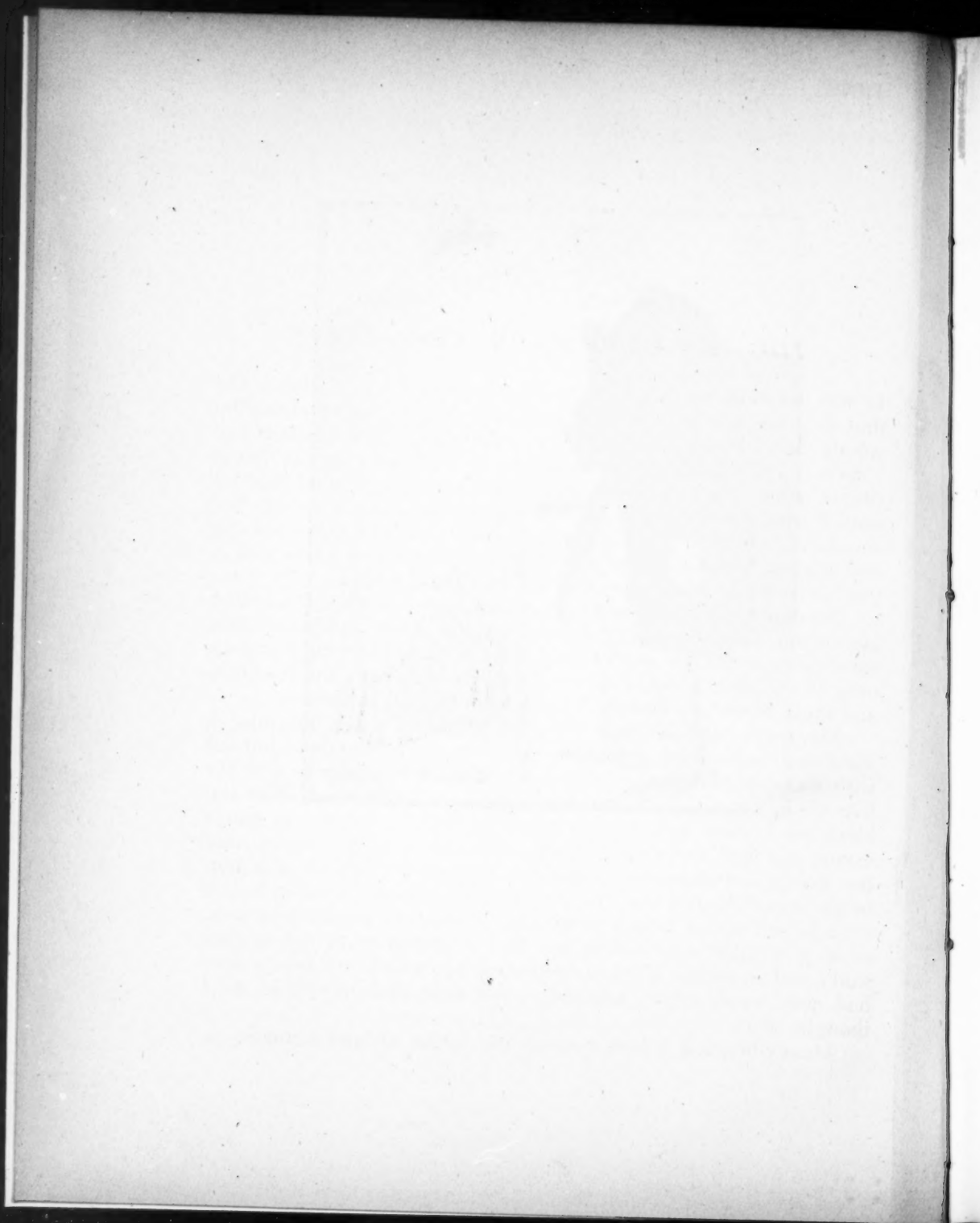
of bloom. Special prominence will be given to the work of some neglected Englishmen : not out of insular narrowness, but simply because these Englishmen will not be written about at all if they are not written about in their own country, where most of their work is preserved, and where alone their lives and personalities can be studied.

But we hasten to add that most of them are dead. The kindly log-roller, with his fully-illustrated rhapsody on Jones and His Work, is entitled to a hint as plain as this.

For the same reason, and with another curse on Chauvinism, we may add that the younger English composers will contribute most of the music. Inequality of opportunity meets at least a few of the charges brought against them ; and if we do not give native musicians a chance at home, they are not likely to get it abroad. They will, however, perhaps suffer us to say, with deep respect and with trembling at our boldness, that a great deal has happened since Mendelssohn, and that their only chance of doing better than Schumann is to do differently.

Under the Dome will not again make room for selfish explanations like these. It will be reserved for reviews of books, pictures, and music, and notes on artistic movements generally. One last explanation, however, calls to be made. It will be seen that poetry is less pushed into corners in this Magazine than is now customary. All the snubbing in the world will not stop people writing verse, for it is the natural language of human passion. And if it is good stuff, well wrought, it will find hospitality under *The Dome*.





THE TEN LABOURS OF KING OSWIN

It was not until my fifth birthday that I knew I was a king. On that day my mother made holiday, and led me farther into the woods than I had ever been before. All we said and did that day I have forgotten, save that we came to a clearing in the forest ringed with a high, close-grown hedge, round which we walked until I cried for weariness, so that my mother carried me on her shoulder. Once she rested by a wooden gate with curious locks and hinges, and there she wreathed my long black curls with a golden crown of buttercups, and told me I was a king.

No doubt my fourth and earlier birthdays had been celebrated after some fashion; and I know that the sixth and those that came after were not unobserved; but I have clear recollections only of the fifth, which I have described, the tenth, the fifteenth, and those birthdays that shall be mentioned in this history.

My tenth birthday was hot and bright. In the morning I wandered forth alone towards the woods. The meadows burned with flame-hued buttercups, and I wondered how it was that for five whole years my mother had told me not one word about the kindgom I must rule over when I should be grown to man's estate, nor had even once again called me a king. Every day her words had repeated themselves in my ears, but on this hot, bright morning, as I trod the flowers like unhurtful fires under my bare brown feet, I began to wonder if memory were not at fault, or if perchance my childish wit had mistaken what my mother said: and even the close-hedged clearing, which my mind's eyes had seen every night, suddenly grew faint and incredible as I thought of it.

Heavy-hearted, I had entered the forest without knowing it,

and carelessly followed the cool way for a great while. At last the path turned, the grove ended, and a dozen paces ahead of me rose a high, green, impenetrable hedge. Then I knew it was true I had been crowned with buttercups, and that I was indeed a king.

I walked for a long time, always so close to the hedge that at any moment I could have pulled from it with my right hand small leaves, or honeysuckle, or wild roses; and at length, when I judged by the sun that I must have tramped round almost back to the place where the path left the grove, I came to a gate, or rather a high wooden door; and hanging from the curious lock was a wreath of yellow marigolds, newly intertwined. There seemed to be words or symbols engraved upon the lock and hinges, but these were too high for me to reach, and, no doubt, too difficult for me to read.

I crowned myself with the cool golden circlet, and turned and ran all the way home, my head full of questions for my mother touching the kingdom, the court, the soldiers, and the treasures. But when my mother met me in the door, and did not look in the least surprised at the marigold crown, but led me without delay to our little birthday feast, there was that in her face and voice which somehow forbade me to ask what I so burned to know. And thus it was for five whole years more; nor did my mother so much as name my kingship or my kingdom. Only—and this was the day after I was ten years old—she told me not to wander again in the further woodlands until she should give me leave.

Not to this day do I know, nor do I now greatly care, who and what manner of man my dead father may have been, and why I was brought up in the country with few pastimes and no companions. But at that time these things puzzled me ceaselessly and sorely. From the few books on our shelves I formed notions, not all wild and foolish, of kings and queens, palaces and courtiers, and the pomps and joys of power; and night after night I would lie awake, wondering which one of all the kings I read of my dead father had been most like. Still more would I dream of my own coming to the throne: the castles to be built, the fleets and armies I would command, and the foes to be trampled under my kingly heel. Sometimes, in the moon-

light, I would steal out of bed, and with my ball in my left hand, like a monarch's orb, and a tall purple foxglove, like his sceptre, in my right, I would sit on the bedside in regal state, the treasured wreath of withered marigolds for a crown upon my head. At such moments the only sorrow was that I had lost the earlier buttercups.

When my fifteenth birthday dawned, a small, chilly rain was falling from an overclouded sky; so that I was not a little surprised, after our morning meal, when my mother told me it was to be a holiday, and that I might ramble as I pleased in the forest. I understood her; and she did not try to hide that she knew I understood.

The rain had scarcely ceased when I set out; but it had not extinguished the fires of the yellow flowers, which seemed to languish more under the burden of the sluggish air, through which the flies, ranker than usual, swung buzzing spitefully. I kept on until the wet bracken drenched me to the loins, and drops fell soundingly on the straw crown of my big hat every time a draggled bird perched amid the sodden leaves. How I remembered the way I cannot tell, nor did I notice whether I walked for one hour or three; but at length the path turned, the grove ended, and the green hedge, higher and more inviolable than ever, stopped my advance. Instead of nearly making the circuit of it, as twice before, I turned this time to the right, and in a few minutes reached the wooden door.

Hanging from the lock was my crown—a wreath of yellow roses jewelled with crystalline drops of dew or rain. I seized it with a rapturous cry, flung off the big hat, and was about to place the wreath upon my head, when someone laid a hand upon me.

It was my mother.

Gently she took away the roses, and hung them on the lock once more. But she said nothing.

I was disappointed, and greatly bewildered. I looked first at my mother, and then at the black old lock; until, for the first time, it struck me that I had now grown tall enough to read the words engraved upon it. I pressed nearer, through the nettles and high grass, and found the letters were almost on a level with my eyes.

Once more I was bewildered and greatly disappointed. There was nothing, it seemed, beyond the date of my birth, and below that the dates of my tenth and fifteenth birthdays. But suddenly the heart that was sinking within me leapt; for at the top of the lock, cut in a small and modest character, were the two words

Oswin—King.

I sprang to my mother eagerly, unable any longer to hold back the teeming questions. Where was my kingdom? Who was my father? When should I rule? Who were the enemies I must conquer? And why could we not set out for my capital, if only in disguise, this very day?

My mother smiled, gravely but kindly. She did not answer my questions; but, little by little, she drew from me the whole story of my day-dreams and wonderings, and hopes and plans—all, indeed, save the self-crownings in the moonlight, and the purple foxglove. I myself do not remember now all that I told her; but, recalling as much of it as I can, I know that three things were repeated in many forms over and over again. I would be the most magnificent of monarchs; I would drain a full cup of royal pleasures; and, above all, I would so wield power that neither subject nor enemy should dare disobey or dispute my rule.

My mother heard me patiently. Then she took and held me in her arms for a whole minute and kissed me—a thing she did only in a great hour. And, to my growing wonder and sore dismay, she told me gently that, when the day came for turning the key in the black lock and moving the door on its old hinges, I should see all my kingdom enclosed within the fragrant circle of the high green hedge. But before that day could come there were ten labours I must perform. They would be hard and puzzling, and very unlike my dreams. But she added proudly, that I was her son and would not shrink; and that if I succeeded in but one labour and failed in all the rest, the one triumph would unlock the door, and I should be of the world's most glorious kings, and sway a kingdom rich and very wonderful.

It was a strange and indeed a bitter awakening from my dreams. But my mother's spirit entered into me, and I felt she was holding before me a prize more to be desired and laboured for than all I had pictured in the moonlight.

So I gulped the disappointment bravely down, and, with such fervour as I had never shown or felt before, returned my mother's kiss. I did not know how much my mother and I loved each other until that moment.

Then she took me in her arms again; and I knew from the cool drops that ran down my forehead that my mother had crowned me with the yellow roses.

(To be continued)

A BALLAD OF THIEVES

He had lifted the goodly sheep,
And they hanged him high on the tree;
And the foul crows flocked from far and near,
And the hangman grinned to see.

"Feed full, feed full, black thieves," he cried,
"Thief's flesh should glut thee well:
There's one loon less on the Borderside,
And one more soul in Hell!

"No more he shall lift the goodly sheep:
The Devil has raked him in;
For he was one with the Devil's son,
And the sire has claimed his kin."

The leaden sky to copper burned,
The thunder bruited loud,
The lightning leapt as a naked spear
From the heart of a riven cloud.

The lightning leapt as a naked spear,
And shivered the gallows-tree;
The dead man slipped from the sing'd noose,
And the hangman quailed to see!

The dead man stood by the hangman's side
 (And one whom he dared not see!);
"Ho! I was one with the Devil's son,
 And my sire has set me free!"

The dead man cried, "We claim our kin,
 Though craven heart ye be."
A death-hand gripped the hangman's throat,
 And tore the foul soul free.

.

That night the gates of Hell clanged wide,
 As the Lord of Hell strode in
With two damned souls from the Borderside,
 Which he had fared to win.

That night the gates of Hell clanged wide,
 But the raider's soul laughed loud,
As the red fiends clustered on either side
 In a ghastly, gaping crowd.

That night the gates of Hell clanged to
 With fire and brazen din,
And the soul of the hangman wailed with woe,
 And the gloating fiends did grin.

That night the hangman's naked soul
 They strung to the high Hell-tree!
The foul fiends flocked from far and near;
 But the raider's soul won free.

"Feed full, red thieves!" the Devil cried,
 "His soul should glut ye well,
For never a viler, thieving lout
 Has crossed the marge of Hell!"

"*He* lifted not the goodly sheep
From Border pen or fold;
He filched no hoard of silver white,
Nor yet the good red gold.

"He lifted not the goodly sheep
From Border fold or pen;
With a crafty hand and a hempen cord
He thieved the lives of men!

"Feed full," the Devil cried, "red thieves,
Thief's soul should glut ye well,—
And ye shall feast till the last flame dies
In the burning heart of Hell!"

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

FOUR FABLES

Three Singers

"I CELEBRATE the dawn," said the lark.

"I charm the starry dusk," said the nightingale.

"I chirp through all the towns," said the sparrow.

Woman

A KNIGHT fell into great extremity through love of a maiden. And he sent his page unto her with a sonnet and fair words. But she said to the page, "Tell thy master that though his verses be pretty, I do not love him."

Then the knight sold his lands to the Jews, and with the money thus obtained, purchased a diamond that had been stolen out of Tartary, and was esteemed one of the richest jewels in the world. This he sent to the maiden with a greeting, and further words such as are used by them that woo. And the maiden weighed the diamond in her hand, and whispered, "It is very beautiful; but I do not love him."

Whereupon the knight went forth into strange countries, and slew divers dragons and evil persons; so that his deeds and the name of his love became famous throughout Christendom. And after many days he returned, and sought that maiden in her garden, and told his heart unto her at length; entreating her to wife. And she answered, "Sir Knight, I will be thy sister; but I am promised in marriage to the king's son."

Sore stricken by which tidings, the knight withdrew himself to the outer wall of the pleasaunce, and there fell upon his sword and died miserably.

And when the maiden heard of it, she made a great to-do, crying, "Alack-a-day and woe's me! *for I loved him!*"

But she married the king's son all the same.

Lucre

A MAN clamoured for an audience with the king.

"What is your business?" demanded the chamberlains.

"I have a scheme for saving his Majesty's soul."

And they smiled and drove him away.

Next day he came again. "This fellow was here yesterday," quoth the chamberlains. "What is it now?"

"I wish to see the king on a great matter."

"How so?"

"I have a scheme for paying off the National Debt."

And again he was driven away.

And he came a third time; and perceiving him, the chief chamberlain said, "Give that man a bag of gold, and tell him to depart out of these realms, ere his neck be stretched."

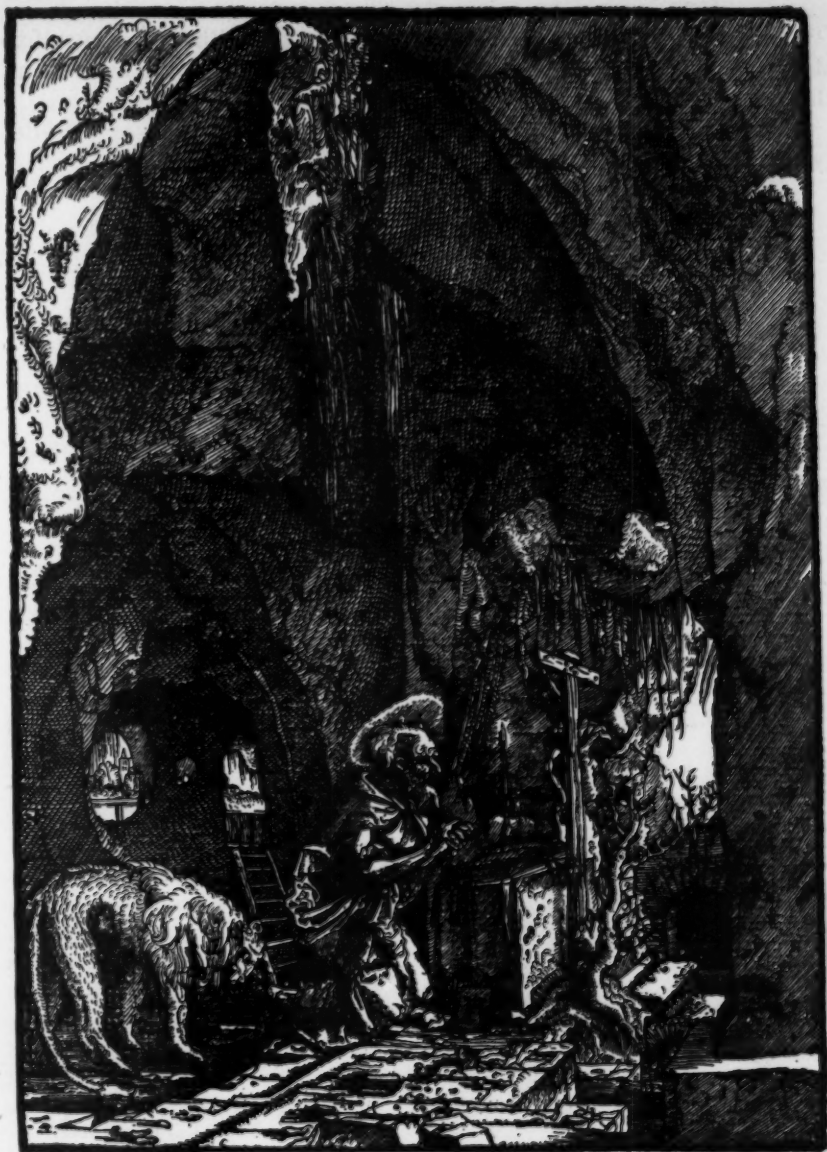
And the man took the gold, saying, "Why could you not have given me this at first? Money was all I wanted."

The Beautiful Woman

IN Samothrace there lived a woman who was passing beautiful. And many brave men came to woo her, but she denied them all. And one, bolder than the rest, inquired of her if she took no thought of the time when her beauty should fade and vanish away.

And she answered him, saying, "That is just the reason why I will not trust myself with any of you."

T. W. H. Crosland.





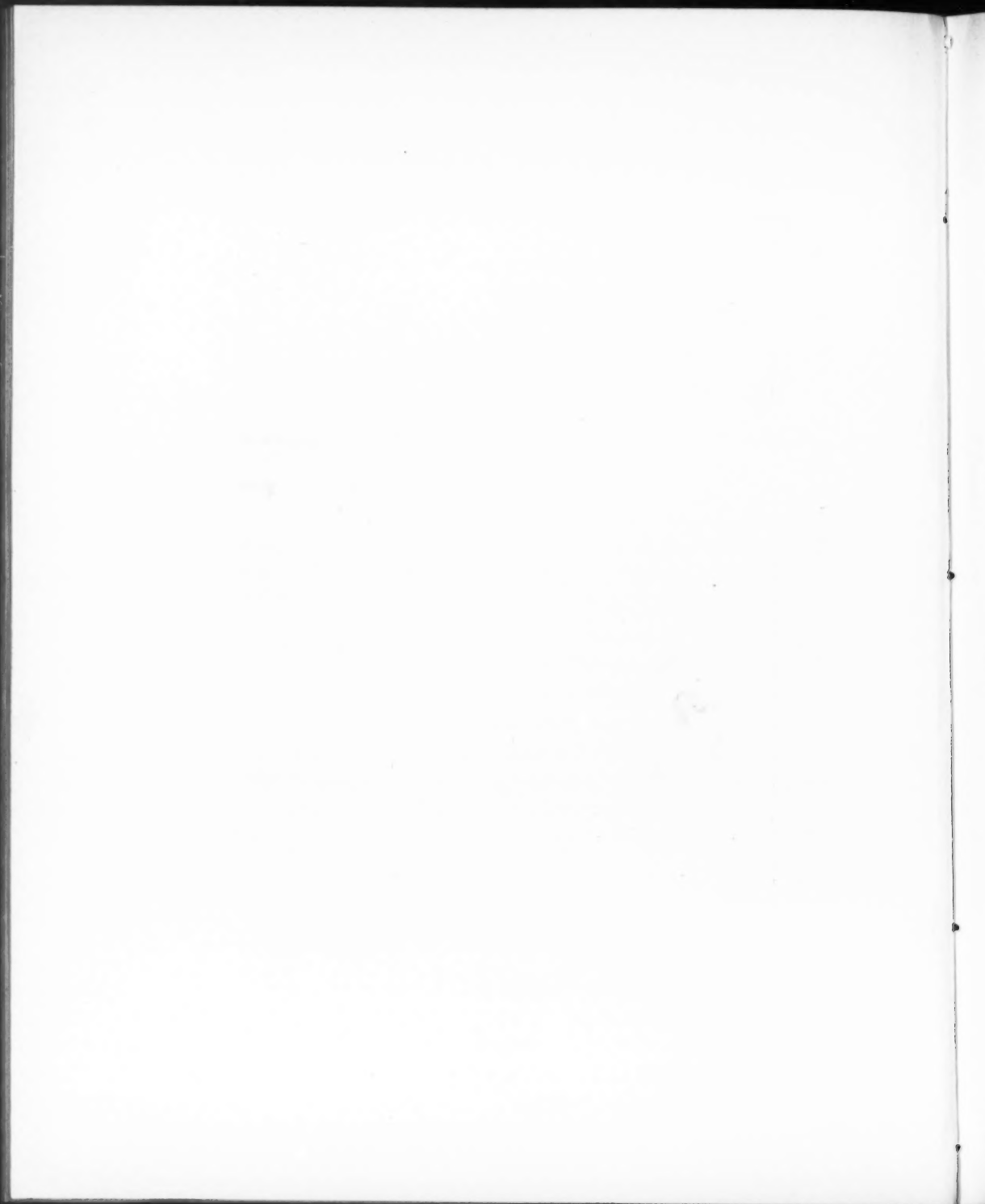




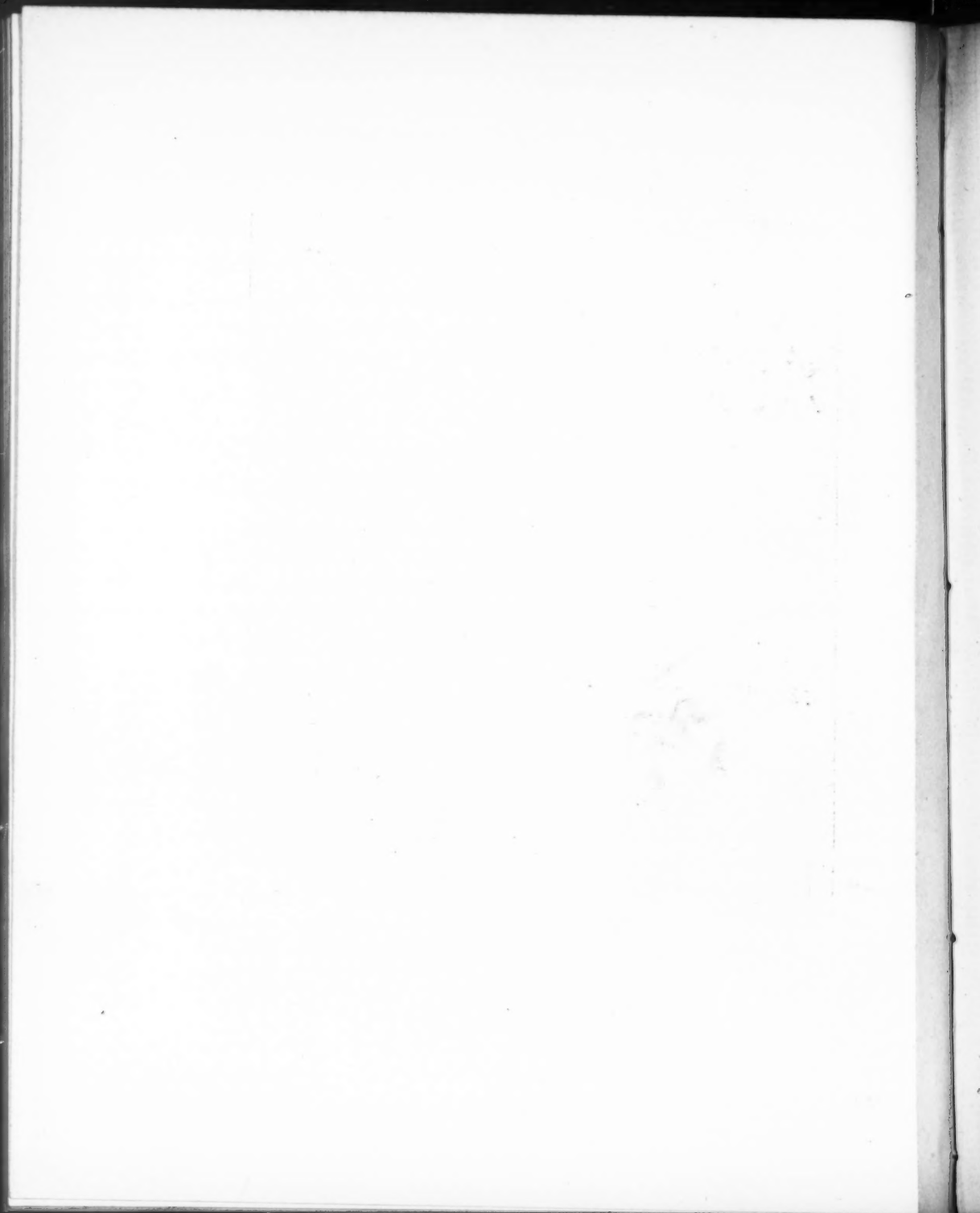












ALBRECHT ALTDORFER

THE wave of scholarly enthusiasm that broke over Europe in the latter part of the fifteenth century, while it swept away the sincere mediæval faith, left in its stead a scepticism that drove the patricians to a luxurious culture, and utterly ruined the artisan and commercial classes, for whom no such refuge was possible. The Alps were not high enough to stop the flood, but its rush was checked, and in the North the tide of free thought advanced more slowly. The development of the art of printing during the period directed this force into more than one channel, though it was only natural that religion, as an ever-present factor in daily life, had to bear the brunt of the attack. Printing was already becoming a democratic art, and so the revolution itself began by being democratic. The popular religion was tested by the new reasoning, slowly and carefully, as befitted so important a matter, and with its reformation the current art was reformed also.

The painting of Germany, like that of Italy, had hitherto dealt only with religious subjects and portraiture. In Italy religious subjects were still painted by sceptical painters for sceptical priests as part of their stock-in-trade, while the wealthy laymen ordered scenes from classical mythology. In Germany the rationalising tendency did not destroy religious painting, but merely cleared away priestly conventions, introducing portraits of real living people among sacred personages, or associating these latter with surroundings that were very definitely mundane. The movement was accelerated by the popularising tendency of engraving. Painting did not deal with *genre* subjects all at once, but engraving almost immediately took to the domestic and familiar side of things.

The group of men known as the Little Masters illustrates these changes admirably. Three of them, Hans Sebald Beham,

Barthol Beham, and Georg Pencz, were advanced reformers, and were banished from Nuremburg on account of their radicalism. Of the three, Pencz seems to have held the most extreme views, and it is not therefore strange that he should finally have gone to Italy, perhaps as an assistant to Marcantonio; at any rate he became a capable engraver of classical subjects in that master's manner. The Behams were less violently rationalistic, and alternate between classical compositions and scenes from the everyday life of their native land. The fourth artist, Aldegrever, lived the life of a provincial, and was of a pious, evangelical habit of mind. Hence in his work we find a good deal of religion, mixed with a good deal of homely Westphalian detail, and little or no Italian influence. The subject of this article differs from them all, in that he remained a staunch Romanist, though his mind was too active and his interests were too varied for him not to notice the change that was taking place. That he was so little influenced by it possibly argues his good taste.

The Little Masters are the embodiment of German art at the beginning of the sixteenth century. They are supremely skilful exponents of engraving with the burin, where skill is only obtainable at the cost of long and intelligent toil. If not exactly inspired draughtsmen, they are at least thoroughly capable of doing what they want to do. Yet when considered as a whole, the result is disappointing. In spite of their technical merits, the average of their achievement is that of an art professor, not of an artist. It is their training, their effort to assimilate classical culture through Italian models, that drags them down. Their imitations of Marcantonio are sometimes respectable, but are always cold and soulless. Their best work is done when they are continuing the tradition of Durer. Then their national characteristics get free play, and they are able to express themselves without restraint. Though they cannot inherit the serious and majestic genius of the great master of Nuremburg, they treat religious and domestic scenes with considerable taste and skill—indeed, they seem to be successful in inverse ratio to their rationalist tendencies. The Ruskinian theory of the connection of faith and artistic success is not so much disproved by the genius of professed sceptics, as by the utter failure of many pious painters. In Germany, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries,

it is certainly curious to find genuine success the monopoly of four religious men, Schongauer, Durer, Altdorfer, and Holbein, but it is perhaps still more curious that, with so much steady application, so much learning and science, the succeeding centuries should never again have roused the Teutonic spirit to a similar achievement.

Some such prelude is necessary in the case of Altdorfer, because he is almost universally associated with the Little Masters, on account of the scale of his engraving and the chance that made him their contemporary. Artistically, he stands far apart from them. Whether, as some have supposed, the Altdorf from which his name is derived is the Swiss Altdorf—a theory that might account for his difference from his neighbours—or one of the German towns of the name, is not of much importance. This much at least is certain: an Altdorfer family had lived in Ratisbon since the early part of the fifteenth century. The exact date of Albrecht's birth is uncertain, but it is said that in 1494, when not less than fourteen years old, he went to Nuremburg as the apprentice of Albert Durer, who had just married. From Durer perhaps he got a knowledge of at least the elements of engraving on wood and copper, of painting, and of etching. At any rate, by 1505 he must have returned to Ratisbon, for he was entered as a burgher of the city in that year. Though he seems to have been busily employed in painting and engraving, his regular profession was that of architecture. His business speedily prospered: he was appointed city architect, and became a member first of the outer and then of the inner Council. By 1513 he was rich enough to buy a house "with a tower," a second with a garden in 1518, and a third in 1532. Being a strict Catholic, he naturally shared the common prejudice against the Jews; so, when that people was banished from Ratisbon by a decree of the Council to which he belonged, he acquiesced in the destruction of their Synagogue, and used some of the gravestones from its court to pave the house with a tower. Before the Synagogue was pulled down he made two etchings of the building, and engraved the print known as *The Madonna of Ratisbon*, to celebrate the miracles that attended this triumph over the heretics. The cut is about fourteen inches high, and is printed in four or five colours. In 1528 he was elected Burgomaster, a position which he held while painting his largest picture, *The Battle of*

Arbela, now in the Pinakothek at Munich. Ten years later his busy life came to an end. During the period preceding his death he seems to have painted and engraved but little, most of his time being occupied by his architectural work. He superintended, for instance, the fortification of Ratisbon in 1529-30, when the Turks were besieging Vienna; and on the market tower in the town, a few years ago, there could still be seen a leaden tablet with the inscription "Albrecht Altdorfer, Paumeistr, 1535." In 1840, when the Church of the Augustines was being pulled down, a part of a gravestone was found, bearing the inscription, "Albrecht Altdorfer, Paum . . ." Apparently he left no direct descendants, and the name disappears from Art with the death of his brother Erhard, court painter to Duke Henry of Schwerin.

Altdorfer's paintings, even in his own country, are rare. In England I know of two only: one at Glasgow, the other in the collection of Mr. C. Butler. This latter, a Nativity, was exhibited a few years ago at the Guildhall. Some of the readers of this article may recollect it: a small picture where a deep blue sky, crossed by the golden rays of the miraculous star, spreads behind a mass of buildings of a warm transparent brown, under which the Divine Child lies. Uncertainties of attribution and chronology make it impossible to discuss Altdorfer's other paintings at length, but a few of their chief characteristics may be mentioned. His subjects are almost entirely sacred, the most notable exceptions being his picture of the battle of *Arbela* already referred to. It is a remarkable work. In a space of about five feet by four are compressed thousands of figures of fighting warriors on horseback and on foot, with their arms and accoutrements carefully detailed. Napoleon was so delighted with it that he had it hung in his bathroom at St. Cloud. However amusing as a battle-piece, the picture is interesting also as a landscape, for over the conflict spreads a wild flaming sky, where the sun is setting in a wilderness of lakes and mountains. The picture lacks unity: the painter's hand has evidently been unable to express his thought adequately, his mind perhaps never controlled it, yet the imaginative power displayed is none the less extraordinary. We find a similar feeling in the background of his sacred pictures: a delight in the savage splendours of sunset, that at times results in caricature, combined with expanses

of ruins and mountains aglow with some strange illumination. The touch of his brush, though not unskilful, might seem mannered if compared with Durer's, the colour has a tendency to the gaudy, though he can trace quiet scenes in quiet tones when he chooses. His choice of landscape material is quite arbitrary and personal: fierce odd effects of sky, jagged mountains, fantastic ruins, and, everywhere, giant pine trees hung with long streamers of hair-like moss. One thing, however, is noticeable: he has a very definite feeling for air and space. In his mature work the people really have an atmosphere about them: they thus blend perfectly with their surroundings, and are not things applied to a landscape screen, as is too often the case with even the greatest of the German Masters. His figures are not academically perfect in proportion or anatomy, but their action is usually vigorous and natural. No one, for instance, who has once seen it, will forget the *Nativity* at Berlin, where the little angels splash and tumble about in the fountain basin; or the terrible realism with which the bodies of the thieves hang from their crosses in the *Crucifixion*. If not a perfect painter, Altdorfer is at least an exceedingly interesting and romantic one.

Altdorfer executed more than a hundred copper plates, of which many are etchings. These latter are generally too lightly bitten and too drily printed to compare favourably with less archaic work. Nevertheless they show that the artist fully understood how the peculiar quality of the needle is freedom; they are almost all slight studies of fantastic landscape, freely sketched and simply bitten. His engravings with the burin are less numerous, but several are more important in design and more accomplished in execution than any of the etchings. To his youthful study of Durer's work he added in after years the experience of the Italian school of engraving. Several of his small prints are worked in obvious imitation of Marcantonio, but, as was the case with the Behams, they are not his most successful efforts; nor did he allow the academic influence of the great Bolognese engraver to master his own originality. In one little plate, an allegorical subject from the "Marguerite Poétique" of Albert d'Eyb, he fuses this Italian influence not unsuccessfully with what he had learned from Durer. The solemn simplicity of the sphinx-like seated figure contrasts finely with the crowd moving below her, in which the

engraving retains more than a trace of Northern personal fancy. The tiny *St. Christopher*, too, shows how he could blend the manner of Durer with the conceptions of his own less sternly-repressed imagination. Of all the engravings, however, the plate of *The Crucifixion* seems to express Altdorfer's real spirit most perfectly. The conception is fantastic, for the cross rises above the edge of a grove of those weird pine trees which figure so often in this artist's work. The group of mourners below is arranged and fused into a breadth and harmony quite unusual in Teutonic art, while the whole scene is lighted by a last fierce ray of the setting sun, which glistens on the mossy boughs of the pines, emphasises the stiff lines of the crosses, and silhouettes the deep shadows of the foreground crowd against a distant mountain, aglow under a pall of darkness that in a moment will be universal. For once the burin has lost its natural severity, and moves with a boldness and freedom that is elsewhere found only in the finest etching. The darkness of the sky is no iron motionless canopy, but is marching forward in the long sweeping lines of a storm whose attack is swift and inevitable. The engraving of the foreground is equally masterful. Every resource that the worker in line can bring to bear is exhausted to fuse and to vary the expression of hand and face and drapery. Especially remarkable is the softness and transparency obtained by delicate cross-hatching: a success the more noticeable because it is a triumph of technique, and it is in technique that Altdorfer is usually said to be deficient. Unequal he certainly is, possibly because he was a thriving town councillor with an eye for business; but if such a plate as *The Crucifixion* is technically deficient, the art of line engraving elsewhere must be still in its infancy.

Apart from their intrinsic merits, Altdorfer's woodcuts are interesting, as it is supposed they were actually engraved by the artist himself. The handling is certainly different, both in its daintiness and the actual character of the line, from that of the other woodcuts of the period. These latter are obviously cut from pen drawings in black on a white ground, and the technique of fine pen-drawing is still evident in them. In Altdorfer's prints this is hardly the case; for we find in them that economy of light and light half-tones that is characteristic of the practical engraver who thinks and designs in white on a dark ground. His habitual method of drawing tends to support this assumption. Though

pen drawings by him exist, his more usual plan was to tint his paper with a dark ground,—green, red, brown, or blue,—and work upon this in white with a fine brush. Tradition claims Altdorfer as an original engraver, on account of the peculiar delicacy of the lines found in his wood engravings. The reason is hardly convincing, for Altdorfer lived in an age of skilled professional cutters, who, with the practice of a lifetime to help them, would be more likely to possess exceptional dexterity in their art than a busy business man to whom engraving could be little more than a pastime. Certainly some of Altdorfer's cuts are executed by a commercial engraver. A glance through any collection of his prints will at once show how different is the cutting of such a series as *The Fall and the Redemption* and some of the larger subjects, which are only too evidently the work of a stolid mechanic. I have quoted the evidence on both sides at some length, because Altdorfer's seventy woodcuts contain so much of his best work; and in these days, when original wood-engraving has been revived, the man who was possibly the earliest master of the art—the block-book cutters were not masters at all—should not be robbed of the honour without good reason. Perhaps the strongest argument against Altdorfer's claim is the very daintiness of the prints, though for the engraver of *The Crucifixion* no feat of manipulative dexterity could be impossible.

The series of thirty-one cuts illustrating *The Fall and the Redemption* is Altdorfer's greatest achievement as an engraver. The rather incoherent fancy, and the inadequate technical tradition that mar his painting, the experimental element that renders nugatory much of his work with the burin, are wholly absent from these prints. With the delicate handling and the true engraver's feeling for design of which we have spoken, is allied a massiveness of arrangement and a vigour of action that recall the compositions of Tintoret. The headlong sweep of the angel who appears to Joachim, the struggling crowd where, among torches and uplifted weapons, St. Peter strikes Malchus down, the noble figure of our Lord bending under the scourge from the pillar to which He is lashed, or the dark gateway by which He falls under the weight of the cross and the stress of the fierce crowd behind him, the struggle and effort with which that cross and its burden are uplifted, are conceptions that only a great artist could realise.

Not less wonderful, though the offspring of a quieter mood, are the prints of the *Circumcision*, the *Last Supper*, and the *Death of the Virgin*. One has to go to Lutzberger's engravings of Holbein's *Dance of Death* to find a parallel for those little compositions, measuring hardly three inches by two; and those who know such cuts as *Death and the Knight*, or *Death and the Child*, will understand what the comparison means.

Altdorfer's larger cuts are more unequal. The most admirable, perhaps, are the *Death of St. John the Baptist*, the *St. Jerome*, the *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and the *Jael and Sisera*. The last is remarkable for the odd abrupt foreshortening of the sleeping warrior's legs, and for the treatment of the tree trunk behind, which is curiously modern in feeling, and marks a very decided departure from Durer's anatomical tradition. There is, too, an open-air feeling about the print, which is pleasant, if less impressive, than the twilight, which Altdorfer generally prefers. Twilight is really an artistic convenience rather than an artistic convention, and Altdorfer was too intent on design and effect to trouble much about such minor details. Most of the faults with which he is charged may be traced to this source. He exaggerates perspective: he makes figures too large, the angel in his *Annunciation*, for instance; or too small, like the Virgin in the same print. If he has got his effect, he does not care whether a leg conforms to academic proportion or whether it doesn't, but engraves it just as he sketched it.

After all, the art that is not arbitrary is generally dull. Personality is as necessary in art as it is in life, and the conscientious student of painting has some right to grumble because he so rarely finds a personality who is neither tame nor vulgar. Altdorfer's work, especially in painting, is often deficient in those qualities of balance and accuracy that can be measured with a footrule, but it is never without a personal accent of a very definite and unusual kind. Those who seek for classical perfection of form, or for detailed rendering of natural fact, will prefer their own painter-deities, and no argument or art can shake their faith. Those, however, who care to view things through the medium of a rare and romantic temperament, may do much worse than study any work of this Ratisbon Burgomaster that they happen to come across, even if their ideals are not genuinely German.

C. J. Holmes.

Mirage.

The words by
Christina Rossetti (By permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.)

The music by
Harold Thorp.

Andante Sostenuto. m.p.

Piano

Voce.

The hope I dreamed of was a dream, Was but a

m.p.

cresc.

*Red.....**

dream; and now I wake Exceeding corn...forless, and worn, and

cresc.

*Red.....**

*Red.....**

*molto rit.**

old, For a dream's sake; for a

molto rit.

dim.

loco

*Red.....**

ritard. *mp.*

dream's sake. I hang my harp up-on a

p. ritard. *mp.*

free. A weeping wil...low in a lake; I

hang my si-lenced harp there, wrung and snapt. For a dream's sake.

mp. Lie

accel. e cres.

a tempo
still, lie still, my breaking heart; My si-lent heart,
a tempo. *dim.* *sostenuto.*
Red......*

lie still and break. Life and the world and mine own
cres. ed un poco accel.
Red......* *Red.*.....*

self are changed, changed, For a dream's sake,
molto rit. *f* *molto rit.* *poco a poco*
Brav. *loco.* *Red.*.....*

For a dream's sake.
molto rit. *pp* *dimle roll....* *pp*
Red......* *Senza gated.*

BERLIOZ AT COLOGNE

IN a small bedroom on the very top floor of a very tall house, Berlioz sat, upon the pale day which he knew to be his last. It is said that, infinitely weary, he tapped out a tune upon the window-sill with his long, lean fingers as he awaited the knell of his career. Presently he died. He had been a failure. He had worked with a superhuman industry, he had been gifted with one of the keenest and broadest capacities for music in the mass that had ever been granted to the sons of men. He had been conscientious, straitly artistic, superbly independent, magnificently importunate, impenetrably reticent, firmly self-contained, majestically satirical; he had walked with the elect few of the world, sadly enough but proudly enough;—yet he was a failure. He had had no real popularity; and he was dead. The usual habit of the world in such a situation is to discover a sort of posthumous philosopher's stone, and, having turned the artist's dead body into a golden idol, to establish it and worship it to the sound of cymbals and drums. For once the world forewent its usual habit. Paris indeed set up a statue, and professed to believe that Berlioz was a classic; but though his name was spoken with reverence everywhere, he had more of a reputation than a vogue. The cymbals and drums were dispensed with. Men gave this musician the honour of a great name without taking the trouble to discover if he deserved it or not. Berlioz was permitted no trial, that sweetest of ordeals to any great artist: he was simply enthroned as a matter of fact without any question, without any hesitation, without any enthusiasm. He was a great musician, because it really was worth nobody's while to prove that he was anything else.

It is one of the most baffling things in the world to compare the reputation of Berlioz with the general lack of information

on the subject of his music which seems to prevail everywhere. For my own part, in this musically inartistic England of ours, I have picked up every crumb that has fallen from the fingers of the concert organisers here, there, and everywhere, when out of their resources they have dropped an occasional overture or an orchestrated song from the lavish stores of his music. Yet those pickings have been of the most contemptible character, so far as quantity goes. London knows not the operas of Berlioz. His *Faust* is popular enough; but for the rest he is no more than the shadow of a great name.

I believe that I am right in saying that no Berlioz opera has ever been performed in England,—a fact that may mean everything or nothing. The question is rather: Are the operas of Berlioz worth performing anywhere? One critic who has the merit of knowing his own opinion, has told me that the operatic music of this writer is arid and dry—that there is no melody in it which is really enlightening or essentially beautiful—that even the famous orchestration of which we have heard so much is only a consummate mathematical achievement, and not by any means the outcome of a fine inspiration. I do not know where this critic had found his opportunity of hearing the Berlioz operas, but as I always believe what I am told, I naturally desired an opportunity of proving him to be a weaver of romance. I sought for Berlioz up and down many spaces of the world. Mottl promised him to us this year, but chose a time of performance when few Englishmen, particularly if they happened to be critics, would care to be travelling in Germany; but that is another story.

I was in Cologne, in full travel homewards from a musical orgie in the South of Germany. It was necessary to break the journey there, and I did so with something of a relief that for one night music was to be a memory and an anticipation, and not a living fact. As I was taking dinner my eye lit upon the advertisement, for that particular evening, of the Cologne Stadt-Theater. The second part of Berlioz' *Trojans* was set down for performance. Berlioz had indeed stolen upon me unawares. I slept, and lo! he was there. Within a quarter of an hour I was in the Stadt-Theater, very busily engaged in contradicting mentally at every point the opinion of that critic who so well knows his own opinion. Berlioz saw things upon the grand scale,

and his model (so far as he had one) in drama was Shakespeare. He loved to order things upon the grand scale. The ghosts of *Richard III.* and of *Cymbeline* had a peculiar fascination for him; and his mind naturally turned towards the elder sentiment of art. So much was to be seen in one quarter of an hour of attention; and then very gradually the beauty of the musical setting began to dawn and visibly appear, until I began to perceive with how singular an originality the whole was invested, when to the formalism of a past school he added the exquisite modernity of a sensitively complex music.

Wagner has been ignorantly and stupidly called the modern Gluck, chiefly because Gluck wrote the famous preface to *Alceste*. Wagner's ideal was so different from that of Gluck, particularly in his attitude towards essential drama, that only such a preface could excuse such a judgment. Berlioz, on the other hand, undoubtedly had the Gluck spirit; his passionate admiration for Gluck would naturally account somewhat for it; but in this classical drama, so stately, so formal and yet so poignant, you seemed to find the new expression of an old ideal polished, freshened, and made quiveringly modern, in precisely the same measure as in his own day Gluck modernised an even older ideal. It was this curious contrast, the solemnity of the measured drama set against the noble melody, the subtle harmony, the wide breadth of knowledge, the magisterial decisiveness of the nineteenth-century Berlioz, which gave to *The Trojans*, as I saw it but tolerably well performed, its consummate distinction. The ships were anchored by the marble palaces of Carthage, the sea spreading indefinitely beyond, the Trojans hesitating on the brink of a future big with portents. There is the central dramatic moment of the opera; and as, in a great solitude, in the outspread darkness of the night, the sailor sang at his boat's stern a lovely, wild melody, you knew that in the fashioning of this situation a genius had strayed that way. There is a tide in the affairs of music-drama which, taken at the flood, leads to the El Dorado of artistic success; and that was the flood-time of Berlioz' drama. After that point you had a firm confidence that, since the gates of the Palace of Art had here been thrown open wide, the artist could not choose but enter upon a beautiful inheritance. And that confidence was justified indeed. The solemn scene of the

apparitions warning Æneas of his duty is conceived and carried out on a level of superb art worthy to rank with the best dramatic conceptions in the highest order of musical intellectuality; and the pleading of Dido at this point fitly precedes the scene in which she utters her own death-song of love and sorrow. You think of that other *liebestod* in *Tristan*; and though this music does not stand quite upon those unshackled heights, though the French master bound himself by a stricter attentiveness to the great models of the past, and dared not to deliver himself up to the passionate freedom of Wagner's immense originality, the two pages may rank together as twin utterances in musical phrase of that which is highest and rarest in emotion. The death of Dido surrounded by the grave hierarchy of priests, and the distant revelation of Rome rising into being—

"Rome, in the ages, dimmed with all her towers,
Floats in the midst, a little cloud at tether"—

form a fitting sequel, in picture as in song, to this great and laborious work. No, my friend the critic—Berlioz as a writer of opera was not arid. He was a greatly inspired musician, who worked out a fine purpose finely, and who only lacked the adventitious advantages of patronage and the capacity for self-advertisement, for the attainment of world-wide fame. He was not a business man.

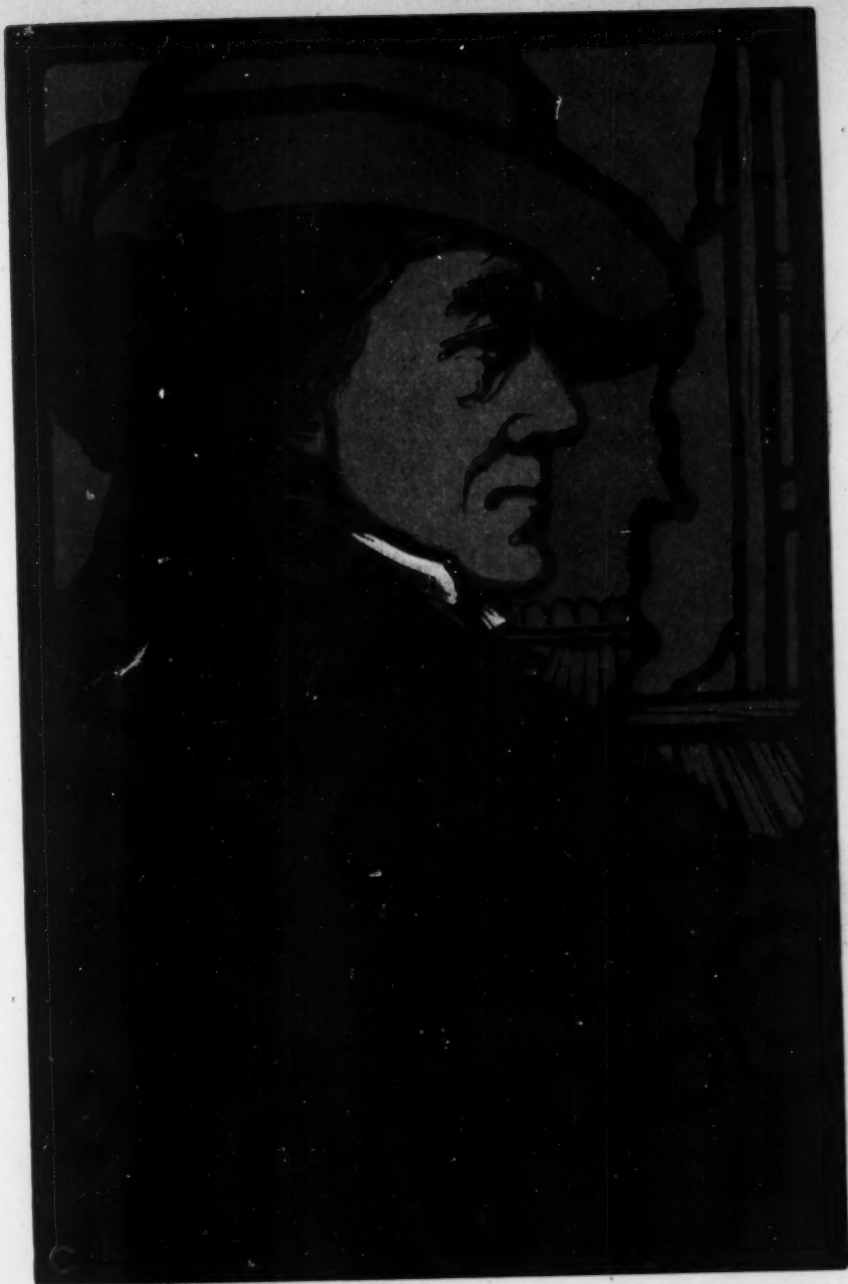
Vernon Blackburn.

VISION

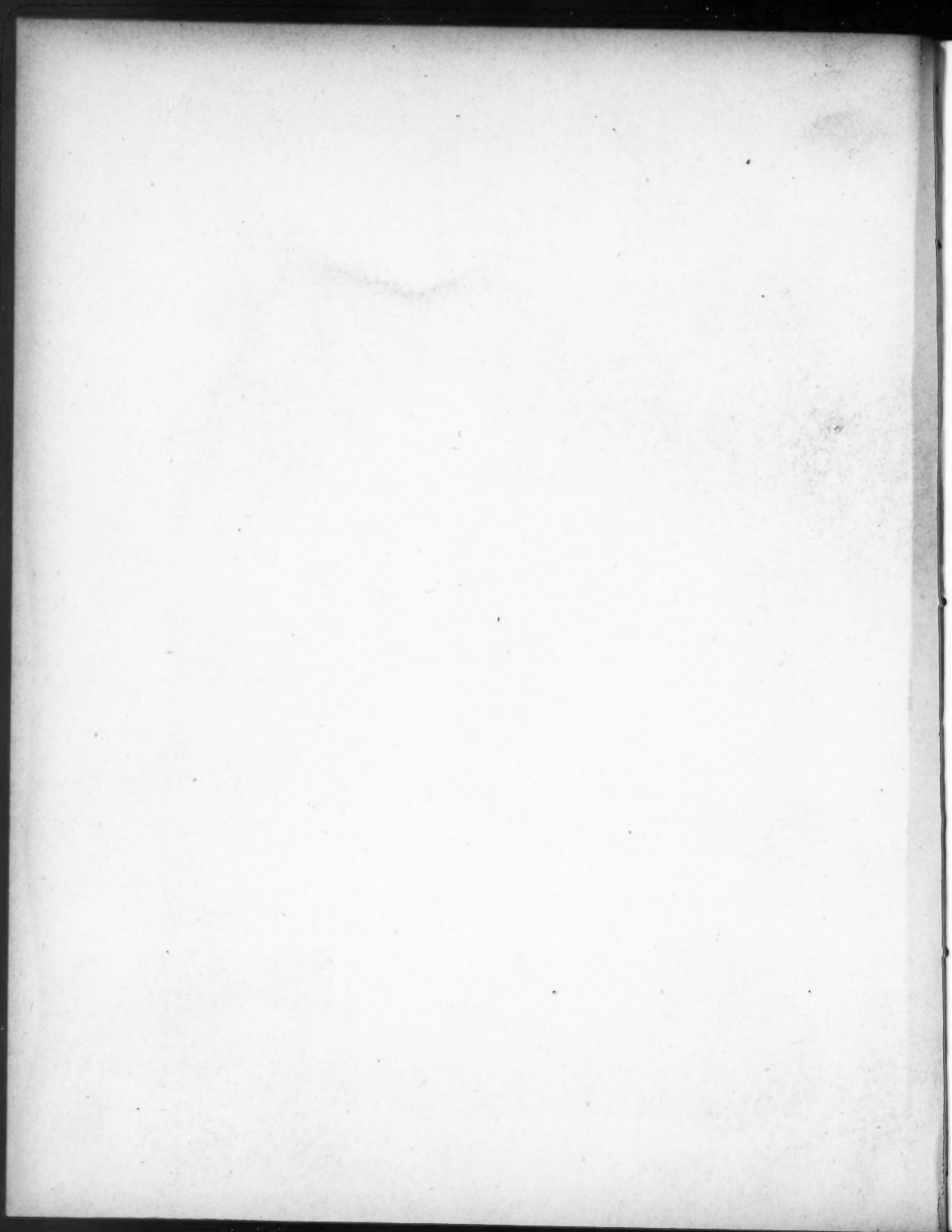
Hosts march and shine on high,
But his slow sight is dim ;
The war lords of the sky
Lift no bright hoof for him

Till blinding mists arise,
And then the hidden stars
Troop straight into his eyes,
White gods on silver cars.

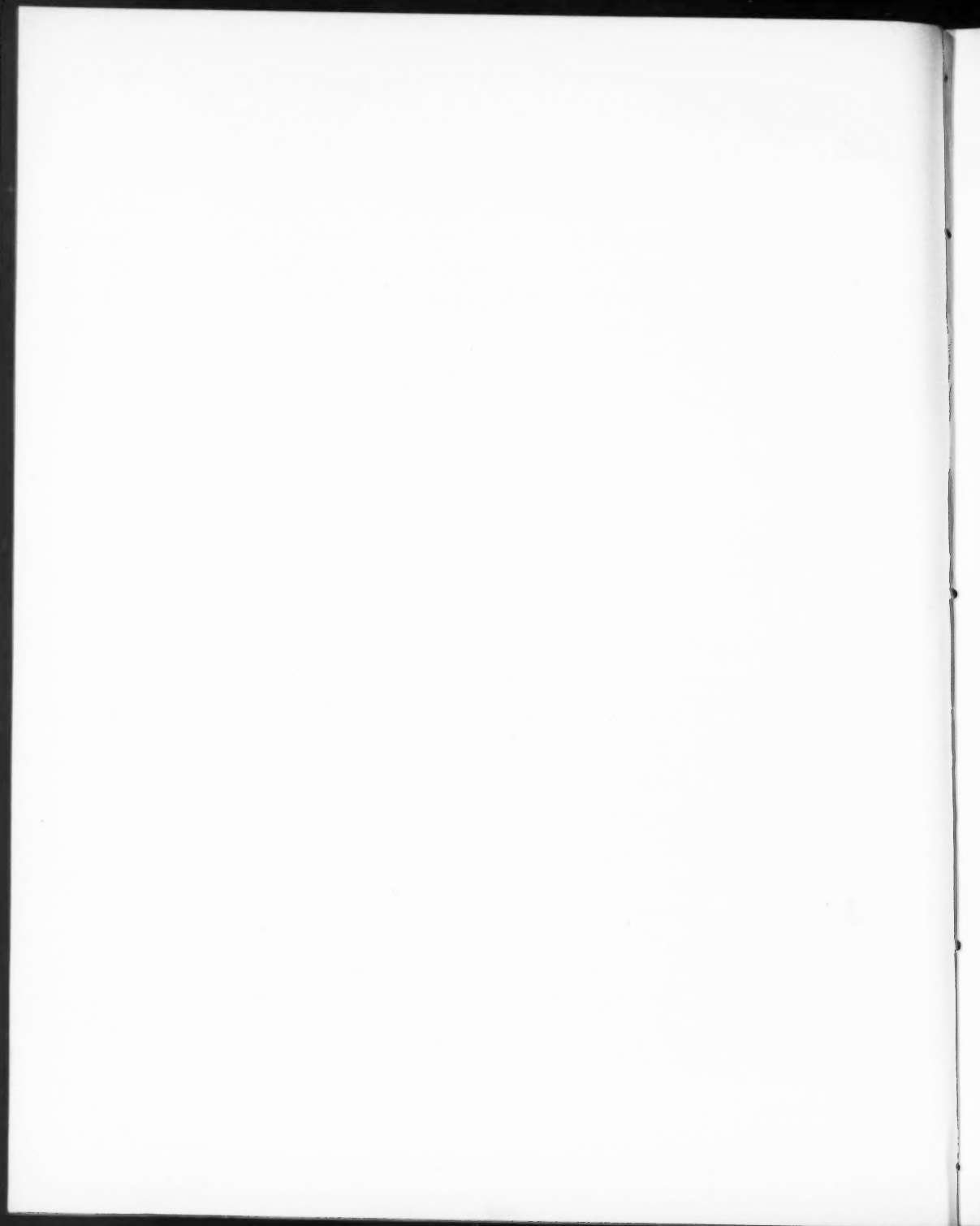
Louis Barsac.



Wm. Craig
Q.



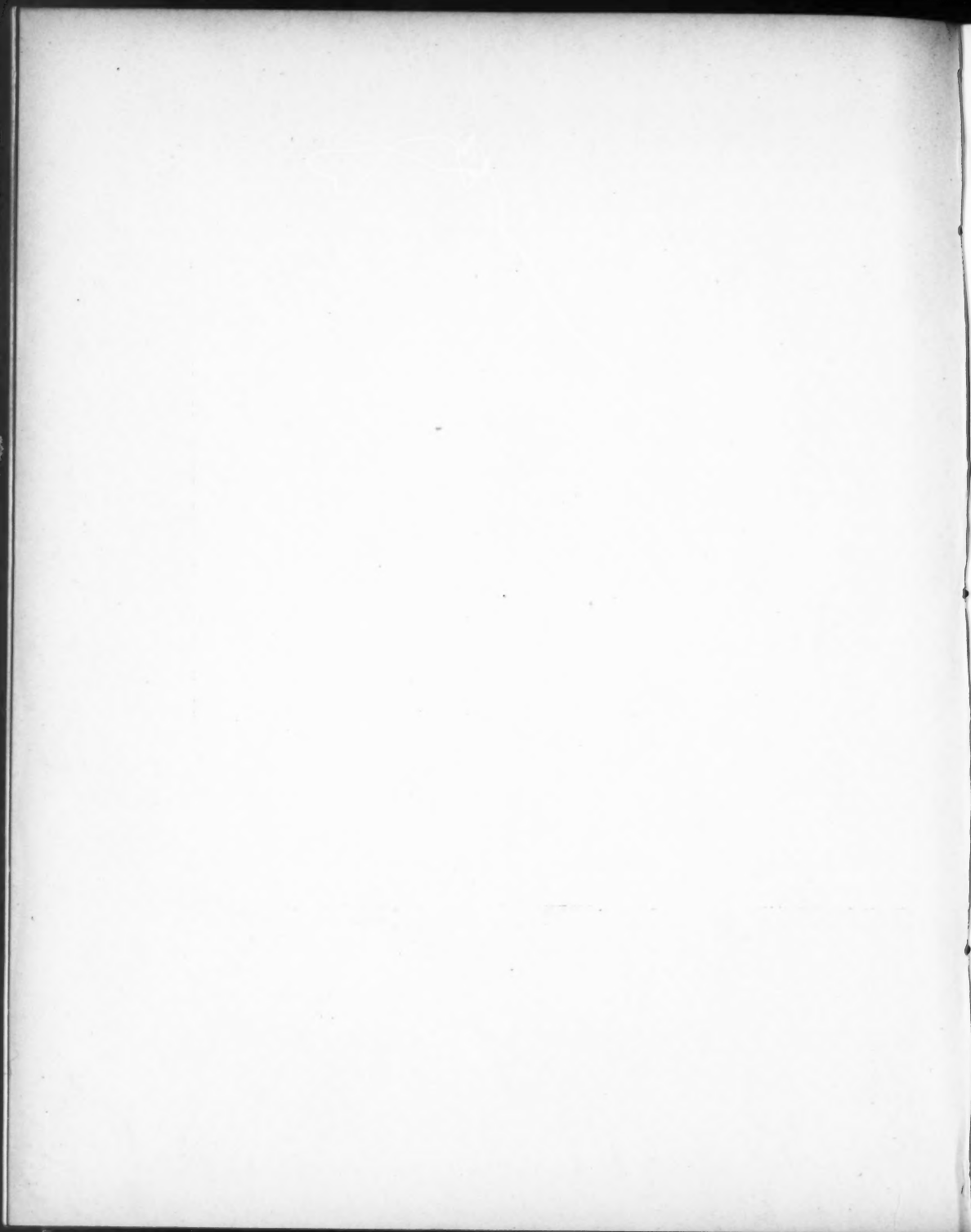




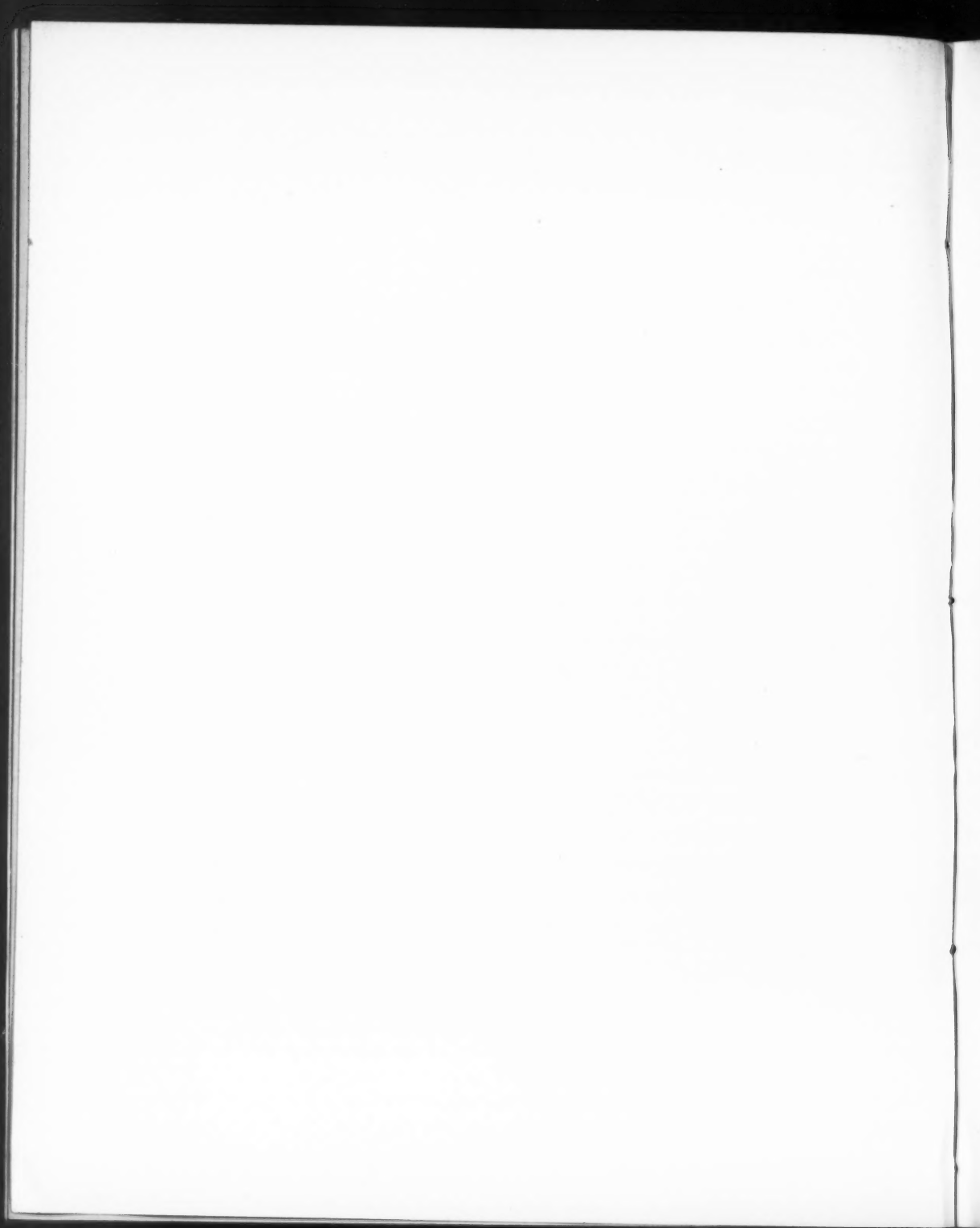




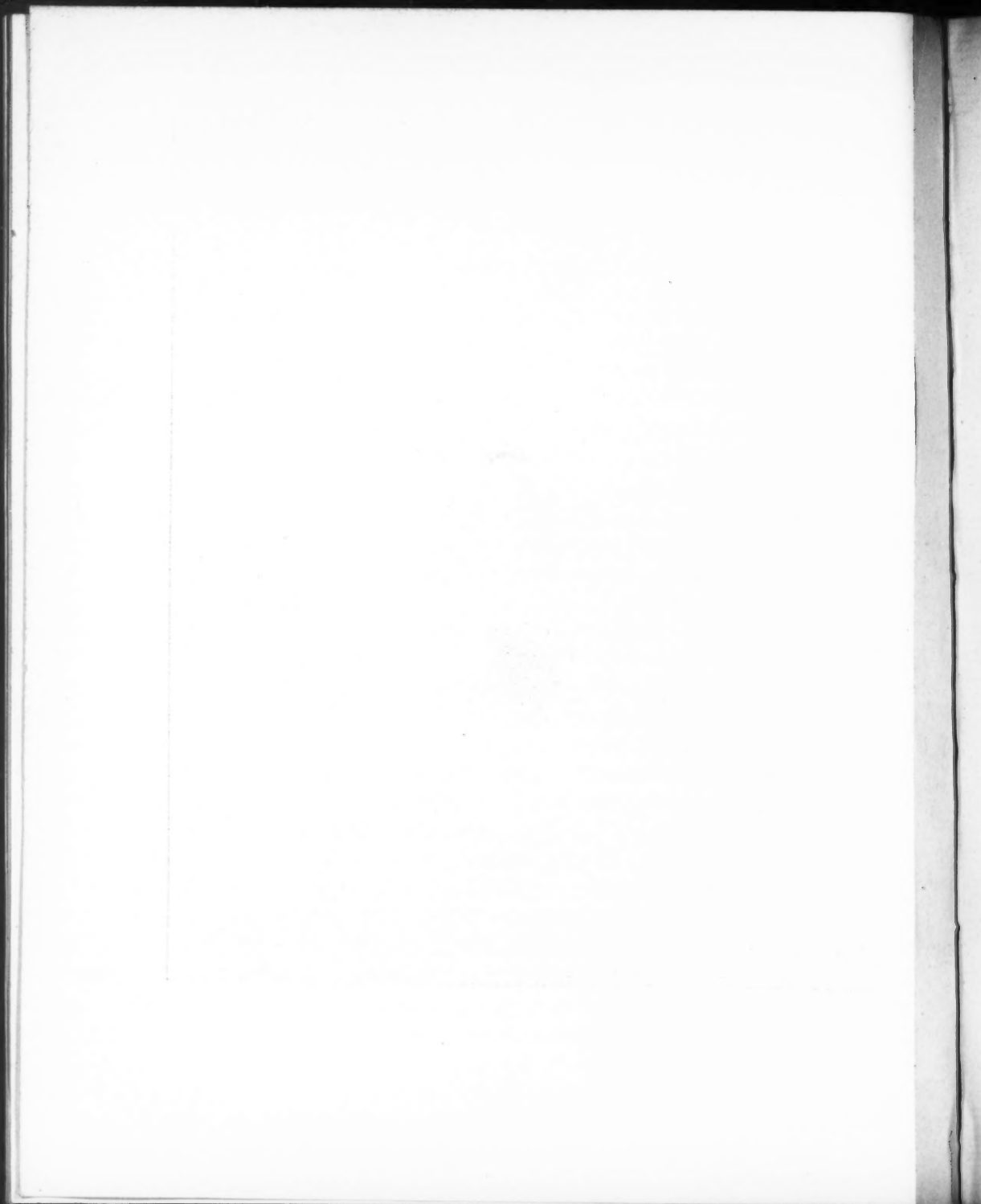












THE FANCY AND THE FACT

I

MISS RIGHTON closed the slender book and looked at her sister with trembling eyes. Her fingers clutched the cover with an eagerness more eloquent than words could have been, and it was some moments before she spoke.

"Helen," she said at last, "I must go to him."

"To whom, dear?" Helen asked in some surprise. She was lying on the couch absorbed in the novel which she now dropped lightly on the floor, at the same time becoming conscious of the eager look on her companion's face.

"To the poet—to John!" Miss Righton answered in a quick breath.

"To John?" Helen echoed. "I do not understand, Mary. Why must you go to him?"

The force of Miss Righton's answer was hidden.

"You have not seen this book," she said.

She left her chair and sat on a footstool at her sister's side. Helen took the little volume which was offered to her, and looked at the title. There was but one word—"Poems." Lower down appeared the name of the author, "John Righton." Helen's gaze was curious.

"So John is a poet?" she said, in an attempt to meet half-way the sense of danger which was quickly approaching her.

"Yes, a poet." There was self-indulgence in the answer; an admission which was more surely an acceptance; a supreme truth stood in guard over their counsels.

"There couldn't be another John Righton?" Helen questioned, with doubtful purpose.

Miss Righton started.

"Another! Impossible!" she exclaimed; then added in a fallen voice, "Besides, I *know* this is John's book."

Knowledge is not always a possession difficult to share, and Helen composed herself to receive the inevitable explanation.

"How, dear?" she asked.

Miss Righton took the book and turned over the leaves, her fingers reverent, pride woven with her insistent hope. Soon she stopped, gave a second glance at the chosen page, and passed back the volume.

"Look at the title of that poem," she said. "Do you see? 'To my Mother Unknown'—'To my Mother Unknown.'"

The words came with the sweetest possible inflections of the tenderest longing and the gentlest sadness, as if the sight of a goal long sought after had come at last, and carried with it a full recompense for the waiting. Evidence of a life-truth was offered, without need, perchance, for pleasure's sake—an evidence so unimpeachable, too, that it shot a tremor through the hearer's frame, and pressed the thud of a momentous issue into her ears. Somewhat mindless for the niceties of the poet's thought, she read the verses. Quite surely they sprang from a deep devotion—the devotion of a sensitive youth to an influence often before magnificently praised and universally acknowledged. Nor had she any doubt that the author was the person her sister supposed him to be. It was rather the conviction of these truths which brought the heavy doubtings to her.

"It is a pretty poem," she said, with evasion.

"He needs me, Helen," was the eager rejoinder. "I'm sure he does. Every line in the poem tells me that: it would tell any—any mother!"

The title left her lips reluctantly. Never before had she given it to herself in the hearing of another. It had been forbidden as well by belief in the justice of the world's judgment as by the hopelessness of the position she had accepted, founded on a pretence of forgetfulness. But now there was honour in the name—the honour of a place beyond the world's dim seeing, in

the still land of triumphant motherhood, where the heart sings the chorus of a thousand glad wonders.

"And could you explain everything to him?" Helen asked from her lesser height; "could you explain the past—all the past?"

"John is of age and will understand me now," Miss Righton answered stoutly. "You must remember he is a poet. Poets know more than other young people."

"Oh yes; he will understand!" Helen admitted; but there was an emphasis on the last word which drew from her companion a repetition of her plea.

"He needs me, Helen," she said—"needs me more than ever. What was it to have him well educated, to see that he was well provided for at Ayport? Nothing—nothing at all!" Then springing to her feet, she let her arms wave to the drear music of her cry: "Oh, why did I not think of it before!"

Helen rose too.

"You could not think of it," she said soothingly. "On the whole, it was best that things were as they were."

"But I have been so wicked, Helen—so terribly wicked—wicked at first, more wicked afterwards. I was young, and my heart was broken before John was born; and when they took him from me I could only wonder what, next—just what next! And then I longed for him—oh, so much!—but the world seemed like a net around me, and he was beyond my reach. And so we drifted farther apart until—until now it all comes back again!"

She went to the window and stood looking at the traffic in the street below, leaving her companion to the restraint of her racing fears—fears not to be lessened by sight of the slender form which stood before her with a show of warning. Quite a little woman she was, grey-haired and pale, alert and active; the brows high-arched above round liquid eyes, her nose and mouth small and delicately moulded: in the sight of all tenderness, a woman to care for, and therefore, perhaps, all the more to care.

"Mary, don't you think that just because John is grown up, you ought to be—to be very careful?"

"Careful, Helen—careful?" Fear lurked in the eyes which she turned to her sister's.

"John has never known you, dear; he has formed habits, no

doubt, and adopted a style of life that suits him—that suits, I mean, the conditions under which he has been placed.”

“I shall not interfere with his habits,” Miss Righton said, with some dignity.

“Not willingly, of course,” Helen agreed.

“Nor unwillingly. I shall further his interests and smooth his way.”

“But there will be a new element in his life,” the other urged, “an active element, if”—she lowered her voice—“if you are to be satisfied.”

“It will be the element of love,” was the mother’s declaration.

The drone and rattle of the city’s life came up from the street, sounding to the pelt of a million souls, echo of a life chequered, breathless, distraught,—a voice which held all voices, refusing each a single place, offering to the listener what his soul could receive, taking from it what it could not crave. It told Miss Righton of the passion inevitably in the heart of a universe which had permitted her agony and permitted now her triumph; it raised the tones of a man’s rich laugh, and the breaths of a man’s rich sleep. Sun-decked waves beat on the beach at Ayport; out of its storms a wistful peace came warm. While the world of all other folk was out in the void, and the earth had a seemly tale to tell at last.

“It was chiefly of John’s desire I was thinking, Mary.”

“John would not write like that unless he meant it.” But she showed no resentment of the attempts to dissuade her.

“It is only a poem, dear.”

“He has expressed himself—he must have.”

“But some passing event might have suggested the thoughts,” Helen urged.

“They would still be John’s own thoughts.”

“For the time being.”

“For the time being?” It seemed from her assured and unruffled tone that she was proof against all fear now. “How little you understand! A poem is not written for everyone: only the few can find out all it means. And you will never understand John’s poems as well as I do. How could you? I am his mother!”

The very simplicity of the statement gave it its force.

"I shall make it my business," Miss Righton went on, "to show John that I can be to him all he desires. He feels the need of his mother, and he shall have her."

"You think he does feel that need?" her sister asked.

"My dear Helen!"

"I mean, that in all probability John has drawn upon his fancy—upon some conception he has formed of the mother he has never seen."

"A mere conception is always a paltry thing," Miss Righton replied. "Life must be lived, not imagined."

"But, dear, no doubt John has been imagining all these years what it was to have a mother."

"Now he shall know."

"But what you want to do is to take greater happiness into his life."

"Of course it is."

"Suppose—forgive me, Mary—but suppose you did not make him happier?"

"Helen," her sister answered, with quiet self-confidence, "motherhood is not an offer, it is a gift—one of the greatest gifts. For years I have seen into the heart of things, and now those poems, especially that one poem, have shown me the heart of my son. I have been terribly wrong in neglecting him; but it is not too late to make amends. If I cannot supply John's need, no one can; but I am sure that I can supply it."

Again she looked down into the street, and Helen, silent and afraid, looked there too. It was a moment when silence was the last word: in order to protect, it was necessary to wound; to save, it was necessary to slay. The free woman understood the creative impulse of the artist sufficiently well to know that John was capable of a fancy which, though living, could never be realised. She believed that all the love which the tenderest, purest heart of his mother could offer might do no more for him than inspire one rich stanza, or weld one half-hushed sonnet. The future showed as a stage on which a contest had to take place. Which was the greater—the real or the imagined? Which the most to be desired—the fancy or the fact? Mary put her faith in motherhood and love; but her son had conceived a mother as beautiful as good, as stately as desirous. What, then, of this sweet, frail

little woman? Could she oust the splendid creature of a poet's vivid imagination? There was little doubt she would discover in him the child she asked for: that was the mother's supreme gift. But what would he discover? Would the heaven of his fancy come even one step nearer? Before that question Helen's spirit quailed.

"Shall you go to Ayport?" she asked at length.

In the evening light the room was unfolding its mysteries. The lives of the two women began to have a smaller place even there, and their instinct was to stay within the shadows and watch what the night might bring. Still the stir of the street's unending traffic; still the clock's measure of a never-ending, never-staying time; still the faith in a present kindly sheltered; still the fear of a future desolate by loss.

"Oh yes!" Miss Righton answered, with energy; "we must both go, and stay a while. I think it will be much easier to talk to John there than it would be here. Poets are more fastidious and more eccentric than other people, but I don't anticipate many difficulties. Living in the country and by the sea always makes one's desires so simple. There'll be nothing conventional about John, I'm sure."

"Nothing," Helen agreed.

And so they went to Ayport without more ado.

II

They saw him from the cliffs, on a morning of bounding brilliance after a night of storm, where the swing of life was told by every wave of air, shot through and through by shafts of warm light.

"See, he's there!" Miss Righton cried.

"Shall we go and speak to him?" Helen suggested faintly.

"I must go alone." Her tone was so solemn even to herself, that, considerably, she hastened to lighten it. "I think it will be best, Helen."

"Perhaps it will." But she could not withhold a last suggestion, how futile, how belated. She grasped her sister's hand. "I am afraid for you, Mary, terribly afraid."

"Afraid?" The assurance seemed to purify each tone of her voice.

"There is so much risk."

"I shall run that risk." She fairly laughed, glorious in her dazzling conviction. "You silly child, walk along the cliff, and when I wave my parasol, come down and join us."

She almost ran down to the beach.

When the poet heard her approaching him, he turned and greeted her. She was quite out of breath.

"I was afraid I should miss you," she gasped.

"If I had known"— he began, in evident wonderment.

"But of course you couldn't," she assured him. "I was on the cliff with my sister."

"Shall we go to her?"

"Not yet, please. I want to talk with you first."

She knew he would detect the curious confidence in the tone which for the first time she employed; but, nevertheless, she recklessly increased it when she added—

"I should think such a day as this the most inspiring of all to you."

"To me?"

"To a poet," she explained; and submitted with ease to his scrutiny, careless that her eyes were bright with the spirit of the scene, and still more with the stress of the situation, and that a quick colour was in her cheeks. Was she not about to make the one supreme confession, now that they were really acquainted?

"It is not so much the day as the occasion that is required," she was told.

"The presence of someone to complete the scene, I suppose?"

"Or some thing."

"Some thing?"

"It is much the same."

The confession jarred upon her. His poems had led her to believe that he was deep-natured, a lover of the greater passions of his race, and one in need of love. Nor had their conversation hitherto crushed the belief. But now he spoke as one without the pale of human emotion so dear to her, so indispensable to life in her conception of it.

"But we cannot live without some society," she urged.

"Don't you forget one gift we have?"

"Which?"

"The gift of all gifts—imagination."

"Imagination is not enough," Miss Righton answered, with quiet confidence. "We need the living touch, the companionship of our fellows."

Perhaps the poet somewhat resented the instruction, for he made no reply. Then suddenly he looked over the sea and stood still.

"See," he said, "there is one of *my* companions."

Miss Righton looked with him, and saw, half a mile away, the white sails of a yacht which caught the sun as it yielded to the breeze—a creature as fit for the air as the water, it seemed; a part of the message-song of the day.

"It is a pretty boat," she said, somewhat mystified.

"It takes me to lands and people I have not seen, nor ever shall, except in fancy. The sails drop on the horizon, and I follow them across the world; they widen as they stretch for the shore, and I too am homeward bound, with the memory of strange colours about my eyes, and the memory of strange sounds in my ears."

"Then fancy is so much, so very much, to you?" A note of helplessness was creeping into her voice.

"Almost everything."

"But fancy can mislead. Suppose the fact does not accord with it?"

"Does that matter if the fancy is good?"

"Yes, when you become acquainted with the fact."

"When I become acquainted with the fact," the poet answered, "I need the fancy all the more."

Miss Righton had no confidence in her skill in dealing with abstractions. She longed to tell the man without more ado, and in her simple way, that there was one great fact of life, a truth she herself had so fully experienced, which was far sweeter than any fancy. But somehow the words which she framed in her mind frightened her; few more would be necessary to his awakening, and for the first time that day she feared lest the awakening should come too soon.

"Do you know," she said, temporising, "there is one poem of yours which I like better than any of the others?"

"Which, if you please?"

"To my Mother Unknown."

"I wrote it a year or two ago," the poet answered evasively, his cheeks aflush.

"She is a beautiful woman, the one you have suggested," Miss Righton remarked; "beautiful at heart, I mean. I'm glad she is not too beautiful."

"Too beautiful to be endured?" He smiled at the idea.

"No; too beautiful to be realised."

He looked at her in quick surprise; but she avoided his eyes, and asked in the same breath—

"You have never known your mother?"

"No, nor my father."

"They are dead?"

"Not to me."

"You hope to see them some day?"

"That is not what I meant," the poet replied, with a quietness that troubled her.

"What then?" she asked.

"I picture them to myself."

"Tell me"—she could not help hesitating—"tell me the picture you make of your mother."

"It is the picture of a woman I once saw," he explained.

"Shall I tell you the whole story?"

"Yes, tell me everything."

They went in towards the rocks. Miss Righton sat on one of the boulders which were strewn about the beach, her son lay on the sands at her feet.

"Last winter but one," he said, "there was a wreck here. A woman was picked up unconscious. She was hurled on to the beach almost at my feet, and I was the first to raise her. It was early morning, and as we carried her to the village the sun broke through the clouds and fell on her face. Even then she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her cheeks were white, and her dark wet hair glistened unheeded on her forehead, as if in the abandonment of death. I touched her hand: it was cold as the hand a sculptor makes, and far more lovely. Not a

breath came through her lips, so it seemed, and her eyes were closed. The life was hidden, but somehow I felt certain it would show itself again. And so it happened. For hours they strove, and at last she regained consciousness. I waited at the inn until the news was brought downstairs, then went my way. But I thought of her night and day wherever I might go, whatever I might do. Yet I saw her only once more. She was standing at her window, and for a moment our eyes met. I hurried away; but I resolved to make myself known to her, and the next day went to call, only to find that she had gone. It was a great shock, for the night before I had had a curious dream, which had brought with it as curious a belief with regard to both the woman and myself."

He paused, lost in the glow of his recollection. But Miss Righton was impatient.

"Tell me your dream," she demanded.

"I dreamed," the poet answered, "that we walked together in a beautiful valley beneath ice-capped peaks. A brook ran at our feet, and rich scents came up from the earth. Suddenly she led me under the shade of a tree, and, laying her hand on my forehead, fixed her eyes on mine. And as she looked, it seemed to me that it was my own thought I read in her—my own and something more, and I told myself it was my mother who had come at last. When I awoke, the fancy remained, and grew stronger and stronger, until to learn that she had gone stopped the world for me."

"Stopped the world!" Miss Righton cried. "You are too young for that! Another day will dawn for you!"

"The other day has dawned."

"Has dawned?" Her bosom rose and fell tempestuously under the strain of her sudden hope.

"Yes, it has dawned," he answered. "My mother has passed from my life only to enter into it. For when I think of her, I see the form of the woman who lay so still on the shore, and stood at the window of the inn; and those are pictures I shall never forget."

There was a long pause. The poet, absorbed in his story, to all appearances forgot the presence of his companion, but she quickened as her fear grew greater. She vowed to herself that

if she could but speak the words at her heart, he would receive her tenderly ; but as firmly as she vowed, so firmly a subtle dread restrained her. For, like a serpent monstrous amid flowers, came the assurance that she could not compel him : if she was not needed, she had no place ; if she had been forestalled, the truth was not to be denied, nor its face tricked out with glaring paints. There would be questionings she could not still, and needs she could not fulfil ; her presence would be an intrusion, and her life outside the region of his care. Vague hopes of his love had crept in and out of her days since his birth ; vague fears had checked her from acting on her great desire. Then the poem had belied her fears, and now—could it be?—the poet himself was belying her hope. If Helen, the childless, the unseeing, should prove to be the wiser ! For one brief moment she was possessed by the impulse to force herself upon him, to press willingness upon him. But only for a moment. Again her pride tossed at the idea, again her reason showed the folly from which it sprang. If he did not desire her, if her hour *had* gone by!—

“Tell me more of this woman,” she demanded, unconscious of the bitterness of her tone. “I want to know her as well as you.”

“She is tall and gracious and stately,” the poet answered. “Her eyes are dark and deep, her cheeks are rich, and her voice bears the echo of a world we cannot see. She is a queen—pure, lovely, and divine—whom none can harm, and who can do no harm to anyone ; made greater by her age ; even more to be revered than loved.”

“It is a wild fancy !” Miss Righton cried. “No such woman ever lived.”

“There you are wrong,” the poet answered : “she lives with me.”

His words burnt themselves into her heart. She thought of her own slender frame, her thin grey hair, her timid look, the smallness of her skill, the resistlessness of her desire for a refuge from the world. And so thinking, she grew desperate. The poet was drawing lines on the sand with his walking-stick. Bending over him, she seized his hand and held it on her lap.

“That cannot be enough for you,” she whispered passionately.

"The richest gift may leave us all the poorer," he replied.

"By reminding us of our need?"

"And denying the whole gift."

A gleam of hope flashed into her face.

"The gift is not often denied," she pleaded, with all her strength. "The world is hard, but there is a sheltered corner for most of us. It is love which is the great transformer, the great fact. It ennobles, it is the all-in-all, it is all that anyone can give."

"Yes," the poet answered as he gently released his hand, "it is all that anyone can give, and yet it is not all that can be given."

"What more can be given?"

"What the spirit craves. There is no escape from one's ideal."

"Your ideal might change."

"It could never grow less."

Again he drew the meaningless lines upon the sand, cut off from her by the dreamy aloofness which so strongly characterised him. No sound reached their ears except the lapping of the waves, the shouts of some children far away at play, and the cries of the birds as they passed with the winds. Then out of the silence came Miss Righton's last words, chilled, tearless, shuddering—

"You are sure you would have her so, or not at all?"

The poet turned to her, alarmed by her voice.

"I am sorry if"—he began.

But she quickly interrupted him.

"Answer me!" she demanded.

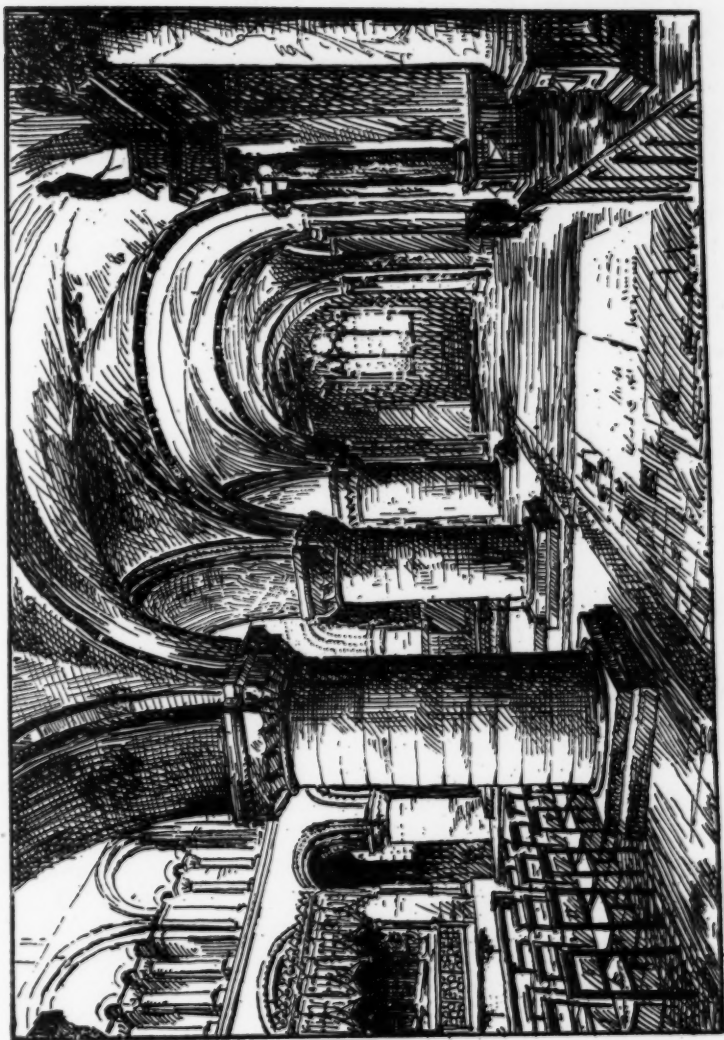
He looked away, and again there was silence.

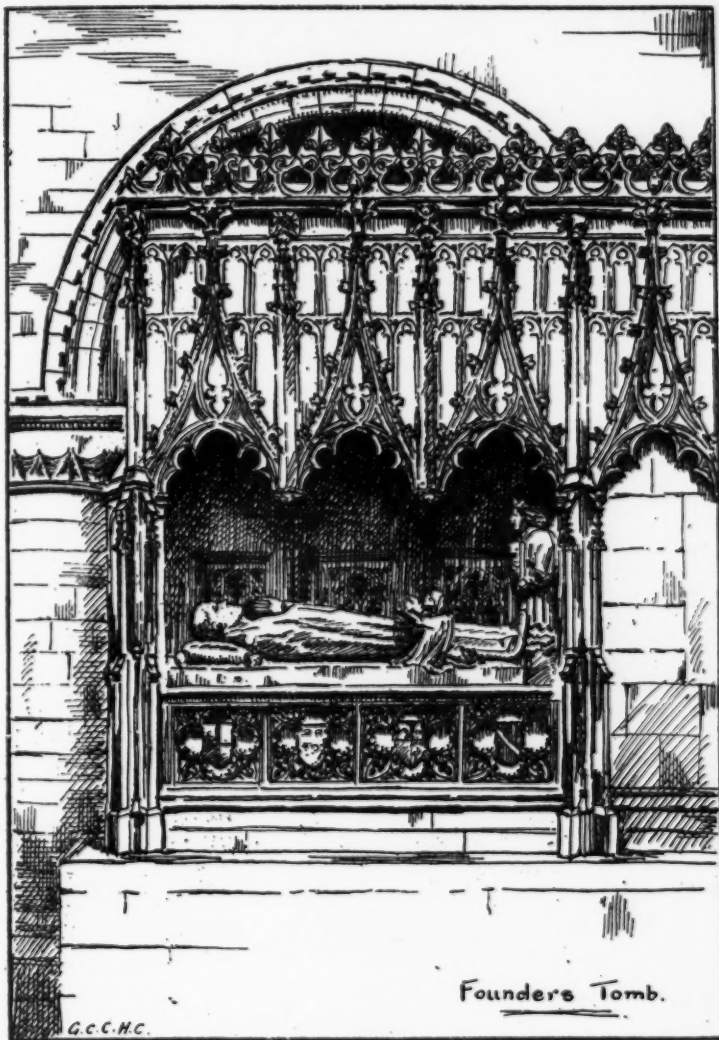
"Answer me!" she demanded, still more peremptorily.

Doubtless he was ruffled by her manner, and not a little bewildered. But, as she saw, he raised his eyes to the scene around them. Depths upon depths of blue composed the sky, the yacht shone white upon the merry waves; the gulls flashed upon the turn of their wings; the breeze came soft and warm to his cheek.

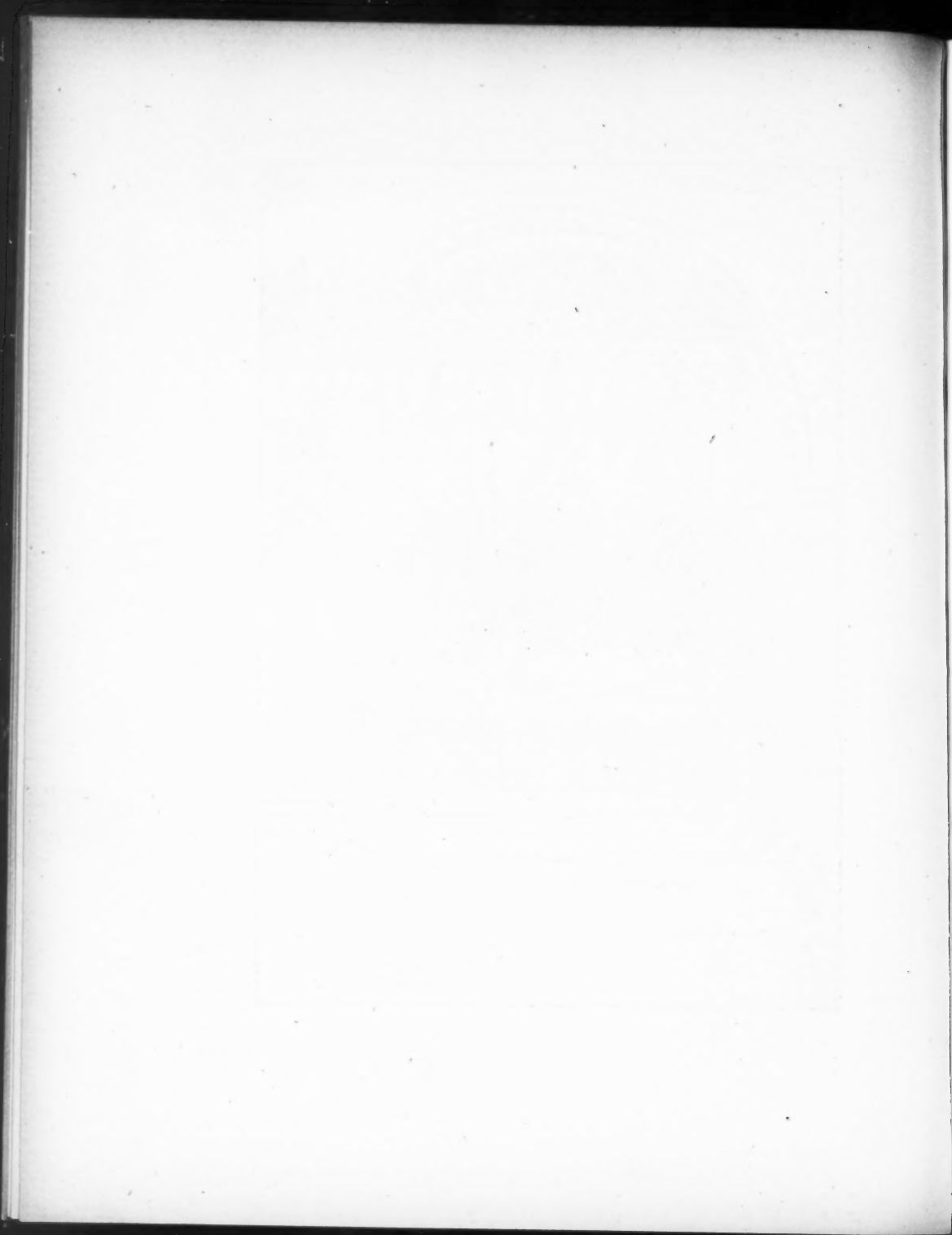
"Yes," he said, with quiet conviction, "or not at all."

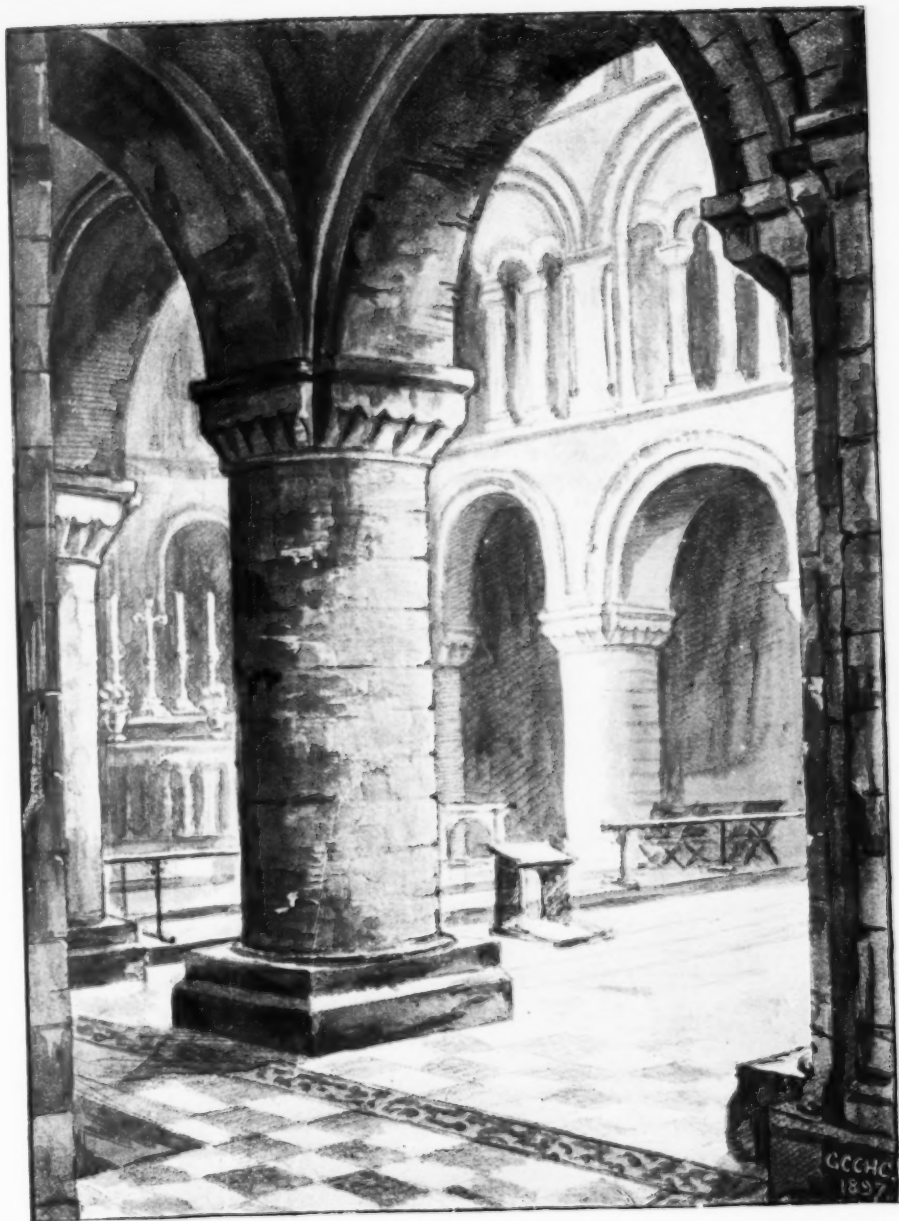
Arthur H. Holmes.

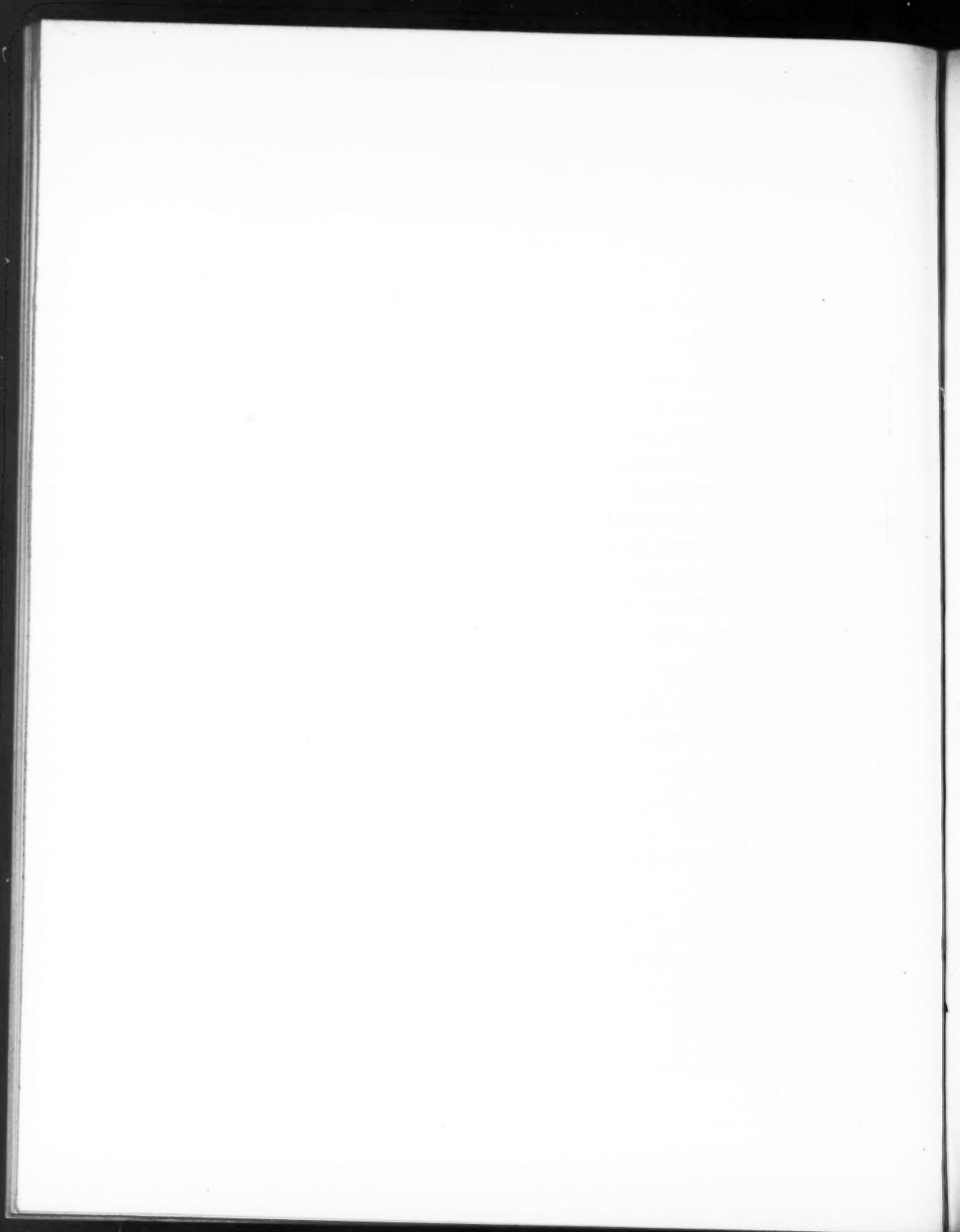




Founders Tomb.







ST. BARTHOLEM EW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD

It may be that the Great Fire of London stopped at Pye Corner because too little remained of St. Bartholemew's Church to be worth the burning. It was already more than a hundred years since the Defender of the Faith had thrown down the nave for the mere price of its stones and lead; and, glutted with fatter prey, the hot-breathing beast must have scorned as but a sorry morsel this forlorn and mutilated remnant of the temple which Rahere, obedient to a heavenly vision, had piled among the wastes half a millennium before.

With a blazing Smithfield faggot held torchwise in his hand, no partisan of any hue need search long in the precincts of St. Bartholemew's for the gleaming crime which he may whet for a thrust at the foe. Here, within a short span of years, Protestant and Catholic took turns at purging out each the other's damnable heresy with wholesome fire. But the wise man, having heard of the deniers of the royal supremacy burnt by Henry, of the Maid of Kent burnt for Christological error by Edward and Cranmer, of the Protestants burnt by Mary, and the Anabaptists by Elizabeth, will conclude very little about either faith, and very much about the age. And as for the age, who knows that a generation following this, in an epoch when science shall have brightened and minished toil, and refined and multiplied the means of subsistence, will not shudder at our Smithfield meat markets, whither shrieking engines underground drag through foul tunnels their tribute of fed beasts, happy yesterday in green meadows, as a ruddier horror than all the Marian and Elizabethan fires? For that late generation also its proper censure prepares. But the truly wise will neither praise nor blame. He will be content to stand and watch the human fact unfolding.

But this of tolerance is a hard saying as one passes under the

moulded arch, which is all that remains of the west front, and finds the impertinent sky where timbers should cross or stone vaults spring. The tower over the crossing is gone, and the seventeenth century held a thing of mean bricks a quite good enough hanging-place for the five Popish bells, still inscribed *Sancte Bartholomee, Sancta Katerina, Sancta Anna, Sancte Johannes Baptiste, Sancte Petre*, of course each with an *Ora pro Nobis*. Indeed, but for the reverent zeal of the last few years, it had been better for a sensitive pilgrim to turn his back on the modern porch, and repass the moulded arch cherishing all he might of his illusions. During the former, dreadful half of this very century the noble piers were cased in wood, while schools, one of them conducted by Nonconformists, met day by day behind the bricked-up arches of the triforium; and even during its latter, better half and its last, best quarter a blacksmith's bellows and anvil blustered and rang in the north transept. The Lady Chapel was a fringe-factory, its sedilia were cupboards, the fringe-factor's safe was let into the place of the piscina, and the crypt underneath held great store of wines and spirits. Of course the Lion and Unicorn, goodly beasts enough, it is true, but better playing or fighting outside the churchyard gate, ramped and pranced in the disfigured apse, holding a man's shield and crown high over the altar of the King of kings.

But a term has been set to the sacrilege. There lacks but one change more to make this dream-born church of Rahere's like a queen who, after long captivity, untiring outrage, and harsh buffetings of fate, returns to her own at last in honourable and beautiful old age.

It is best to loiter first among the surrounding passages and narrow streets, where one gets the feeling that he has cheated the Channel, and looks up at the tall houses expecting every moment to read *Patisserie—Boulangerie*.

The church itself is a church for a Low Mass, with peasants assisting in sabots and blue blouses. It is a church for cool, dim stillness after the blaze and stir of a market-place, whose piles of fresh fruits and flowers are to offer the next joy. But though at St. Bartholemew's the full colour and mystery have not yet returned to the rites from which they were bleached and drained long ago, there is no spot in all London where the ancient time more richly

and quickly breathes over a fevered mood or a worried brain its large and kindly spell.

And yet this solemn impression is produced by a mere fragment; for there survive only the choir, with its ambulatory and Lady Chapel, the transept, and one bay west of the crossing, spared perhaps because what to us would be the eastern extremity of the nave was to the Augustinian canons the western extremity of their choir.

Nor is even this fragment as Rahere and his successor Thomas left it. Not only had the fringe-factor and school-master and wine merchant and blacksmith and the Lion and Unicorn to be coaxed out, and the grosser works of Georgian churchwardens to be undone, before the achievement of the first two priors could be understood, but the square east end, with perpendicular windows, by which Prior Bolton sought to transform a twelfth-century Norman into a fifteenth-century English church, had to make way for a restoration of the original apse. Prior Bolton's curious oriel, overlooking Rahere's tomb and projecting from a middle arch of the south triforium, remains; but whatever may be said on restorations in general, we have certainly as much right to replace Bolton's square end by Rahere's apse as Bolton had to replace Rahere's apse by his own square end. Bolton was none the less a Vandal because his stones have now the hoar of four centuries upon them, just as the mere operation of time will not make the restorers of Peterborough Cathedral great architects by the year of our Lord two thousand two hundred and ninety-eight. And apart from what was or was not the original design, it is indisputable what it ought to have been; for the square end, in a Gothic building second-rate, is to the Norman style repugnant. But while men of taste will differ as to the removal of Bolton's work, they will unite in abhorring the brick doorway in the curve of the north aisle, which seems almost new and is certainly quite vile.

The rector and churchwardens preach sermons and light the gas, but they also feel their responsibility and do their duty as proud custodians of an ancient monument. They have hung up photographs of the forge, at work during the eighties in the transept, and of other horrors, not excluding the Lion and Unicorn. They do not look at the man with a sketch-book as

if he is waiting for a chance to rob the poor-box. And, best of all, they do not shut up the triforium and clerestory, but allow one to climb little gloomy spiral stairs whence there are peeps at unsuspected beauties. Prior Bolton's window can be entered from behind, and its uses guessed at. As there is a generous theory that the Prior built it for spying on his canons, and a charitable conjecture that the crypt was a private drinking-place, one might as well complete this kindly sketch of monasticism, and go on to say that when a monk was suspected of loving the crypt too well, he was set promenading along the clerestory while his superior watched the ordeal from his oriel. The drift of this will be plain to a man, whether from the crypt or not, who has walked about the unprotected clerestory looking down into the choir, as a man on a ledge of a cliff peers down into an abyss.

But the chief pride of St. Bartholemew's is not found in any guide-book, and the writer of this note becomes immortal by recording it. Rahere is dead. The nave has been razed to the ground. The canons of St. Austin no longer sing vespers, nor the prior a solemn High Mass. Kings and great dames come no more. But the glory of St. Bartholemew's is not departed. Rather has it waxed exceedingly in these last days. For written at the head of the stairs to the south triforium is the simple legend, "*Mrs. A. Roberts and her two daughters visited this place 26th April 1898.*"

L. A. Corbeille.

THE EDITOR OF "THE JONQUIL"

A Short Story à la Mode

"Oh, George, no! You can't mean it! Not three hundred a year?"

"Yes, Isabel. Three hundred pounds a year. Twenty-five pounds a month. Four pounds five shillings a week. Twelve shillings and . . . let me see, how many pence a day? Twelve shillings and"—

"Oh, bother the stupid old pence! We shan't have to scrape them and save them any more now. And George, dearest?"

"Isabel, precious?"

"You'll really be a real Editor, really?"

"There is no deception. Refuse spurious imitations dishonestly offered by fraudulent dealers for the sake of a little extra gain. Established this morning. See that my signature is across the label, without which none are genuine. 'George's Jonquil' has now stood the test of thirty-five minutes"—

"Oh, George, dearest, don't go on joking about it that way. It all seems too wonderful and glorious. And you'll really have the poems and love-stories to read?"

"Heaps of 'em."

"George! And it will really be you that will send them back with those little notes, 'The Editor regrets,' and all that?"

"Millions."

Isabel could endure no more happiness. At the knowledge that love-stories would attain to the majesty of print, and poems be doomed to chill oblivion, at the simple word of her own George, even the princely three hundred a year was but as a little thing, and she buried her face in his shoulder and had a hearty cry.

George and Isabel had been betrothed lovers two years and more; but until this splendid luck befel, the prospect of closer union was a remote one, for Isabel's parents had decreed inexorably that there must be no talk of marriage until George could prove an annual income of at least two hundred pounds. To tell the truth, they had little delight in their daughter's engagement; and as to the best of their knowledge her lover earned barely two hundred shillings, their condition was but a paraphrase of refusal. Against George's family, manners, appearance, and morals they had nothing to object; but surely there was something wrong with a young man who could decline a snug berth in his uncle's office, and struggle along on the poor pound a week his father had left him, and the meagre and infrequent supplements earned by his toil as a weaver of verses and a spinner of stories. Now, however, their tongues would be effectually tied, or perhaps even loosened for enthusiastic approval and rapturous compliments; for George had been appointed Editor of *The Jonquil*—The Penny Paper, The Pure Paper, The People's Paper, The Pleasant Paper, The Perfect Paper, The Pretty Paper, The Puggins Paper, as the hoardings had shouted with all their red might ever since this latest addition to the Puggins publications had been projected.

It was not quite the kind of opening George would have seized upon had all the plums of journalism been brought to him in a charger for his choice. *The Jonquil* weighed half a pound, and contained three ounces of advertisements and five ounces of double-extra sentimental stories and hopeless love-songs, with hints for the toilet, for making chocolate trifle, and for pasting odds and ends of wall-paper (left behind by the work-people, and generally flung aside as useless) round disused mustard-tins. There was also a page, to be run by George, over a facsimile of the angular signature of an alleged Aunt Martha, wherein real or imaginary correspondents were instructed how to combine propriety with success in treating the glances and advances of gentlemen, who, though they had not been introduced, appeared impressed with them in church. There were pictures, too, of tall, thin men with sable moustaches, apparently resenting the conduct of proud, lounging creatures with superb arms and queenly shoulders; and of little paper frills for the adorning of cold ham.

George did not accept the post without a qualm. But there was money in it, and even more than three hundred a year to be made out of it. At any rate, it proffered the means of marriage and of a start in life. He explained all this to poor, happy, crying Isabel, and she cried harder than before.

II

In a fifth-floor flat, overlooking a mile of wet roofs and chimneys, George sat squaring off the proofs of *The Jonquil*, Number Twenty-One.

It was a pleasant room, with busts and prints upon the walls, and many books in the shelves. The great Mr. Harold Puggins, when paying a rare and honour-bringing visit to his hireling, was wont to enjoy a display of his pretty taste in phrases, and his limited but insistent Latinity, by calling it "the Editorial *Sanctum Sanctorum*"; but it would have shocked constant readers of *The Jonquil* to find that it was neither redolent of tobacco nor littered with papers.

Isabel, who had been sitting by the fire, vainly trying to realise one of *The Jonquil's* patterns, rose with a sigh and walked to the window. The November afternoon was fast deepening into twilight. Far off, the gathering mists were stabbed by the dingy spires of churches huddling somewhere among the innumerable houses, and, nearer, the drifting smoke was lanced by cold, quick rain. She turned and looked at George, but he wrote on without raising his eyes. Then she went back to her chair, and sat staring at the fire, quite wretched.

To-morrow would be the anniversary of her wedding-day, and she could not help recalling all that had happened since the honeymoon. Or rather, she could not help facing the change in the atmosphere of the home; for *The Jonquil* had kept George so busy, first in preparation, and afterwards in routine editorial work, that of memorable events there had been few. Perhaps her bereavement of the old George had been the more keenly felt on this very account. Isabel, little given to books and newspapers, was a bright girl to whom picnics, and little dances, and the mild excitements of her father's open house, had been at one time the

breath of life. It was true that before their marriage George had told her, with affectionate consideration, how little time could be spared from *The Jonguil* for a year or two, and had offered nobly to wait rather than end too soon her merry girlhood. But at the same time he had not been able to leave unpainted a seductive little word-picture of the sweet intervals, the idyllic leisure, they might snatch now and again, which would put new heart in him for work that could not but be a toil; and so Isabel had made her sacrifice. It would be hard, she knew, to be left so much to herself, and to have so little variety in her new life; but an overflowing affectionateness distinguished Isabel even more than the love of excitement and change, and she felt that such hours as George foretold would be more than a compensation.

And at first they were. Often and often George would cram the last rejected manuscript into the stamped addressed envelope which was all the price paid by a would-be contributor for an hour of the Editor's time, and would spring up, crying, "Now for a true love-story, a lovely love-story! Come here, little heroine, come!" and if she was out of the room, and the maid was not in the house, he would call "Heroine, little heroine," until she came running to obey. At other times he would read her bits of the sentimental poems, and poke fun at them, and then make up absurd delicious verses all in praise of herself on the spur of the moment. Those were the happiest hours of Isabel's whole life.

But by slow, almost insensible, degrees a change had come—the change that Isabel, even before she met George, in all her dreams of wedded bliss, had shrunk from not less than from cruelty or downright disloyalty. Isabel was one of those girls whom Nature makes for marriage. She never had the faintest longings for the modern woman's unmarried liberty, and always, in her guileless, affectionate way, she took for granted the advent, at the fated hour, of a true knight to whom she should play beautiful, sweet lady. Yet the actualities of married life, as she observed them among her parents' friends, would force themselves brutally into her maiden dreams. These couples who sat at her father's table, and ate and drank so heartily, and called each other "my dear" in a perfectly mechanical way, and were so satisfied with the prose of life that they seemed to look upon

its poetry as a juvenile complaint, like measles, of which they were now fortunately and soundly cured—they had nearly all been sweethearts once, "a lover and his lass" each pair of them. And Isabel often felt that to snap love's silken threads in anger were surely less terrible than to let them stiffen to such loveless bonds as these.

She poured out her thoughts to George the very night of his first avowals, and he approved her fears for others only less heartily than he scouted them in regard to their own two selves. And all through the years of betrothal, and the earlier months of marriage, George seemed as good as his word.

Not that he could fairly be accused of breaking it even now; for amid the growing work of *The Jonquil* he planned as eagerly as ever to save an hour when he could bid her put on hat and cloak and walk with him across the Park. Yet there was a change. He never said now, "Come, little heroine, come," and he never petted her on his knee while he made the funny parodies, all for her. He seemed to delight in being with her as much as ever, or more; but as soon as they were fairly started on a walk he would begin to tell her about the new submarine boat, and the German Emperor, and cricket, and the tit-bits out of somebody's fat Life and Letters, reviewed in that morning's papers. When they went, which was seldom, to the theatre, it was always to something funny; and he never read Browning to her now, but only detective stories, and the true narrative of a man who had buried thirteen golden nuggets in a cocoa-nut, somewhere in the Great Sahara, and then shown a clean pair of heels to a pursuing gunboat all the way from Khartoum to Cairo, straddling a giant crocodile.

The November day was nearly done, and the shadows grew equally in the room and in Isabel's reverie. On a sudden the untended fire started in its sleep, and for a moment both the room and her mind were filled with warm, hopeful light. A quick tongue of flame shot out to speak one bright word, and then licked in again as quickly. Once more there was dusk and silence.

Isabel shook off her wretchedness and threw more coals upon the fire. In a few minutes, she whispered, the grate would be filled with a merry blaze. Then, while the cheery light danced among the busts and pictures, she would draw the curtains, and

make George, just for a few minutes, leave the stupid proofs and listen to her troubles. It was in the fire-lit dusk that they had spent some of the sweetest of the old hours as lovers. She would recall them to George. She would pour out to him her miserable fear that they too were fast settling into the dreaded commonplace. She would remind him what day it was to-morrow. If necessary, she would also cry.

At that moment, however, George got up quickly, struck a match, lit the gas, threw Isabel a kind smile and a reassuring "I'll soon be done," and settled again to his work.

Without that smile and his kind word Isabel's little heart had surely broken; for it flashed now across her mind that this was not the first time lately that George had hurried to defeat the gloaming. Two other nights of the previous week also recurred to her—soft, autumn, lovers' nights, with the full moon for a silver lamp, when she had begged vainly for just one tiny walk. George wanted the gas for his work, of course; but it was also patent that he divined her wish for a little twilight happiness, and was frustrating it. She felt humiliated, almost revengeful, and picked up her work again, resolved that he should not suspect her disappointment. She would let him come to her at his own time and speak first. But her complaint should not be made to-night: she could not trust herself. To-morrow, though, if the anniversary passed prosaically, she would break silence to some purpose, and learn the truth, once for all, however bitter it might be.

George wrote on with feverish swiftness. To crowd all the matter into "The Housewife's Corner," he had been forced to dealcoholise a tipsy-cake, and to omit the suet from a pudding. He was now spinning out "Aunt Martha's Postbag," which was a full dozen lines short, with these words:—

"Are you quite sure, ETHEL, that you have not been rather too easily satisfied with Norman's explanation? He declares that he only went cycling till midnight with another young lady because he wished to see how her new patent tyres worked, and your true, generous heart trusts him implicitly. But a painful hour now is surely better than a life of wretchedness afterwards. Ask him, gently but firmly, if he thinks it was quite consistent with manly love to expose you to the torture of hearing this rumour. Write again and tell me what he says. But pray do not apologise again,

dear ETHEL, for 'bothering me with your little troubles.' Aunt MARTHA is an old woman now, and her own love affair is getting to be quite ancient history, but nothing delights her more than to sympathise with troubled hearts like your own."

George threw down his pen. He would finish in the morning. There was only one thing more to be done, and that was to go through the whole paper, and especially the editorial article "Twenty-One To-day," taking out, cheapening, or diluting those choicer phrases and subtler turns of thought which his rebellious pen would sometimes persist in writing; for round the ink-pots presented by the firm to each of the Editors of the Puggins publications ran the words, in letters of Abyssinian gold, *Not what they need, but what they want, and what they pay for.*

He pushed the proofs aside and dropped into a chair opposite Isabel.

"Paris is in a ferment," he began. "No one knew last night what might not happen before this morning. Englishmen and Germans, and even Russians, are certainly best at home just now. Quite consoling, isn't it, when we're too busy to go?"

Isabel bent lower over her work. No petting, no "Come, little heroine," no verses, not even a kiss. She tried to speak steadily.

"What day is it . . . to-morrow?"

"Tuesday."

"I didn't mean that."

"Oh, press-day? Rather! I shouldn't have slaved since breakfast if it hadn't been."

"Yes, but"—

George seemed to remember suddenly. "Of course. It is November the seventeenth—our . . ."

"Our wedding-day," said Isabel plaintively. She could not harbour resentment long. And surely, she thought, neither could George longer restrain affection.

"By Jove!" he said, "so it is. I know what we'll do. On the way to the office I'll wire your people to come in to lunch. In the afternoon we'll all drive somewhere. Then we'll dine at Ardelli's, and go afterwards to see *The Jirgah* . . . or to *The Collapse of the Curate*. Whichever you like. I'm really not a bit keen myself which."

III

Next morning George did not get up. In the night he had been feverish and restless, and when day broke he complained of headache and sore throat. Isabel knew that he must indeed be ill, for never before had he given way to sickness, and, with *The Jonquil* to be finally revised, nothing but the greatest pain and weakness could keep him in his bed.

She sent for the doctor, who called it influenza, spoke of oranges and ammoniated quinine, and cautioned George particularly not to worry his brain. Isabel explained the difficulty of *The Jonquil*, and the doctor kindly promised to look in at the office himself, and send someone up to receive a few simple instructions and take the proofs away.

But no sooner had the doctor gone than George began to fret about his paper. It was plain he could not banish it from his thoughts. Isabel coaxed him to forget it, and told him that Mr. Puggins would arrange everything. Then she put a cold bandage on his forehead, and he fell at last into a troubled sleep.

By the bedside Isabel sat and tried to work. Outside, the mellow sunshine mocked her doubly-ruined wedding-day; and at last she laid her head against the coverlet and fell to crying softly.

George stirred uneasily, looked at her for a moment, closed his eyes again, and began to mutter low, broken words. She strained forward and listened.

"No," said George, with his eyes still closed. "No, I can lie to your smiles, but not to your tears. Base as I am, I cannot sink to that. All these years I have been swearing falsely. I have vowed that I love you, and, before Heaven, it is true. But . . . there is Another."

Isabel's utter bewilderment gave place to a chill of fear as he talked on.

"There is Another! I do not love her; I swear it. But for all my hate of her, for all my worship of you, she, not you, is my lawful wedded wife."

It pierced Isabel like a sword-thrust, and she gave a sharp, despairing cry.

"Ha! You cry, you stagger, you are overwhelmed! But it

is the truth, the hideous, shameful truth, all the same. Would to Heaven it were a lie like the rest! You are not my wife."

With a moan of anguish Isabel slid to the floor, and sank huddled against the bed.

"Loathe me, hate me, spurn me for the brute I am! Excuses I will not make; but with all my black heart I call my uncle's hated will accursed, thrice accursed. It was for gold, for pride, for selfishness, that I married Gwendoline Plantagenet. Oh, my love, my love, why did you cross my path so late? Why not sooner, to save me, or not at all? You dreamt no harm; your pure soul would not, could not; but none the less the magic of your eyes and voice lured me to this sweet dishonour, this delicious shame. But now all is over. I go forth for ever from your outraged presence. For Gwendoline's coldness what do I care? But that *you* should hate me, that *you* should drive me out, that you should curse my name and memory . . . O God, not this, not this!"

He ceased; but even had he gone on, Isabel's breaking heart held room for no more daggers. George not her husband! Herself not his wife! So this was his secret, and this was her wedding-day!

She might never have risen again from the rug where she huddled and moaned, had not a young gruff voice said, with decision—

"That's out o' *Lidy Gwendoline's Revenge*."

Isabel started violently. Unknown to her, Mr. Puggins had quietly entered the room, accompanied by one of the office-boys, upon whose back was embroidered a list of the Puggins publications. It was this bedizened youngster who had broken the silence.

She struggled to her feet and tried to bid Mr. Puggins welcome, for she could not but feel that he was too great a man to stand second even to such grief as hers; but he restrained her by a gesture, for George's mutterings were recommencing.

"No, Lord Adolphus, it is impossible. A sister to you, or a friend, I *will* be, but . . . No, no, it can never be. A poor little governess, plain and friendless, to be lady of Sandbeach! No, you do not, you must not, you cannot mean what you say. And yet . . . No, it is folly. I beg you, my lord, let go my

hand. You flatter me, and would trifle with me, because I am insignificant and poor, and you know that when you tire of me you can fling me away like a child's broken toy. Let me treasure your idle words like a beautiful dream—too, too beautiful ever to be true; but . . . my lord, let me go!”

From the newly-lubricated throat of the office-boy, squarely upon whose tongue had reposed during this last speech a slab of some novel toffee, which he now deftly stood on end in his left cheek, came more mellifluously and tersely—

“*Dorrerthy's Love-Story, or My Fice is My Fortune.*”

A ray of glorious, heavenly light shot down into the abysses of Isabel's mind, where monstrous shapes of despair writhed and agonised like uncounted fiends. *Lady Gwendoline's Revenge*—that was *The Jonquil's* first serial. *Dorothy's Love-Story*—that was the third. She could have laughed aloud and shouted in her gladness and unspeakable relief, and for a very little she would have hugged Mr. Puggins in her arms, and even kissed the office-boy's bulging cheek. But a new sorrow bore down her ascending spirits almost before the old burden was fairly lifted. George there—poor George! Fever, delirium, death, even a thousand deaths, were better than the disloyalty he had seemed to confess; but it was still a bitter grief to see him lying helpless there, all lordship over his truant fancies gone; and just as she realised his condition he began a fresh rambling in clearer, quicker tones.

“The sound of the full organ crashed through the old church, and the ringers in the steeple bent to the bells with a will, as Millicent, on the arm of her puny, aristocratic bridegroom, passed down the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. Had she raised her eyes they would have met a proud and happy smile almost everywhere. *Almost*—ah, that *almost*! For she knew that, behind a friendly pillar, his face white but motionless, Henry was standing, wearing a rose from the old garden at Stagginham, where she first heard and returned his love. But now the pillar was past, and she lifted such a smiling face that all Downshott said that never had Downshott Church seen a lovelier bride. Well might she be radiant! Was not her ambition attained, and was she not now Lady Downshott of Downshott?”

George paused, then hurried on excitedly: “The horses

plunged and reared at the unfamiliar sight, and, taking the bits between their teeth, bolted. Helen seized her new-made husband's hand; but for all Captain Hampton's six feet and odd inches, his face was blanched with fear. At that moment, however, a man dashed into the roadway, seized the heads of the infuriated animals, and brought them to a stand, but not without being himself kicked and trampled almost to pieces. A crowd gathered quickly. 'Stand back! let 'im 'ave air,' cried the bystanders. 'Aw,' drawled the captain, 'when he comes round, give the fellow this,' and, flinging a piece of gold, he bade the coachman drive on. But meanwhile Helen had caught sight of the white, unconscious face, and knew that it was Charles, weak, starving, and despairing, who had given his life for her own."

Mr. Puggins looked at his satellite inquiringly, as if inviting him still further to justify his existence and adorn his office.

"He's mixed 'em," said the youth, with cheerful confidence. "It's *Millicent's Mistike*, and I exspeks the other's *Fitheful unto Death, or Charles the Courigeous*; but that started the week I got the sack, and it was over before I was took on again."

The sick man's fever and delirium were growing fast. Isabel, powerless to help, knelt beside him in an agony made up not less of remorse than of fear. For weeks she had doubted George, when all the time his affection was only smothered under the accumulated sentimentalities of the preoccupying *Jonquil*. Oh that he might get well! Then they would root up *The Jonquil* from their lives like a noxious weed. They would—

George was talking again loudly and rapidly.

"Alice, her heart bursting with grief and wounded pride, ran up to her own room, and, feigning a headache, did not appear at dinner that night. 'For ever, Marguerite?' he murmured, in low, passionate tones, at the same time drawing the little, white, plump hand softly but surely into his own. Amy's golden head sought the shelter of his broad, manly shoulder. 'Yes,' she whispered, so softly that he had to bend down to the wistful wee mouth to catch the shy answer. 'Yes, Herbert, for ever.' Tom Tillingbourne pressed eagerly up the avenue, his feet ploughing the dead leaves, and his soul divided 'twixt conflicting hope and fear. After all these years, what would he find? Miriam married, someone's happy wife? He scouted the

traitorous thought. Why, there was a light in her window, as if she awaited him this very afternoon. No, it was only the wintry sun upon the pane. Suddenly, where the path from the churchyard joined his own, he spied a mournful procession wending its way . . . 'No, no, a thousand times no,' retorted Algernon hotly; and he rose and paced the apartment, his handsome face knit and flushed with anger . . . 'My ankle,' she moaned . . . 'I must have sprained it . . . No, it is nothing'; and at that moment a buzz and murmur in the crowded court betokened the jury's return. 'Not guilty, my lord,' answered the foreman promptly and clearly, and Bernard swooned away into the warder's arms. The baronet, a bluff old Tory of the old school, with a hatred of French kick-shaws and an unlimited capacity for old port wine, gave away the bride; and just as the westering sun poured its last golden rays through the ivied oriel, Janet, weary, penitent Janet, ere her spirit fled, received a mother's pardon."

Suddenly George sat bolt upright, and began making strange signs in the air with his forefinger. Isabel groaned aloud. Mr. Puggins recoiled in horror. No doubt it was the Romish sign of the cross, and a hatred of Popery and Ritualism was his strongest religious conviction. He often foretold the rekindling of the fires of Smithfield, in which event the Puggins papers would certainly have been of use. Ought he not to send for a clergyman, or for Mr. Allwell of the Anti-Popery League? But the office-boy supplied the key.

"Hassterix," he ejaculated conclusively. He was right. To George's delirious fancy the white counterpane was a broad blank page. He made his asterisks right across it, and added—

"Two years have passed. Once more it is Christmas eve. Lily, more serious, a trifle quieter perhaps, but the same sweet Lily as of yore, sits by the roaring fire, looking down lovingly from time to time at a little pink burden held closely in her arms. The front door opens and closes, and a firm, quick step is heard in the hall . . . the memories of that fateful night, ghosts that never can be laid. With a hoarse laugh he pressed to his lips the happy, cherished dream-world now tumbling about her ears. Coward . . ."

He sank back among the pillows utterly exhausted, and fell asleep.

Two minutes afterwards, the doctor paid his second call, and in spite of Isabel's piteous tale the visit was reassuringly short. He wrote a prescription, gave a few directions, and in less than a quarter of an hour was gone.

Isabel followed Mr. Puggins into the hall, and as the office-boy helped him to struggle into his overcoat she quite broke down.

"Oh, Mr. Puggins!" she sobbed; "dear Mr. Puggins! I've been wretched for weeks and weeks, and George might have died, and it's all that hateful *Jonquil*."

IV

Just a year afterwards, George sat at the same table in the fifth-floor flat, squaring off Number Fourteen of *The Financial Fanfare and City Clock*, while Isabel stared at the fire from the very chair in which she tasted such misery the day before her husband's delirium.

This afternoon she was not wretched, but only inwardly plaintive. There was much to be grateful for. The illness had turned out far more serious than the doctor expected, but skill and affectionate care had pulled George through. Mr. Puggins, too, had behaved nobly. On his own initiative he called in a specialist of European fame; and when the great man declared that a complete change of interests was three-fourths of his prescription, and that the patient must in no circumstances return to *The Jonquil*, he immediately promoted George to the very newest of the Puggins papers, *The Financial Fanfare and City Clock*. It was true he made Isabel flush with indignation and confusion by patting her shoulder, under the specialist's very eyes, and crying, "Now, young lady, I hope you understand. No more coaxing him out in the moonlight, no more poetry-books, or language of flowers, or novels, or billing and cooing, or things like those, till he comes back to it himself of his own accord!" But how could she be angry long when he kept loading her with kindness?

No, Isabel was not wretched this afternoon. She would have owned wretchedness to be black ingratitude. Yet she could not help feeling weary of waiting, a little impatient and hungry, for

the day when the last drop of *The Jonquil's* deadly juices should have ceased to work like poison in her George's veins, and he should be his old self once more. Two or three things lately had given her hope. Last week, when she brought in some roses, forgetting they were just like a great bowlful in the hotel where their honeymoon was spent, he had touched her hand: though this might have been an accident. Only last Monday, too, she had found Rossetti on his table. She could not be sure whether he had taken it down to read or to dust; but it was another ray of hope. And to-morrow was her wedding-day!

Through the window, over the roofs, she saw a score of towers and spires strong against a ruddy, kindly sky. The wholesome light fell on George's face, and glorified it almost to a saint's. He seemed so far away. Her sad heart asked, "How long?"

George was finishing his "Chat on 'Change." *The Mahasirput of Ramminabad's visit to the Sondinese Regent yesterday,*" he wrote, "*is probably devoid of anything more than domestic significance, but suspense in diplomatic circles as to the attitude of the Dowager-Queen of Jand filled the air with alarmist rumours, and buying was weak and spiritless. The only brisk business done was in Antarctic railways, which rose 2½ on the signing of the contract with the San Francisco Ice-Cream Trust being cabled to London.*

"*I hear persistent rumours of a forthcoming mammoth amalgamation of the cigar-stump-collecting industries at Ashington-on-Sea.*

"*Referring to my repeated questions in this column, to which I have received no reply save the evasive one already printed, I now ask for the last time, 'Will Mr. Lunar-Jones explain?' If not, I must draw my own conclusions.*

"*PRIGBY SECUNDUS writes me from Rugby that he has saved a sovereign, and asks my advice respecting the Weissberg Nugget-Recovery Syndicate, and also The Associated Rope Manufacturers. The first I have always commended; but the latter bogus industrial I have no hesitation in characterising as an impudent fraud; and if any rope is really manufactured by this Association, I should like to see the promoters receive the first benefit of it.*"

The shadows were gathering. George threw down his pen.

Isabel could not restrain a sigh. Now he would light the gas, and settle down again! How long?

But instead, he rose, assenting to the twilight, threw fresh fuel in the grate, and sat down beside her. A great hope waxed within her. But no. Now it would be the Tsar's health, the vintage in France, the awful railway smash in America. How long?

George spoke first.

"Do you know what day it is to-morrow?"

Her heart beat fast. But she dared not answer as she longed to answer.

"Wednesday."

"Of course, but . . .?"

The blood flowed to her cheek. No. She must not.

"It is . . . November the seventeenth."

"Yes, yes," he answered quite impatiently, "of course." Then, with all the awkwardness of calf-love, he added, "But I mean . . . it is our wedding day. Why, Isabel"—

She was at his feet, her head on his knees, lavishing her hoarded wealth of endearments and sobbing for gladness. The specialist's orders, Mr. Puggins' warnings, all were forgotten as she poured out the whole tale of her long weariness and heart-hunger.

Suddenly she awoke to her criminal rashness, and raised scared eyes to George's face, fearful lest they should encounter the awful symptoms of returning delirium. But instead she saw the George of old, the lover of two years ago, and felt his hand, caressing and consoling, on her head . . .

"Listen," he said at last; "I have a plan. If it's fine in the morning we'll go to Box Hill, where we first met at the picnic. In the afternoon we'll drop in at St. Thomas's to see if there's any more rice and confetti in the porch. Then we'll dine at that little French place where we first had lunch together, and you shook with fear every time the door opened, lest your father should catch us. If there's a moon we'll walk home through the squares. And afterwards we'll come back here, and have a snug little evening all to our own selves, and you shall read to me the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*."

J. E. Woodmeald.

UNDER THE DOME

IN response to what was said in this place last month, we have received word that at least a dozen brains and hands are busy conjuring up and setting down such cathedrals, dungeons, bridges, castles, mosques, belfries, gateways, and hunting lodges as it has never before entered into the heart of man to conceive. One artist, indeed, goes so far as to say that he is "busy building us a town on a woodcut." It is as unlikely that all or most of these designs will appear in *The Dome* as that the buildings they suggest will be realised out of it; but next month's number will contain at least one architectural fantasy of great beauty, to which Mr. H. W. Brewer, who has invented and drawn it, has given the title *Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo*. In his own words, "it is an imaginary design representing one of those sumptuous monuments erected to the great ecclesiastical princes at the dawn of the Renaissance, when the admixture of Gothic and Classic ideas produced a new and very original style, which was unfortunately nipped in the bud by the 'pure Classical Renaissance.'"

The show at Amsterdam, opened at the time of Queen Wilhelmina's coronation, has constrained even Republican worshippers of Rembrandt to thaw towards the monarchical system.

"Everybody" is said to have been there, of course; but the much more numerous and perhaps not less Rembrandt-loving "nobody," who was chained in England, will be glad to know that Mr. Sidney Colvin is arranging for a show of Rembrandt's prints and drawings in the Exhibition Room devoted to such

purposes at the British Museum. A show of paintings, of course, makes a quicker and louder appeal, and to a wider public; but so large and important a part of Rembrandt is to be found in his drawings and prints, of which the British Museum has a magnificent and, in the case of the etchings, an unsurpassed collection, that London this winter may soften if not repair a man's loss of Amsterdam in the autumn. It cannot be too widely repeated that the show will be open daily, and open free. The superb drawing of an elephant, reproduced in this number of *The Dome*, will be found in the Exhibition.

The Signboard, of which a reproduction is given in this number, has just been hung over the entrance to the offices of the Unicorn Press. It is curious that, while so many artists have turned of late to the poster, and have begun to ponder the "artistic hoarding," the older and more enduring signboard has been left to the mere dauber. There is an amusing sign over a public-house in Kensington of the "Beggarstaff Brothers," and another fine piece of work by Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon, "At the Sign of the Dial," in Warwick Sreet, Regent Street, but these are exceptional. Mr. Strang's two pictures have been brilliantly painted on mahogany of unknown age. The obverse, *A Unicorn*, faces St. Martin's Lane, and the reverse, *Music*, is seen from Charing Cross Road.

The article on *Berlioz at Cologne* is the first of three *Musical Miniatures*. The remaining two will be published in the next number, which will also contain, like the last, a sheaf of poems. Meanwhile here is a copy of verses touching death, and another touching the mysteries beyond it. The first, sent by "H," is in a minor key:—

Pallor

CHILD, why are you so delicately pale?
Although your hair the faintest auburn shows,
Yet never in your cheeks a full-blown rose
I see, but acrid lilies tall and frail,
Whose petals droop, to fall when the wind blows.

Yet I shall see your secret face unclose,
 And the last passion of decay create
 Some stir within your bloodless cheeks which wait,
 A flower whose open heart with colour glows,
 The ghostly bloom of blossoms ripe and late.

'Tis said that Death is pale; his long rich hair
 Has drained the colour from his lips and face,
 And has its roots entangled in his brain,
 So that he sucks a woman's blood to stain
 His tired limbs with colour of life and grace,
 Not caring how he makes his body fair.

The second, by T. W. H. Crosland, like the greatest and saddest of all funeral marches, is in the major:—

Possible

Yon planet, set out lustrously
 Upon the tinted dawn, may be
 Some dull, immutable agony,

Peopled with hideousness, and fell
 And terrible tribes that quake and yell
 For ever, on the slags of hell—

Creatures to whom Death is a vain
 Vague legend of the prime, ere Pain
 Drave down and smote them, heart and brain.

At the moment of going to press, the placards announce the death of Mr. Gleeson White, from the effects of typhoid lately contracted in Italy. His was the first ear into which the plans for *The Dome* were whispered years ago, and too fervid an

acknowledgment of his persistently unselfish and priceless help it were impossible to write. He had promised to prepare several articles for the new series. If ever he made distinctions in his treatment of artists and artistic enterprises, they were always in favour of beginners and ventures that were struggling to obtain a foothold. With more self-assertion he could easily have won a great place in the world; but he chose rather to win it in the hearts of many who are feeling, at this moment, that even the loss to Art of so fine a worker and so sound an expositor is less heavy than their personal loss of a friend.

Of the books sent for review there is only space this month to notice *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (London and New York: Macmillan.) Since Eden, mankind has had great love for gardens. Even in our own stodgy day that love fails not, and one looks from one's suburban window on to a patch of green and three geraniums, and whispers "Mio picciol orto!" with fervour. So that a garden-book is always welcome; particularly when it is good, and "smells April and May"—not to mention the other flowerful months. Such a book is the one before us. The writer would be known only as Elizabeth—anticipating, possibly, the time when all books shall be beautiful, and anonymous. But she makes us free of the pleasantness of her demesne, and is quite frank as to matters of the spirit. From Spring until nigh upon the season of snows, her garden flourishes for us, and there is a blowing of roses and a chronicling of quiet thoughts and kindly emotion all the while. On occasion, too, Elizabeth's three sententious babies say innocent epigram, and her husband helps the philosophy.

It is difficult to quote justly from a book which might be quoted in its entirety without boring anybody; yet are we fain to hazard a sample:—

"On some specially divine days, like to-day, I have actually longed for someone else to be here to enjoy the beauty with me. There has been rain in the night, and the whole garden seems to be singing—not the untiring birds only, but the vigorous plants, the happy grass and trees, the lilac bushes—oh, those lilac bushes! They are all out to-day, and the garden is drenched with the scent. I have brought in armfuls . . . and every pot and bowl and tub in the house is filled with purple glory, and the servants think there is going to be a party, and are

extra nimble, and I go from room to room gazing at the sweetness, and the windows are all flung open so as to join the scent within to the scent without ; and the servants gradually discover that there is no party, and wonder why the house should be filled with flowers for one woman by herself."

Dainty and humorsome, is it not?

A POSTERIORI

"SIXTEEN drams make one ounce ; sixteen ounces one pound ; fourteen pounds—fourteen pounds"— Pshaw ! Begin again. "Sixteen drams make one ounce ; sixteen ounces, one pound ; four—teen—pounds"— Oh ! the fiends that are straining and hammering at every nerve ! They'll break the fibres of my brain. Or are they tying them in knots ? I'll lie quiet for one whole minute, holding my breath, and calmly realising the full extent of my pain.

I can't do it. Of course I can't hold my breath for a whole minute. And how can I be quiet and calm, with my whole body radiating heat ?—Must turn the other way and try the cool side of the pillow. Can't move my pillow—weak, I suppose.

"Sixteen drams make one ounce"— What on earth should make me think of that now ? Oh, these little fiends ! little devils ! hammering away at every nerve in my head ! Surely they'll split the bridge of my nose, and the corners of my eyes ! Their hammers are red-hot, too. I can't hold on to my senses much longer. The inside of my head is stretched beyond the size of my skull.

The fiends are resting now. Doctor has given them sleeping-draughts all round. He only smiled when I told him I should give up holding on to my senses because it was easier to let them slip.

"Young man," he said, "*Influenza is Influenza*. We'll bring down your temperature, then you'll get along.

They have brought down my temperature, and now I am getting along, I suppose. I'm wonderfully happy. The bed is a bit rough, though.

"Sixteen drams make one ounce"— I wonder why that old Avoirdupois Weight keeps running in my head. 'Tis a good many years since I stood in the old schoolroom with my hands behind my back, trying—by lengthened syllables and a slight cough—to inveigle a hint as to the next line from the lips of Miss Meers. I always stick at the same place even now. I know that fourteen pounds make one stone, but I can never say so without the old halt.

How jolly it is to be here doing absolutely nothing. I'm glad the champagne and biscuit is over. I'm glad everyone has gone to bed. This sheet *is* rather rough, somehow, but I can't bother to move.

This drowsiness is just the pleasantest state a man can be in—drowsiness after pain. I should think no one could thoroughly appreciate heaven unless he'd undergone a little of hell. After all, what is so nearly akin to bliss as the first short spell after an aching molar is out of one's mouth? The throbs return to the gaping gum in time, and there is the fee to be paid; but nothing is charged for the short period of ecstasy.

What a perfect light—that night-light. And the tick of an eight-day clock is about the most soothing thing I know—no hurry about it. I remember, though, I used to hate it; it stood in the schoolroom, beastly slow thing, and took such a time over ticking off an hour or two.

No, I never could get clearly over that "Fourteen pounds, one stone." I remember the learning of it, that afternoon before the Christmas holidays. It was "Weights and Measures" afternoon; and the chimney would smoke. Simon was an awful duffer that day; he couldn't remember that eighty pence made six and eightpence: a silly thing like that—*eighty* and *eightpence*—so easy. Anyhow he couldn't, and Miss Meers bullied him, and I believe he cried; he always said he didn't cry, but I felt his handkerchief after, and it was quite damp. He said he'd wiped his wet slate with it, but we'd had clean hanks after dinner, and it wasn't slaty smeared. I'm certain he did cry, and I told him so.

Anyhow, he couldn't say that six-and-eightpence thing, so Miss Meers bullied him, and he went and looked at the wall. Then old Meers rapped the table for me. "Peter!" she said (some-

how I *always* wanted to answer back "Pretty Poll" when she said "Peter," 'twas that sort of voice—did it once, too; *oh my*—), "Peter, say your Avoirdupois."

I was sitting by the open door; it had been opened to let the smoke out; it was rather far from the fire, but I sat on my hands to keep them warm, and I liked to see what was going on. I had seen nurse go along the corridor with our suits over her arm, they had been drying after that snow-man affair in the morning; and I wondered if she had found the ginger-nut biscuit in my trouser pocket—I always kept my ginger-nut biscuits there for a time to get them soft. I had seen Buff, too, carrying a can of hot water to mamma's room; so it was worth sitting in the draught, and Miss Meers didn't notice, for 'twas when she was bullying Simon.

Anyhow, after that Simon turned his face right away—but he was looking pretty silly—and I stood up with my hands behind my back to say my Avoirdupois (*Avverdypaw*, I always called it then). "Sixteen drams make one ounce; sixteen ounces, one pound"—Then Buff—she's the housemaid, and her name is Elizabeth really, so we called her "Buff"—came back from mamma's room softly, and stopped outside the door. I looked out, of course, saying again slowly, "Sixteen—ounces—one—pound"—to keep Miss Meers all right; and Buff stood there rounding her mouth into words without any sound, and nid-nodding her head with each rounding. It was awfully interesting, but I didn't know a bit what she meant, so I raised my eyebrows to her and said again *very* slowly, "Sixteen—ounces—one—pound"—for old Meers, but kept my eyes on Buff all the time. Buff made her mouth round again, then worked it as if she were eating something delicious, and blinked her eyes, and placed her hands on that part of her she always called her chest. *N.B.*—Nurse called the part something different when my body or Simon's was in question; yet even she taught us to say "col"—well, never mind.

Anyhow, at that moment Miss Meers rapped furiously, and cried, "You know nothing! you are as bad as Simon!"

I knew better than that, and as with the tail of my eye I saw Buff skurry away down the corridor, I returned one-third of my attention to my Avoirdupois.

It must have been Buff's fault, dear old Buff, and the round

words I couldn't make out, for I really knew my Avverdypaw quite well, but I couldn't get beyond the pounds. I stuck there. And after I had said "Fourteen—pounds" nine times, Miss Meers grabbed me by my pinafore (I was quite a big boy for my age, but they would make me wear a silly pinafore; they said I was such a sticky fellow), and she set me down in front of the wall, too, just as if I were a duffer like Simon.

My corner was the same side of the room as Simon's corner, and of course I turned my eyes round to the back of my head, and Simon turned his eyes round to the back of his head, till I could see Simon and Simon could see me.

Then we laughed.

Miss Meers got just mad about that laugh. One wouldn't think she'd lose her temper over such a silly little old thing as a laugh; but she did, and she bullied us, and bullied us, and gave sentence of dry bread for supper, and "Tables" to be repeated next morning without fail.

We stopped laughing then.

It was bad enough to have dry bread for supper, when there were lots of Christmas things about; but it was worse to have lessons on the first day of the holidays, and the very morning Horace was coming home from school. We called it beastly when we got alone together, Simon and I, but we had to put up with it, and stick there in that cold, smoky schoolroom, with our faces to the wall. There was no sense in keeping us the cold side of the room when the door was shut; it was stupid silliness, and the fire was just wasting.

At tea-time nurse came and called us. She looked as if she were wondering a little when she saw Simon and me; but she didn't ask us why we were sitting that way round, and we didn't bother to explain. We ate a lot of tea in the nursery, because, of course, we knew about supper; but we never had really good teas just about that time because of Deb. Deb was not a bad baby thing, as babies go, but she always wanted the same as we had, and had a pain afterwards if it was anything nice, and then was silly and went and cried about it, and let everyone know. So nurse and mamma talked together, and thought we had all better go without. I didn't mind Deb really, nor did Simon, but we hated giving up jam. And Deb didn't seem to think twice of all

we bore for her, but just fooled about with her doll and never even said she was sorry.

Anyhow that tea-time we ate as much seed-cake as nurse would allow, and made up the rest in bread and butter; and after tea we were stuck down in the schoolroom again to learn our "Tables." It seemed easy enough when one read it through, but it wasn't a bit easy when one put one's hand over it; not even when one peeped a *teeny* bit under the fingers. After a while, though, I heard Simon say his, and Simon heard me say mine. His was easy enough, goodness knows, because he could always add on to the last number if he'd any sense; but he simply wouldn't take the fag. Now, mine was much harder, and Simon dodged me. It wasn't as if he'd dodged me fairly either—just putting the pounds line before the ounces, and like that—but he'd say "How many ounces make a hundredweight?" or "How many drams make a ton?" Which wasn't in the book, and was caddish of him, and what I call cheating.

It was a very uninteresting evening; and every now and then a lot of talking and laughing would come up from downstairs. It was beastly to sit there and hear it. Once Simon and I crept out to the top of the stairs, and I'm certain I heard Miss Meers laugh quite loud: she was dining with papa and mamma that night; mean thing, she took care to enjoy *herself*. Then we heard some doors open, and a jolly smell of cooking came up. I thought it was just plum pudding, but Simon said he thought it was the sauce he tasted once with some sort of a *trifle* thing. Then I heard Buff's voice as she went back to the kitchen from the dining-room, and I felt awful at that, for I thought Buff might have remembered us if no one else did; for she must have known that I couldn't guess what she was saying outside the schoolroom door in the afternoon; and she must have known, too, that Simon and I were up there alone and miserable.

Suddenly we thought we heard someone coming upstairs, so we skurried back, and as soon as we had got those beastly little brownny "Weights and Measures" books open at the right place, in came nurse with our slices of bread. I think she felt sorry, but she hadn't the pluck to say so; and I think I was in a bit of a temper at that. I said, with a sort of a sneer, "What did Deb have for *her* supper?"

"Miss Deborah has gone down to dessert," said nurse.

I know I was in a temper then; so was Simon. To think of that lump of a Deb going down alone to dessert! It wasn't fair."

"Oh, of course she's the pet," we snapped very scornfully. But nurse didn't say, "Serve you right." Which was rather decent of her.

When the door was shut we stood on our chairs and toasted our bread at the gas; but it wasn't nice: it had a sort of melted-halfpenny taste; and we wished we hadn't. Then, just as we had made up our minds to go off to bed all hungry and angry, so that when people saw us looking white and thin in the morning they should feel guilty and sorry, we heard the door-handle turned gently, and Buff came in on tippy-toes, holding a plate with two big baked plum duffs on it. She was looking so beautiful, she had such a jolly smile—I don't think I had ever seen a more beautiful person than Buff, except, perhaps, mamma. I said so to papa once when he and I had met Buff in the garden, but he only gave a sort of chuckley laugh, and said something in Latin I think, so I didn't know if he agreed, for I had only come as far as the beginning about Balbus in my Latin—but she, Buff, came in now with her finger on her lips and didn't say a word; she just kissed Simon and me on the top of our heads, which we didn't mind so much as there was nobody else there; I felt a bit silly and looked at Simon, and Simon looked silly at me; but we didn't say anything, and Buff put the duffs on the table and slipped out again.

Those plum duffs looked splendid! just a jolly brown all over, without being burnt or chippy; and we sat looking at them for a minute without touching them. Then, as we didn't want nurse to catch us eating them, and as the fire was nearly out, we picked up one each and our "Weights and Measures" books, too, and slipped upstairs to bed.

It was Simon who remembered, when we were undressing, that Horace simply loved plum duff, and said it was hard lines his not having his share, and hadn't we better keep one for him tomorrow? I don't know why it was—I was really awfully fond of Horace, and thought him the finest fellow in the world, out of a book, and I believe if he'd wanted—well, my knife, or *anything*,

I'd have lent it to him—but I felt just for a moment as if I could have knocked Simon down. Of course it was awfully good of Simon to think of Horace, and of course I wanted Horace to have plum duff as much as Simon did; but Simon said it so beastly sudden, and just as I was going to take my first bite.

When once we had thought about keeping the duffs for Horace, of course we couldn't think of eating them ourselves; but I rather wished that Simon hadn't thought of it, or had thought of it after we had eaten them. As it was, I said of course we must keep the duffs for Horace, he simply loved duff. Horace was two years older than Simon, and quite the strongest fellow I knew. He fought Bellringer,—the boot-boy at Samuelson's, and a great big bully,—and held him under the pump, because Bellringer laughed at his legs, and called out, "Give 'em Thorley's Lactifer," when Horace wore his new heather stockings the day before he went away to school.

Well, we finished undressing and got into bed. We didn't wash that night, because, as Simon and I said, if washing takes off anything at all, its just silliness to do it when you want to keep warm. So we put our duffs under our pillows, and I put my "Weights and Measures" book under my pillow too, because someone said one day that it was good to sleep on anything before you said it. I told Simon what I'd heard, and he put his book under his pillow too. Then I lay still, and felt awfully hungry. I told Simon about it, and he said he didn't ever remember having felt hungrier.

After a while I thought of the ginger-nut buiscuit which I had left in my trousers pocket. Our suits were hanging on the fire-guard, so I jumped out of bed again, and there was the ginger-nut safe in the pocket, all soft and jolly; nurse hadn't noticed it. So I divided it with the comb and gave one half to Simon. It was awfully cold fooling about the room, so I got back to bed quickly and warmed my feet against Simon. He made *such* a fuss about that; but, as I told him, I was cold through getting out to get the ginger-nut, so he needn't say anything. He said it was just like me to say a silly thing like that; and that was just the very thing I wanted to say back to him, and of course I couldn't when he'd just said it, so I lay on and felt hungry again.

"'R' you asleep?" I said to Simon at last.

"No, 'r' you?" he answered. Simon always said something silly like that when one wanted to talk seriously. But I was very quiet about it that time, for I was sorry for his empty feeling.

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that if we ate half a duff each and kept the other halves for Horace, that would do? Then he would have double as much as we should."

"Well—yes," agreed Simon, "I should think that would do all right. I believe I'm hungrier than I was even before the half ginger-nut."

"Perhaps we'd better divide one duff," I suggested, "and leave the other one whole."

Simon kept quiet for a bit; then he said he thought we wouldn't do that: it wouldn't seem so much as if 'twas from both of us. So we dived under our pillows and drew out our duffs, and broke them carefully. I think I never tasted a better duff, and Simon said the same. Then we lay still, and I think I slept for a quarter of an hour.

I suppose breaking the duff made it smell stronger. At any rate it smelt so strong that it quite woke me up, and I couldn't forget it. Simon was snoring then; and I took out my half and looked at it.

By the light of the nursery lamp that half-duff looked awfully uneven. I didn't know how I could have been so clumsy. I had to break off a bit to make it straight. I kept on thinking of Horace all the time, and how jolly he'd always been to me. I got quite—well—sort of mopey when I thought how far away he was—it seemed as if *anything* might happen when a person's so far away—and how he'd never know how jolly I thought him; I was afraid I must have made him feel mopey, too, by letting him think me beastly ungrateful. It seems so easy to cry—at night—when—

Well! somehow that bit I broke off the half-duff made it crookeder than ever! I *had* to break another bit to make it look at all decent.

It was *awfully* odd. It was like a bad magic. The more I broke it the crookeder it was. I tried, and tried, all I knew—

And then, all of a sudden, I *was* so startled, for I saw that there was only a tiny piece left, *quite* tiny. I was dreadfully surprised, and felt in an awful way. I felt I couldn't offer dear old Horace a scrubby bit like that. I didn't know *what* to do,

and I worried and worried for ever so long, and I couldn't get to sleep.

At last I decided what I would do. I would give my peg-top to Simon—Simon was beastly keen on my peg-top—for half of his half-duff, and we would give that between us; it would be as much as we had meant to have ourselves. I was awfully sorry about it, and felt all horrid and mean, but that little piece was no good to offer Horace—so I didn't keep it.

And then I stayed awake ever so long, going on being unhappy. And then I said over my Avverdypaw softly, with the little brown book just under my pillow.

When I awoke in the morning the frost pattern on the window-panes reminded me of skating, and then of the holidays, and then that Horace was coming home. And then I remembered the duffs, and I put my hand under my pillow to make sure. There was nothing there but the table-book. And I had to tell Simon.

I dug at Simon with my elbow. "Simon," I said.

Simon backed his elbow into me, with a sort of a grunt.

"Simon," I said again—"about—your half-duff"—

Simon didn't answer, though I knew he was awake. Then I suddenly thought something.

"Simon," I said, "where's your half-duff?" And I shoved my hand under his pillow. There was no duff there! Nothing but his "Weights and Measures."

"You ate your half-duff after I'd gone to sleep," I declared. Simon sat up suddenly.

"Well!!!" he cried in thoughtful amazement. "Well!!! How funny! I dreamed that—I'd got to eat my football—*awfully* quick, or I'd be assegai'd. I must have eaten my duff *really*. What a *shame*! Poor old Horace. We shall have to give yours between us."

I was quiet for a minute; then I said, "Mine's gone too."

"Yours! Too!" exclaimed Simon. Then we wanted to ask questions, but we didn't like to. We sat still, and Simon looked silly. "Ugh!" he said at last, "its jolly cold. Let's snuggle."

So we dived under the bedclothes and kicked our feet.

"Ugh," cried Simon, coming hastily to the surface, "whatever is it? There's gravel in the bed!"

"Yes," I agreed, "digging my ribs like anything."

Then we knelt up with our toes tucked under us, and threw back the bedclothes. Then we both looked silly.

"Crumbs!" ejaculated Simon.

Of course! Crumbs! That's what started me thinking. That biscuit with my champagne three times a day. Simon was right—a regular gravel path it feels. How I have wandered! Poor old Avverdypaw.

I remember we went to the station to meet Horace, after all. He looked bigger, and different somehow—more grown-up. When Simon and I got him alone, we told him we had had plum duff the night before. He only said, "Oh, had you?" just as if he didn't care much. Then Simon doubled his fists hard and dug them down tight in his pockets. "You like duff awfully, don't you, Horace?" he asked, with a sort of uncomfortable look about him. And we both felt all choky, because we were trying to tell about it. "'Tisn't bad," said Horace carelessly, "but we get tons of it at school. I'm a bit off duff."

I looked at Simon, and Simon looked at me. I think, perhaps, we felt more comfortable, but, somehow, we felt as if—well, I don't know. It seemed as if Horace had grown away from Simon and me; and we didn't say anything more about it.

Lilian Quiller-Couch.

THE YELLOW FLOWERS

THIS is the place where you sat,
On this big stone, grey and flat,
With the yellow flow'rs in your hat.

By the church is that other stone,
With yellow flow'rs o'ergrown,
Where you sleep so still, my own.

There's the old pomp of cloud,
The fleece-and-flame-clad crowd,
You sprang to and hail'd aloud.

But the church is a mile off yet ;
When I reach it, the sun will be set,
And the yellow flow'rs all wet.

Frank Freeman.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

THE Belfry Tower of Bruges is one of the things that the traveller can never forget. Certain buildings are thus memorable, but they are not many; and I think their charm consists in a power of impressing us with their own separate existence: it is almost as if they had had their own thoughts and dreams apart. The Belfry is like a proud and eager spirit, soaring upwards. From the great square below, it leaps up boldly, with an illusion of actual motion, into the sky, from which it takes at varying hours the most wonderful changing hues.

Not less wonderful is the impression made by the prospect from its top. You look out on all Flanders, facing all the winds of that enormous sky. In such a place, I think Francis Bacon would have delighted to observe and study for those projected books of his, those many never-accomplished works for which he made such noble titles:

The History of Winds and Sudden Blasts and Undulations of the Air.

The History of Rainbows.

The History of Clouds as they are seen above.

The History of Showers, Ordinary, Stormy, and Prodigious.

The History of Fiery Meteors.

The History of Sounds in the Upper Region (if there be any), besides Thunder.

In all such lore the two cobblers who dwell in the Belfry Tower must surely be wise beyond all men.

But there is also, even for the casual ascender of those many stairs, a certain spiritual experience to be gained, no less than for the patient and studious observer. Any change or shock by

which the ordinary conditions of life are suspended, if even for a few moments, is excellent for the soul; for then it is able to perceive how much or how little the "shades of the prison-house" have grown into it. To ascend a height and see houses like toys, and men as flies, is to have new thoughts, and for the moment a new sense of sight, penetrating time no less than space, the vision of Shelley's splendid verse,

"I see, as from a tower, the end of all."

From such a vantage point as this, you seem to look out over the broad wilderness of time, and to see history as a map. Stories and legends grow thick upon these plains; for centuries they have been the battlefield of Europe. The Middle Ages, gorgeously coloured and bright with armour and banners, lie at your feet: the Middle Ages which many regretful spirits would gladly call back to earth again. But on the stormy March evening when I said farewell to Bruges from the Belfry Tower, the mediæval splendours seemed phantasmal enough, and I felt no regret that they were gone. Our own age seemed far more wonderful, more spacious and romantic. The wind was rolling the grey clouds up from the south-east, blowing towards the sea and towards the English shore, which the straining eye could almost fancy visible in the remotest northern distance. As I looked out over the endless plains, I thought rather of the part which England has played upon them. Ramillies, Wynendael, Oudenarde: these names leaped out from the landscape. Our race has won much glory and shed streams of proud blood among these peaceful villages. Yet let us temper our pride; for England played no glorious part in the most glorious of the struggles that make this land's history, the great struggle against Spain. The death of Sidney ennobles that otherwise tarnished page. What irony that the flower of Englishmen should fall on so dim a field!

The wild south wind shook the tower, and roared among its pinnacles. It seemed to bring the menacing noise of armed and murmuring Europe, restless in huge camps; the rumour of war blowing towards England. But, I know not why, this rage and menace were not just then disquieting. Perhaps at this altitude the mind escaped into a clearer air, and the wholeness of the

world was a truer truth than it is wont to seem ; and men and all living things appeared growing from a single substance. Menaces might gather into violence, like the clouds into rain ; but who need be fearful of violence from without, except those who are perishing within ? Over-ripe fruit had best fall. If we can no longer support our destiny, if we are rotten within, if the sap is dried within us, let us welcome the shock that brings us to reality. There is nothing in prosperity that can outweigh in price this knowledge. But if the sap still runs in our race, and the Titan's shoulders can bear her fate, if present languors and fevers are but the pains of growth, what need is there of fear ? The energy of each man of each nation feeds the common life of all men and of all nations ; and the fulfilling of the destiny of each enlarges the destiny of the world.

Thinking these thoughts, I wrote these verses :

AN ODE

Keen comes the dizzy air
In one tumultuous breath ;
The tower to heaven lies bare ;
Dumb stir the streets beneath.

Immeasurable sky
Domes upward from the dim
Round land, the astonished eye
Supposes the world's rim.

And through the sea of space
Winds drive the endless cloud
Silent, in furious race ;
And the tower rocks aloud.

Now mine eye wanders wide,
And my thought quickens keen
O cities, far descried,
What ravage have you seen

Of an enkindled world,
Homes blazing, and hearths bare;
Of hosts tyrannic hurled
On pale ranks of despair,

Who fed with priceless blood
The cause unquenchable,
For which your heroes stood,
For which our Sidney fell;

Sidney, whose mirrored fame
Of starry deed and song
Shines, all our sloth to shame,
And arm us against wrong:

Bright star, that seems to burn
Over yon English shore,
Whither my feet return
And my thoughts run before;

Run with this rumour brought
By the wild wind's alarms,
Dark sounds with menace fraught,
And hum of distant arms.

O menace harsh but vain!
For what can peril do
But search our souls again
To sift and find the true;

Prove if the sap of old
Shoots yet from the old seed,
If faith be still unsold,
If truth be truth indeed?

Welcome the blast that shakes
The wall wherein we have lain
Slumbering, our heart awakes
And rends the prison chain.

Turn we from prosperous toys
And the dull name of ease,
Rather than tarnished joys
Face we the angry seas!

Or, if old age infirm
Be in our veins congealed,
Bow we to Time, our term
Fulfilled, and proudly yield.

Not each to each we are made,
Not each to each we fall,
But every true part played
Quickens the heart of all,

That feeds and moves and fires
The many-peopled lands,
And in our languor tires
And in our strength expands.

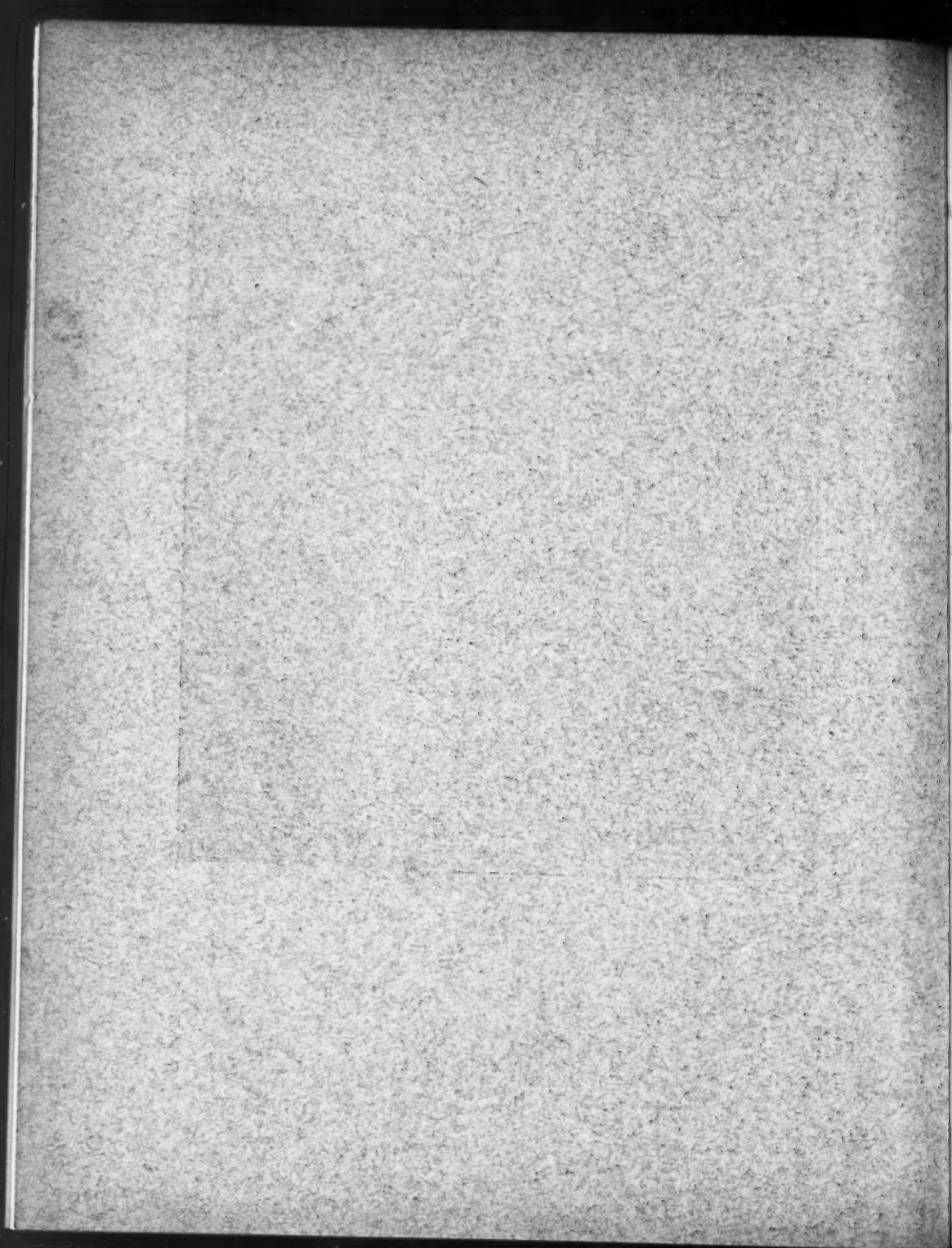
For steadfast-gazing eyes
Fate shall no terror keep.
She in our own breast lies:
Now let her wake from sleep!

Laurence Binyon.









A NOTE ON GENRE PAINTING

FASHION in dress is proverbially fickle, yet Fashion in criticism, nay even in critics, is hardly more stable. It seems but a few years since Ruskin's dominion was universal, or at least so widespread that any war of revolt would have to be a long one. The revolt came in due course, and at once Fashion turned her back on Titian and Miss Francesca Alexander to kneel before the throne of Velasquez and James Maris. The "younger men with months of experience" were sick of dignified subjects, and, to work off their spleen, instituted the worship of No-subject-at-all. It was an unpromising cult. There were very few gods to be set up, and even those gods could only be understood of the people on the very side in which they were least to be admired. The priests wrote beautifully about "values," "brush-work," "atmosphere," "quality," and the like. Most of all, they abused people for their ignorance in demanding from a painter anything but paint—for expecting him to paint something that might possibly interest those who were not painters themselves. The intelligent public followed its mentors dutifully, and some minor artists of France and Holland made great reputations and possibly a little money. Then people began to grow suspicious. Honest men confided to their friends, in shame-faced whispers, that they found their new purchases dull. The friends agreed, and so the truth came out. A few who were too old or too obstinate to lay aside the scraps of studio-jargon they had learned, talked as of yore of the joy and beauty of Emptiness; but the rest wandered about seeking fresh ideas. They revived old processes, they invented new ones, they tried to borrow from Japan, and from America. Now they are finally settling down to the commonplace opinion that the

Old Masters, whatever their nationality, are not after all so brown as they are painted.

Though to the casual observer this double revolt might appear to savour of inconsistency, it was in reality nothing but a natural process of development. Artistic insight cannot be gained all at once, and there is no definite system of teaching that will enable the learner to keep his mental balance equally poised amid the shock of conflicting standards. The elements of painting have to be mastered singly if they are to be mastered successfully, and the art movements of the last twenty years would make an excellent syllabus for such a course of study.

Ruskin preached of lofty aims and reverence for natural beauty: sometimes doing justice to a painter's mastery of paint, but doing so only by the way. For him faith was the one thing needful—faith in one's self to do the utmost possible, faith in one's subject to make it almost a living reality, faith in the outside world to see that the lowliest things of Nature are unsurpassable, and, most of all, faith in an Unseen Providence to sustain the worker on earth and to reward him hereafter. It was a pretty dream, and doubtless consoled many contemporary dreamers, but was no panacea for their struggling sceptical sons. Yet if part of it was a phantom from the ivory gate, the remainder, small though it be, is true enough. First, that a good subject does not in itself constitute a good picture, but *caeteris paribus* it makes a better picture than does a bad subject or no subject at all. Secondly, that Nature, being the real matter of painting, and also more interesting, various, and beautiful than the work of most painters, deserves unceasing reverence and study.

Ruskin's successors and opponents were equally wrong and equally right. Seeing that Matter without Manner made only bad illustration, they rushed to the contrary extreme, and belauded Manner without Matter, blind alike to the impossibility of really attaining that consummation, and to the utter tediousness of any approach to it. Degas has matter, *piquant*, witty, and sometimes terrible. Sargent has matter, though it is rarely dignified. The quaint poetry of the Dutch waterside landscape survives, largely diluted, in James Maris. Even Diaz has matter; occasionally, indeed, one is surprised to find a landscape of his that actually has an appearance of definite motive. As a rule, he

is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the boom in Barbizon painting; and shows admirably the depths to which clever men can sink in defence of a theory.

On the other hand, the later critics realised that the actual process of painting was a highly complex art. They saw that broad and simple handling could render natural effects as truly and more pleasantly than any amount of persevering stipple; though their models were not always luckily chosen, they tried to teach the public to appreciate good brush-work, harmony of tone, and skilful spacing. These elements in their teaching, if combined with what was good in Ruskin's doctrines, go far towards making a fairly complete theory of good painting, if there be added a proper respect for decorative conditions, the harmonising of the colour scheme with its probable surroundings. Were it not for the caprice with which bad pictures and good are prized alike, one might think that the present craze for Old Masters was more than a passing whim of Fashion, nay, one might even believe that the public had begun to realise the connection between the pre-Raphaelites and their successors.

In classifying and comparing pictures of different ages, styles, or countries, the current plan of arranging them generally according to their subject-matter is, on the whole, the simplest. These great classes, when once determined, can then be subdivided on the ground of technical merit—a far more difficult and delicate business than the arrangement by subject. The large divisions into which painting naturally falls on this principle are: Still-life painting, the painting of Domestic subjects, Animal painting, Landscape, Portrait painting, and the painting of Ideal, Historical and Religious subjects. Of these, the two first, the painting of still life and the painting of domestic subjects, would occupy the lowest places in the scale, as the dignity of their interests is the least.

Still-life painting, indeed, by itself can rarely be more than a trifling affair. It may display fine arrangement and fine colour; it may sometimes, as in Steenwyck's picture in the National Gallery (No. 1256), rise to a mild form of allegory, but further than this it cannot go. Even the beautiful little Chardin in the same collection (No. 1258) is remarkable only as a miracle of fine workmanship. In cases where the things represented have

marked intrinsic beauty, as in some flower pieces—or historical associations, as in paintings of relics of another age, or of a great person—the work may have interests other than those aroused by mere quality of pigment; but the dead game of a Snyders or the cabbages of a Lance depend for their interest solely on technical merits. A Snyders, for instance, will teach a painter many tricks of his trade that are well worth knowing, but it is unlikely to inspire him with any profound thought or noble emotion.

Paintings of domestic subjects are less limited in range. Apart from the greater opportunities they afford for technical excellence, their appeal to the spectator may be stronger than that of still-life can ever be. Upon this appeal the lapse of time has a considerable influence. For a painter's contemporaries a picture of this kind is interesting, by reason of the emotion it arouses, its pathos or humour, the exactness and taste with which it reproduces some aspect of everyday life. Such a painter, unless he possesses quite unusual technical merit, will be admired only by that section of the general public whose sympathies do not rise above his modest ideals. In a century or two the position is altered. The picture, if tolerably well done, will attract the general public as before, but even if it is ill done, will have a certain historical importance, the importance of a document describing the men, the dresses, and the habits of an age long passed away. Frith's *Derby Day*, for instance, is not a picture at all in the strict sense of the word, and it is now the fashion to deny to it even such merit as it does possess. Three hundred years hence, if the pigment stands (it is laid on with considerable skill and science), the thing should be most valuable as a document. Incoherent as it is, it contains a mass of matter, of information that elsewhere may not be readily accessible.

This domestic art reached its climax in the work of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. Elsewhere this particular form of painting is really an exotic, though it has been successfully practised in England, France, and Spain. Murillo's Beggar subjects, an admirable specimen of which, *The Melon Eaters*, was reproduced in *The Dome* for October, with the few homely subjects painted by Velasquez, almost comprise the achievement of Spain in this direction. In France, Chardin and Greuze, with the host of

hybrid painters whose work aims unsuccessfully at combining the actuality of life with the fairy graces of Watteau, make a more considerable body, but, with the single exception of the first-named artist, did nothing that was really first-rate. England has been scarcely more fortunate. Out of the countless men who aimed at the popularity which comes so readily to this branch of art, only three or four names at most are likely to survive, and of these only two are already famous—the satirist Hogarth and the brilliant Wilkie. The shallow dexterity of Morland contains the elements of popularity rather than of lasting reputation; so we need waste no time upon him. Hogarth, of course, has the faults of the professional moralist, and is not always even a respectable craftsman. Wilkie was one of the most accomplished painters who ever held a brush, and had his birth occurred at a more fortunate period, when his taste could have had proper direction, he could have held his own with any but the very greatest of the Old Masters. The reputation of Mulready has already suffered eclipse. He painted soundly and skilfully, and drew admirably, yet his work is curiously unequal and sometimes garish in colour. His picture of *The Village Buffoon* in the Diploma Gallery, is perhaps the finest piece of *genre* painting that the English school has produced, but he does not elsewhere reach this level. Those who have wandered about the dreary crowded galleries at South Kensington may remember the little pictures of Thomas Webster. Webster is not a great artist, but he paints the simple pleasures and misdeeds of childhood, the humours of the infant school, with wit, sympathy, and skill. I must confess to a sneaking liking for this humble painter, not only for his singularly sound and adequate technique, but for the childlike freshness of his thought. Of contemporary artists the work of Mr. Orchardson is always accomplished, and prompts a thought of fine tradition that is rare in these days of showy experiment. One may doubt, however, whether the expansion of *genre* pictures to heroic sizes is really right; whether the scale does not overwhelm the subject; whether the good black-and-white work of the last few years has not provided domestic life with a more appropriate artistic asylum. Certainly the Tate Gallery tries to prove it.

The Dutch at their best rarely make such a mistake, and if they do they suffer for it. Maes is an admirable artist, but the

qualities found in his best work are quite lacking in *The Card Players*, in the National Gallery, as one may see by comparing it with his small works. As a whole, the School made remarkably few mistakes of this kind. No body of artists ever mastered the rules of their craft more thoroughly or kept to them more strictly. Their work seems a kind of visible embodiment of the national prosperity with which it was contemporaneous; the pause after the long struggle, of which the political side is so perfectly rendered in Terborch's masterpiece, *The Congress of Munster*. In this pause the Dutch had time to turn and see how picturesque a country they had fought for; to watch the clouds and shadows shift and pass over the level fields, the canals, the dunes, and the grey sea beyond; to note the play of light through the window on white wall, dark furniture, gay dress, or glittering glass; to catch the momentary lift of the hand beating time to music, the rapt air of a violinist with eyes half-shut with pleasure, or the strained look of some earnest, unskilful pupil.

A step higher and we are with Rembrandt watching the Supper at Emmaus, a step lower and we are in the alehouse with Teniers and Brouwer. Not that these last are wholly despicable. Every writer on Art has used them as a text on which to preach a moral sermon, and the technical merits of Teniers have been overrated, for much of his sparkle is got by a mere trick; by adroit spots and dashes of white. Nevertheless, there is no denying that he is a clever painter, a dexterous composer, and often a brilliant colourist. Brouwer is altogether a greater man. He is, perhaps, the finest colourist of the whole school, he is a painter of extraordinary accomplishment, and his arrangement is often almost grand. No doubt some of the readers of *The Dome* will remember his picture at Haarlem, where a big pot-house bully turns his head towards the spectator with a majestic, natural gesture that is rarely found in more pretentious painting. These tavern scenes, however, no more represent the central art of the Netherlands than does the extraordinary genius of Rembrandt, though through the works of Van Ostade and Steen they merge into it more gradually than does the solitary mind of the painter of *The Anatomy Lesson*.

In spite of the commendation of Reynolds, Steen always appears to be an overrated master. He sometimes composes

grandly, and has a sense of humour, but his work is, at bottom, cold and dry. Van Ostade has more feeling for pigment, his technique is well-nigh perfect, and he composes admirably; but his range is too limited for him to take high rank as an artist. Terborch and Metzsu stand on a different footing. Of the two, Terborch is the greater man, though Metzsu can, at times, almost rival him on his own ground, as in *The Duet* in the National Gallery, and the *Gentleman in black reading a letter*, which once formed part of the Hope collection. One feels, indeed, in looking at them, that if it were possible for a picture to be too brilliant, then these two paintings might fail on that score. Terborch is more suave, more perfectly balanced, a more equable master of the craft of painting. Putting aside the question of scale, it may be doubted whether any painter has ever kept more exactly to the delicate *via media* of sharpness and softness that makes perfect technique. Vermeer is a powerful artist, but any visitor to the National Gallery who compares his *Lady at a Spinet* with Terborch's *Music Lesson*, will be able to detect a touch of mechanism, of opacity, in the former picture that makes it just miss perfection. Terborch and Metzsu aim at design, at shadowed air, at a vivid presentation of life, nay, even of sound, and above all, at colour. Terborch gains his end with a frequency that is found only among the greatest artists. His frequent use of a satin dress, as a convenient mass of light, has been noticed by many writers who seem to have noticed nothing else, but it can hardly be called a trick, since the utter failure of Millais's *Black Brunswicker* proves that white satin needs a skill passing that of any trickster. If the *Music Lesson*, the *Congress of Munster*, and the frontispiece to the present number of *The Dome* show him at his best average, the portrait of a gentleman in black, recently added to the Trafalgar Square collection, may be taken as an example of his failures. It is, of course, a fine picture, but suffers in parts from over-anxiety, from over-finish,—the tablecloth, for instance, is like the work of a Gerard Dow, or a Mieris, who paint stuffs and the like so carefully that they seem to care for little else. Now and then Dow produces a good picture,—that at the Hague, for instance,—but as a rule he has little to recommend him. The drawing by Mieris in the British Museum, here reproduced, would seem to promise

better things than the painter's actual achievement. Possibly the example of his master Dow was too much for him.

With the name of Vermeer that of De Hooghe should be coupled, for their aims were practically the same. Where Terborch and Metzu seek for colour and character, Vermeer and De Hooghe strive after light and atmosphere. Their matter is more stationary, more accidental: plain people standing at windows or in a doorway—little more—but one almost feels the currents of air around them, one almost catches the atoms of dust drifting in the sunbeams. We talk of the triumphs of *plein-air* painting, but hitherto we have failed to get as much atmosphere as these Hollanders, and have succeeded only in amassing much unpleasant pigment.

In the space at my disposal it is impossible to separate more fully the technical merits of these brilliant painters. That is best done in a picture gallery, for modern processes do not yet admit of oil-paintings being reproduced in facsimile for shilling magazines. The spirit of the Dutch artists has been so admirably expressed by Mr. Pater in *Sebastian van Storck*, that no new phrases are likely to supersede his admirable essay. "Those innumerable *genre* pieces—conversation, music, play—were in truth the equivalent of novel-reading for that day; its own actual life, in its own proper circumstances, reflected in various degrees of idealisation, with no diminution of the sense of reality (that is to say), but with more and more purged and perfected delightfulness of interest." More purged and perfected delightfulness of interest! The sentence makes an admirable touchstone for an art like that of the Dutch painters, that slips so easily into sham finish and sham sentiment. No real lover of Art would have any right to complain if at least half the paintings of the school of the Netherlands were buried—say at South Kensington. We abuse our old favourite Frith, yet by the side of these Netschers and Schalkens, these Brekelenkams and Duysters, he is almost an original observer, almost a real painter. In judging pictures of this kind we must be stern, or we are lost in a maze of hybrid rubbish. *Genre* painting is only excused by absolute material perfection, for its interests are too limited for it to make any large claim on our intellect. Yet in this limitation lies its real value for students of painting. In the work of such masters as

Terborch or Vermeer we can study fine colour, fine composition, and perfect handling, without having our attention distracted by appeals to what phrenologists would call our Sublimity. To know good painting when we see it is not as easy as it sounds. Yet if there be any royal road to such learning, an understanding of the gulf between good and bad Dutch pictures is probably the shortest cut. Certainly it is the path that has the fewest attractions by the wayside to arrest the traveller's steps, and that is no small advantage for the vagrant mind.

C. J. Holmes.

A BLINDED STAR

"If the stars find him you will lose him."

The words were spoken on Christmas Eve by an old woman who came into the cottage, from nobody knows where, about an hour after Harl, the peasant's son, was born. The mother trembled when she heard the strange warning, and clasped the babe closer to her breast. He was a beautiful child, with luminous eyes hidden so deeply under fringing lashes that they were like stars drowned in a mere. That he was not meant to live a common life was settled from the first, and as he grew his mother would sit by his cradle for hours, stitching or spinning, her mind glowing with visions of his future greatness. To be born on Christmas Eve was a benison in itself. The Blessed Virgin, in memory of her own motherly yearnings, would make for him a special place in her heart, and the holy angels would be mindful of him, as they were of that other Babe.

Yet the words of the old woman haunted her—"If the stars find him you will lose him." How awful if their evil eyes should light upon him, and yet what walls could screen him from their sight? When she watched them walk in crowds across the blue fields of night, her heart would flutter like a timorous bird, and she would murmur beneath her breath, "Holy Mother of God, protect him!" As the years passed on she guarded him closely, never permitting him to cross the threshold after sunset, and shutting out every peep of the midnight sky from the little chamber in which he slept.

On the seventh Christmas Eve after Harl was born, when the family had gone to rest, a strong wind swept over the cottage, and a stray gust, scampering merrily by, snatched a tile from the roof and flung it among the apple trees in the orchard. The

peasant and his wife heard nothing, for their eyes were heavy, and the storm came and went swiftly; but the boy in the loft overhead was roused by the creaking of the rafters, for there were only the tiles between him and the sky. Directly over his bed shone the rent wrought by the rough hand of the wind, and through the opening a stream of moonlight flickered on to his face.

He lay entranced, and held his breath. The sky of day he knew better than any of his companions, but the sky of night he had never seen before. And this was a sky of more than ordinary attraction—one of those tumbled skies in which the winds sport laughingly before the rain blinds them with its big wet hands. Bold broken clouds cantered by, knights on white chargers, prancing round their lady the moon. He counted the tossing plumes on their helmets, and caught the gleam of a strong swarthy face beneath when one for a moment chanced to raise his vizor. The blue pavement across which they marched shone like polished steel, and Harl heard the tramp of their horses' feet ring out upon it musically. When they had passed, a thin mist hung tremulously above the gap in the roof, and out of it peered faintly a small white star. So deeply buried was the tiny sparkle not only in the mist, but far down in the blue behind, that it was some moments before his eyes could lay hold of its timid outline. Then pity filled his heart. The star was like one of his father's lambs lost in the snow. He could see it floundering in the drifts, and its piteous bleating wounded him like sharp rain.

"Poor little creature!" he cried.

The star steadied and brightened for a moment, and then a silvery voice asked wearily—

"Are you really sorry for me?"

"I am," answered Harl earnestly. "Are you lost?"

"Yes, I am lost, and almost blind. It is eighteen hundred years since I left home, and I have almost worn my eyes out in trying to find the way back."

"Eighteen hundred years!" cried Harl in astonishment. "Why, how old are you?"

"I may be millions. I have lost count. You don't know how tired and hopeless I am. I have looked down upon your world through all these weary years, and no one ever spoke to me till now."

"I am very sorry for you," reiterated Harl.

"I know you are, and you will help me."

"O yes. What can I do?"

"Lend me your eyes. I have been told that if I can borrow the eyes of a mortal, I shall see clearly enough to find my way anywhere."

"You shall have mine," responded Harl quickly.

"Yours?" cried the star; "His blessing be on you who made us both. Look hard at me."

The boy gazed intently, and as he did so the star glowed with a new brilliancy, and an astronomer in a far-off land, who was scanning the heavens with a telescope, made a sign on his chart and eagerly inscribed something in his notebook.

Harl's mother, though not awakened by the storm, had grown restless in her sleep. Danger was brooding over the dwelling, and unable to bear any longer the weight of its black wings, she rose and crept up the steps into the little garret where her child slept, and was startled to find a glittering blade of moonlight piercing the roof, its point smiting his face. She flung herself with a scream upon the bed, clasping the child frantically to her breast to shield him from the treacherous gleam.

"What is the matter?" cried her husband.

But all he heard in return was the anguished exclamation of the mother, "O God, the stars have found him, the stars have found him!"

"Don't be silly," grunted the father, "the boy ails nothing."

She pointed to the rent in the roof, and cried, "Stop it, O stop it! Quick! quick!"

The peasant seized a wisp of straw and thrust it into the opening, and when every glint of light from the sky was excluded, they lit a candle and looked at the child.

A bright smile was on his lips, but the rest of his face was a blank; and his eyes, wide open as he lay on the pillow, were like two deep lustreless pits into which darkness had come to stay.

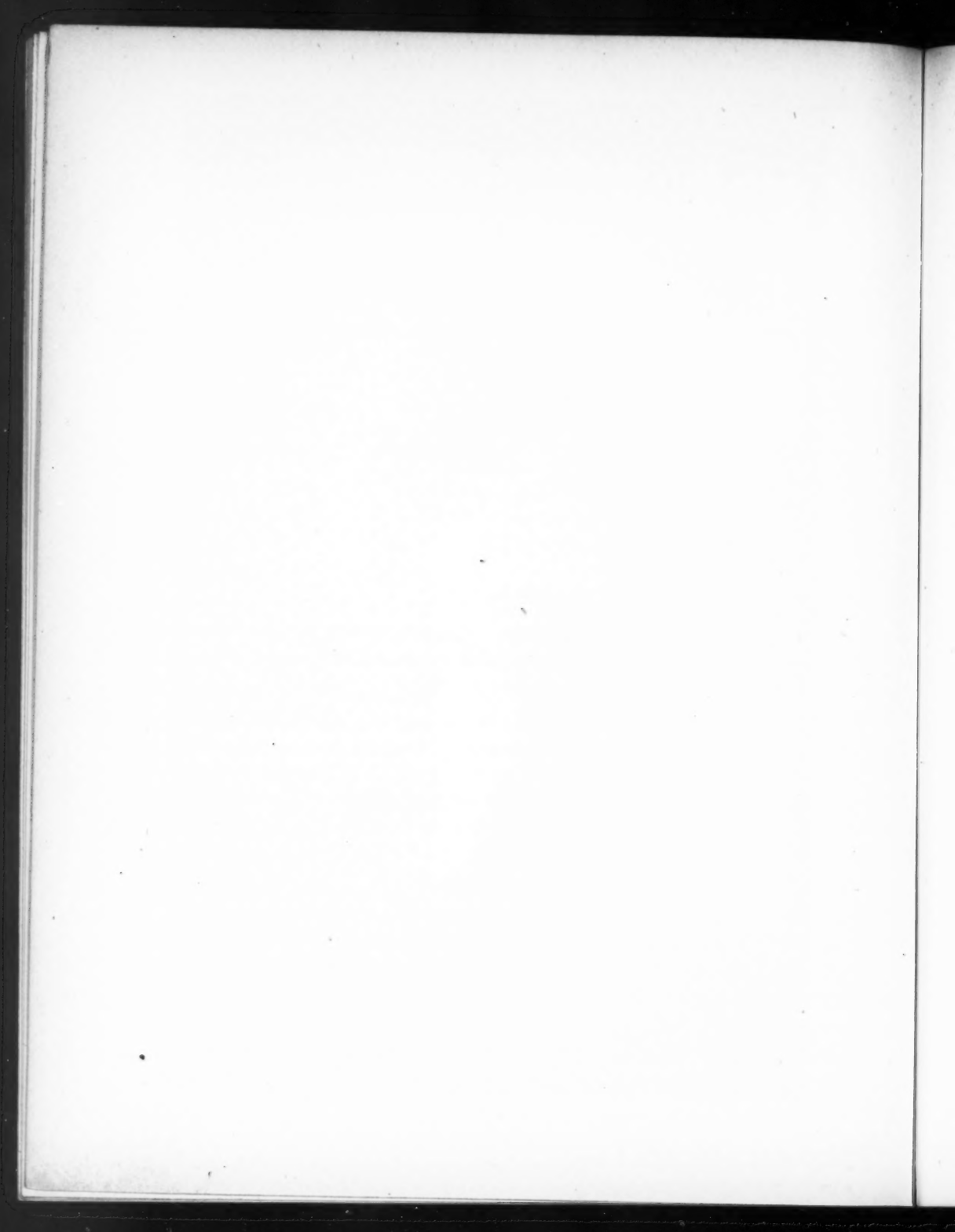
The peasant and his wife shuddered.

"Harl! Harl!" they cried, their hearts clamouring in their voices; and when there was no response, they bowed their heads, and wept like two broken-hearted children.

The boy still lived.



John Craig
D.



"It is his soul that has gone away," said the mother. "You must bring help."

The doctor lived six miles away, and the roads were heavy. When the peasant returned with him it was broad day, and the mother stood at the door of the cottage with a smiling face.

"The child is well," she said, in response to her husband's look of surprise. "His mind came back with the day, and he is eating his breakfast as happy as a lark."

"What tomfoolery is this?" asked the doctor. "Why did you send for me?"

"The child was very ill in the night, sir," answered the peasant meekly. "We thought he was dying."

"He is certainly not like dying now," laughed the doctor, entering the cottage, where he found Harl revelling in a pitcher of new milk and a chunk of black bread.

"You and your wife must have had bad dreams. Take care what you eat for supper, and don't trouble me in this way again."

So saying, the doctor took his leave.

That very night the peasant and his wife nearly summoned him once more, for as soon as darkness set in, and the stars came out in the sky, the life departed from the child's face, and he lay as in a trance on his little bed, eyes lightless, and a bright smile on his lips.

Father and mother held now a dreadful secret between them. Every night their child's soul passed out of their keeping, returning always at break of day. They knew not why, nor dared to tell the neighbours of their strange experience.

When Christmastide came round once more, the mother's heart was sadder than it had been since she made discovery of her boy's uncanny affliction. The Christmas Tree was planted in a corner of the cottage as usual, and the fruit on its branches promised greater riches than before. Harl's eyes sparkled with delight when he saw the pretty gifts with which his mother adorned it, outcome of the scanty savings she had hoarded to that end during the year. What gave him most pleasure was a miniature model in cardboard of the manger at Bethlehem, with a silver star suspended over it, poised against a background of blue, and pouring its guiding beams upon the head of the Wise Men who

knelt in adoration at the feet of the Babe and his Mother. Harl could not tear himself away from it. The star, though only made of silver paper, seemed somehow to draw him to itself. His mother, when she noted how interested he was, felt sorry she had put the star upon the tree. A superstitious dread crept into her heart. The stars had brought them nothing but ill-luck hitherto, and worse evils might come out of this one, even though it was but an imitation. Who could tell in what subtle ways it might not be employed to work ill to her loved one? Why had she not thought of this sooner? How different also would be this Christmas Eve from the happy ones of the past! And why have the tree lit up at all? Her boy's soul would hurry away as soon as the day ended, and his blind eyes would see nothing.

Up to the present he was hardly conscious of his strange affliction. She had held the knowledge of it back from him. Every evening, when his sight began to grow dim, she carried him to his little bed; and when he woke in the morning light, all his blindness vanished, so that his great loss was not known to him. But how would it be on Christmas Eve? He was bent on sitting up to see the tree lighted, and to join in the games. This was the great joy of the year, about which he had dreamed day and night for weeks. She could not disappoint him. She could not tell him the sad truth, and hurry him away to his chamber.

When the day arrived, her trouble had grown tenfold. The full measure of his loss would be made clear to the boy to-night. It would smite him like a sword, and her love, alas! could devise no means of screening him from the cruel blow. There was but one paltry expedient she could think of. It was to have the blinds drawn and the shutters closed, and the tree lit up early in the afternoon. To this Harl made no objections; to him it appeared to hasten and heighten the fun. The children of the scattered hamlet were invited to see the illuminated tree, and Harl was the brightest of the little throng.

Time passed unheeded; and when the merriment was at its height, a little old woman in a brown cloak, whom nobody had seen come into the room, touched Harl on the shoulder, and, pointing to the cardboard model, begged to have it for her little ones at home.

"To be sure you can have it," said Harl, taking it from the

tree and handing it to her, though a pang passed through his heart at parting with the silver star.

"Thank you, young Handsome-Eyes," answered the old woman, dropping a curtesy. "Your mother may well be proud of you."

Then she placed the coveted gift in a large bag she carried; but no one noticed whither she went, for she had but turned to go when Harl called out, "Oh, mother, I am blind."

His mother caught him in her arms, and, leaving her husband with the other children, bore him to her own chamber, where she rested for a moment on the edge of the low wooden bed. The light from a full moon streamed through the window, and outside, with her face against the panes, stood the old woman.

"The stars have found him," she said; "let him go."

Then she pattered swiftly across the crisp snow and disappeared.

The stricken mother no longer sought to shut out the sky of night. Why should she? What would it avail? The stars had captured her loved one, and drunk his soul; there was no further evil left for them to do. Both himself and others must now know of his great loss; it could be hidden no longer. In her sorrow she sat with the boy on her knee, her big tears wetting his sightless face as it lay dulled and still in the pallid glow.

Suddenly the moon slid behind a cloud, and a star, which the woman had not noticed before, shone out more brilliantly in the diminished light. It peered into the chamber like a living eye, searching until its rays rested on the boy's face. He stirred slightly, and the smile on his lips grew rosy. Then the lips formed themselves for speech. The eager mother bent and listened.

"Is it you?" asked the child.

"It is," answered a silvery voice, near yet far away, a voice that sounded as if it had travelled over leagues of space; "I have brought back your eyes, for I have found my way home."

"Tell me about it," said Harl. "Your voice is like a beautiful light. I'm blind, and it's all dark except while you are speaking."

"I must tell you first why I was lost," returned the far, clear voice. "You have heard very often of the star that guided the Three Kings to Bethlehem, and shone over the manger where lay the Son of God. I was that star. But when my work was done and I should have returned to my place, I tarried, proudly and

foolishly, delighting in the wonders with which men beheld my shining. I lingered over evil dance and song at a heathen festival; and a great host proclaiming me a good omen, marched because of me to bloodshed and defeat. Then I remembered how holy and high was my mission, and I shuddered at what I had done. I, whose voice was clearest and loudest when all the morning stars sang together, had turned from the very cradle of God to gaze on lust and hate. Full of shame I hurried away, but, alas! sin had blinded my eyes, and, pale and blind, I groped for centuries amid suns blazing with scorn and planets frozen with contempt."

"Poor star; poor little star," Harl murmured. And his mother, unseen, marvelling and hating all the stars, could not restrain a few tears of pity.

"Yes," the star went on, "you pity me; and it was your pity a year ago that saved me. After a thousand years of wandering, I learnt that only with the help of eyes which a mortal should lend me out of pure compassion could I find the way back to my lost place in heaven. I believe the wind was sorry for me the night it tore the tile off the roof of your chamber; for all creatures in earth and sky know each other's joys and sorrows. And just then a far-off sun yearned to me through a million miles, and touched my dark round with light, and you saw me, and lent me your eyes. And I have found my way home, where my comrades had long mourned me as dead, and night after night I have watched till the dawn to give you back your eyes; but until now your mother has guarded you jealously from me. Take back your eyes. The morning stars, my brothers, have beamed into them with love for you at every dawn. God keep you from pride and sin, and they shall yet shine like a great sun at noonday."

"Amen!" cried the listening mother; and to her great joy she saw the face of her child quicken and glow. Ripples of light brighter than the moon's shimmered over it, flooding the dulled sockets with a living glory. The old new eyes looked up into her own, and the boy, twining his arms around her neck, said—

"Oh, mother, I have had such a lovely dream!"

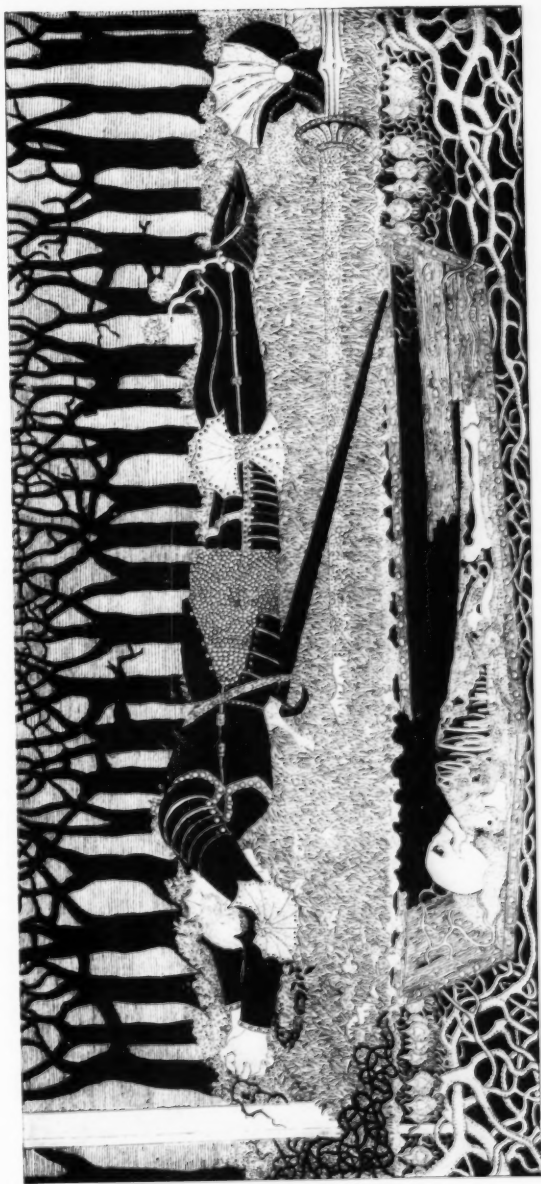
"So have I, my darling," sobbed the thankful mother.

And every Christmas Eve thenceforth she opened her window to the stars.

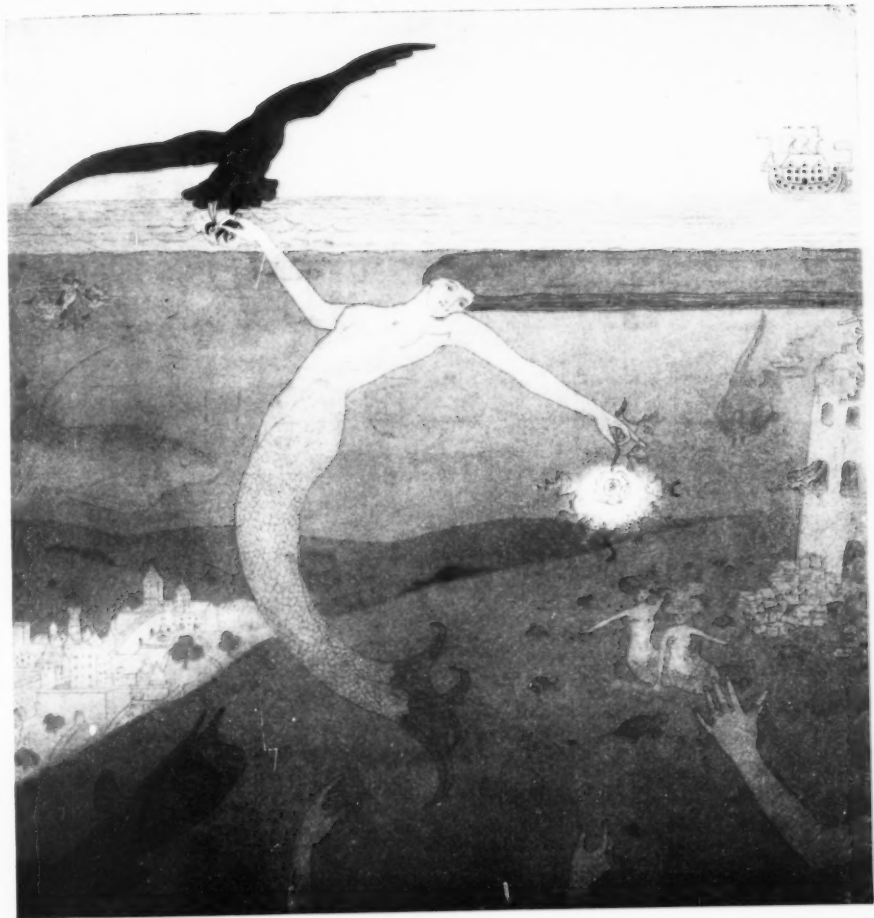
Louis Barsac.



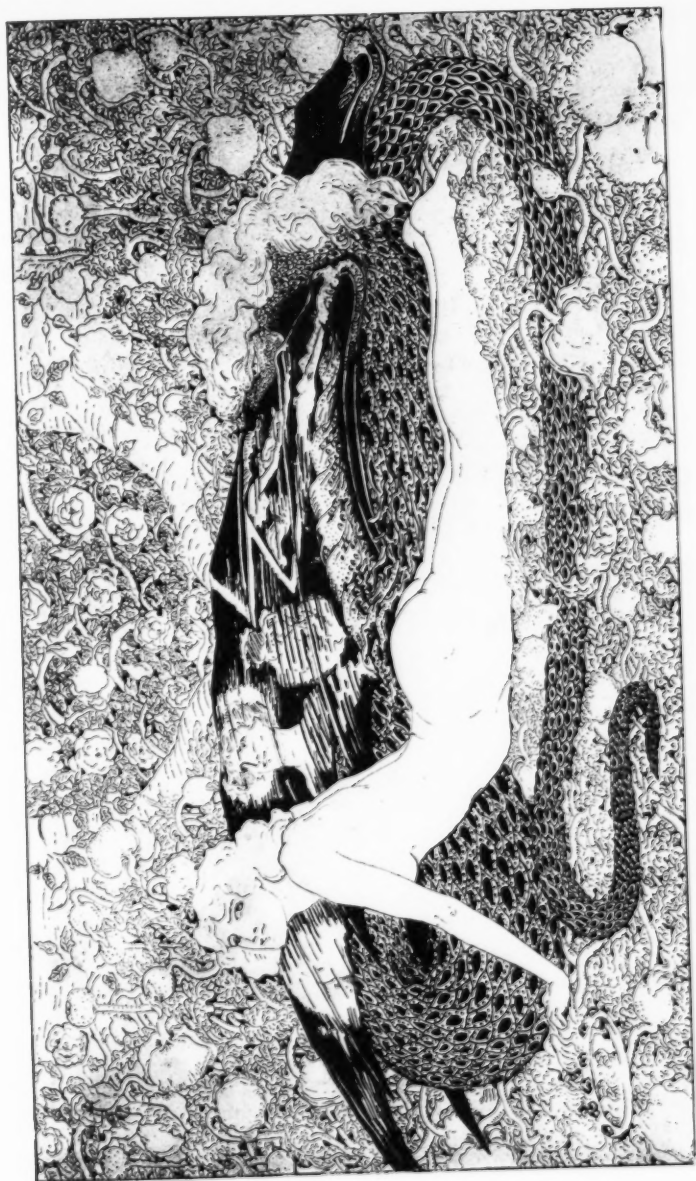




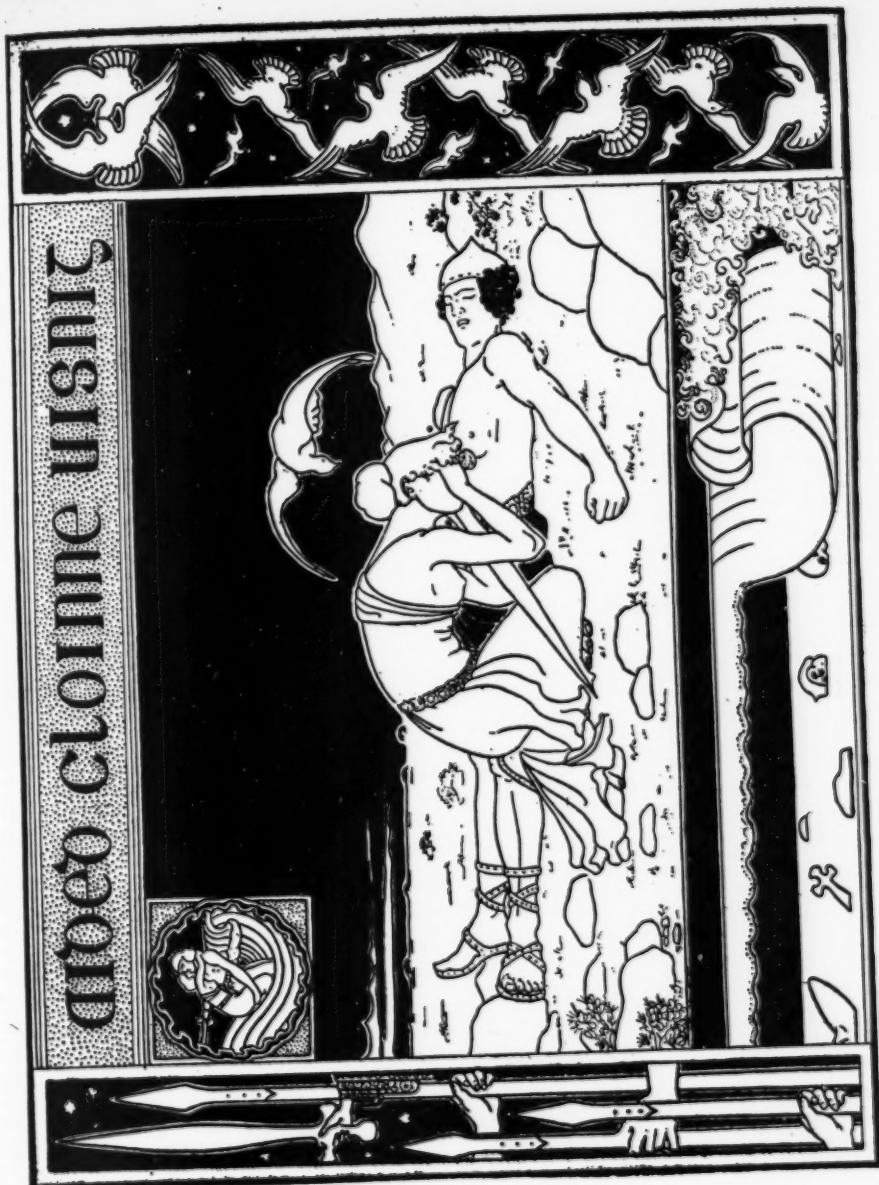


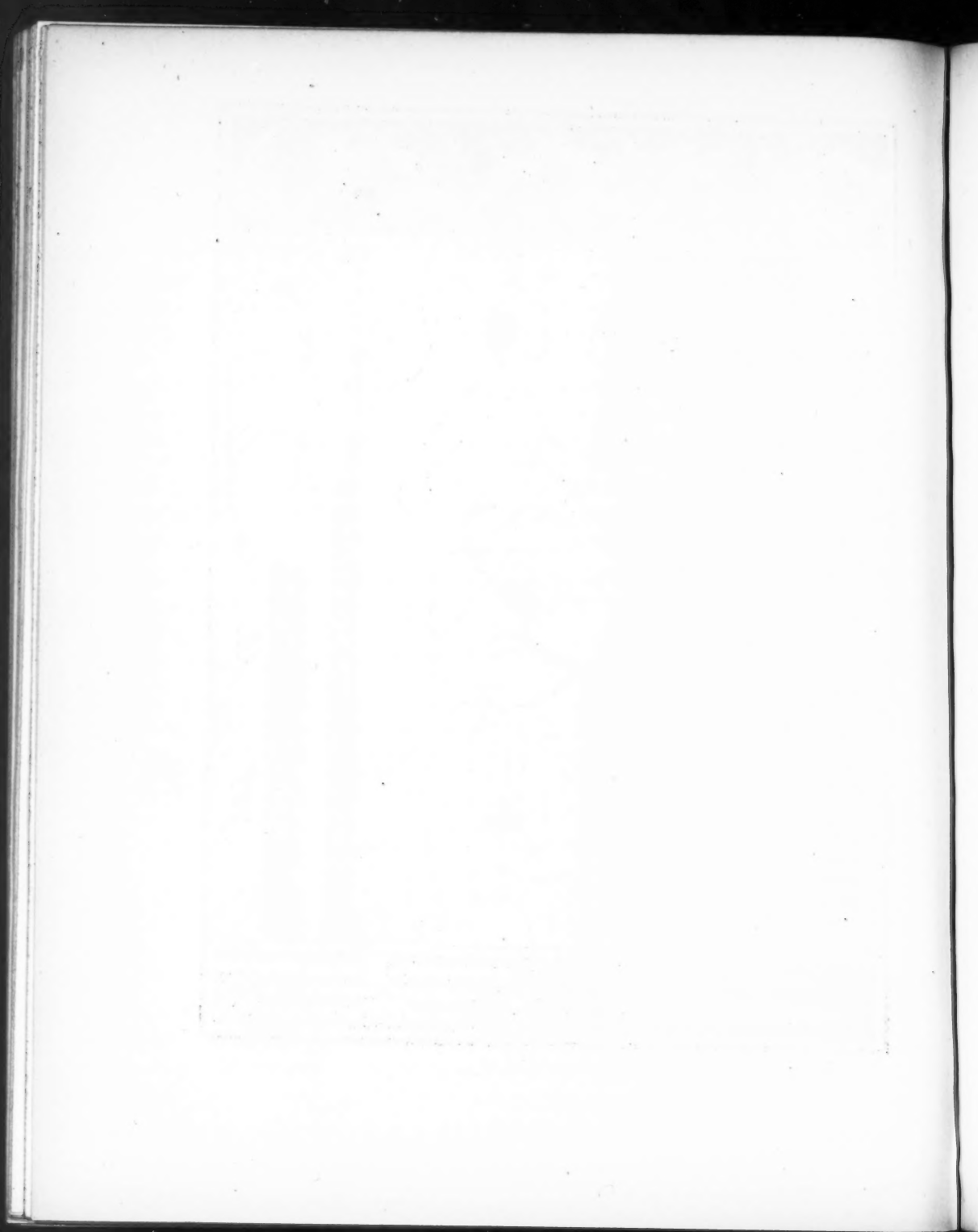












A SYMBOLIC ARTIST AND THE COMING OF SYMBOLIC ART

THE only two powers that trouble the deeps are religion and love, the others make a little trouble upon the surface. When I have written of literature in Ireland, I have had to write again and again about a company of Irish mystics, who have taught for some years a religious philosophy which has changed many ordinary people into ecstasies and visionaries. Young men, who were, I think, apprentices or clerks, have told me how they lay awake at night hearing miraculous music, or seeing forms that made the most beautiful painted or marble forms seem dead and shadowy. This philosophy has changed its symbolism from time to time, being now a little Christian, now very Indian, now altogether Celtic and mythological; but it has never ceased to take a great part of its colour and character from one lofty imagination. I do not believe I could easily exaggerate the direct and indirect influences which "A. E." (Mr. George Russell), the most subtle and spiritual poet of his generation, and a visionary who may find room beside Swedenborg and Blake, has had in shaping to a definite conviction the vague spirituality of young Irish men and women of letters. I know that Miss Althea Gyles, in whose work I find so visionary a beauty, does not mind my saying that she lived long with this little company, who had once a kind of conventual house; and that she will not think I am taking from her originality when I say that the beautiful lithe figures of her art, quivering with a life half mortal tragedy, half immortal ecstasy, owe something of their inspiration to this little company. I indeed believe that I see in them a beginning of what may become a new manner in the arts of the modern world; for there are tides in the

imagination of the world, and a motion in one or two minds may show a change of tide.

Pattern and rhythm are the road to open symbolism, and the arts have already become full of pattern and rhythm. Subject pictures no longer interest us, while pictures with patterns and rhythms of colour, like Mr. Whistler's, and drawings with patterns and rhythms of line, like Mr. Beardsley's in his middle period, interest us extremely. Mr. Whistler and Mr. Beardsley have sometimes thought so greatly of these patterns and rhythms, that the images of human life have faded almost perfectly; and yet we have not lost our interest. The arts have learned the denials, though they have not learned the fervours of the cloister. Men like Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Mr. Ricketts have been too full of the emotion and the pathos of life to let its images fade out of their work, but they have so little interest in the common thoughts and emotions of life, that their images of life have delicate and languid limbs that could lift no burdens, and souls vaguer than a sigh; while men like Mr. Degas, who are still interested in life, and life at its most vivid and vigorous, picture it with a cynicism that reminds one of what ecclesiastics have written in old Latin about women and about the world.

Once or twice an artist has been touched by a visionary energy amid his weariness and bitterness, but it has passed away. Mr. Beardsley created a visionary beauty in *Salome with the Head of John the Baptist*, but because, as he told me, "beauty is the most difficult of things," he chose in its stead the satirical grotesques of his later period. If one imagine a flame burning in the air, and try to make one's mind dwell on it, that it may continue to burn, one's mind strays immediately to other images; but perhaps, if one believed that it was a divine flame, one's mind would not stray. I think that I would find this visionary beauty also in the work of some of the younger French artists, for I have a dim memory of a little statue in ebony and ivory. Certain recent French writers, like Villiers De L'Isle Adam, have it, and I cannot separate art and literature in this, for they have gone through the same change, though in different forms. I have certainly found it in the poetry of a young Irish Catholic who was meant for the priesthood, but broke down under the strain of what was to him a visionary ecstasy; in some

plays by a new Irish writer; in the poetry of "A. E."; in some stories of Miss Macleod's; and in the drawings of Miss Gyles; and in almost all these a passion for symbol has taken the place of the old interest in life. These persons are of very different degrees and qualities of power, but their work is always energetic, always the contrary of what is called "decadent." One feels that they have not only left the smoke of human hearths and come to The Dry Tree, but that they have drunk from The Well at the World's End.

Miss Gyles' images are so full of abundant and passionate life that they remind one of William Blake's cry, "Exuberance is Beauty," and Samuel Palmer's command to the artist, "Always seek to make excess more abundantly excessive." One finds in them what a friend, whose work has no other passion, calls "the passion for the impossible beauty"; for the beauty which cannot be seen with the bodily eyes, or pictured otherwise than by symbols. Her own favourite drawing, which unfortunately cannot be printed here, is *The Rose of God*, a personification of this beauty as a naked woman, whose hands are stretched against the clouds, as upon a cross, in the traditional attitude of the Bride, the symbol of the microcosm in the Kabala; while two winds, two destinies, the one full of white and the other full of red rose petals, personifying all purities and all passions, whirl about her and descend upon a fleet of ships and a walled city, personifying the wavering and the fixed powers, the masters of the world in the alchemical symbolism. Some imperfect but beautiful verses accompany the drawing, and describe her as for "living man's delight and his eternal revering when dead."

I have described this drawing because one must understand Miss Gyles' central symbol, the Rose, before one can understand her dreamy and intricate *Noah's Raven*. The ark floats upon a grey sea under a grey sky, and the raven flutters above the sea. A sea nymph, whose slender swaying body drifting among the grey waters is a perfect symbol of a soul untouched by God or by passion, coils the fingers of one hand about his feet and offers him a ring, while her other hand holds a shining rose under the sea. Grotesque shapes of little fishes flit about the rose, and grotesque shapes of larger fishes swim hither and thither. Sea nymphs swim through the windows of a sunken town and reach towards the

rose hands covered with rings; and a vague twilight hangs over all. The story is woven out of as many old symbols as if it were a mystical story in "The Prophetic Books." The raven, who is, as I understand him, the desire and will of man, has come out of the ark, the personality of man, to find if the Rose is anywhere above the flood, which is here, as always, the flesh, "the flood of the five senses." He has found it and is returning with it to the ark, that the soul of man may sink into the ideal and pass away; but the sea nymphs, the spirits of the senses, have bribed him with a ring taken from the treasures of the kings of the world, a ring that gives the mastery of the world, and he has given them the Rose. Henceforth man will seek for the ideal in the flesh, and the flesh will be full of illusive beauty, and the spiritual beauty will be far away.

The Knight upon the Grave of his Lady tells much of its meaning to the first glance; but when one has studied for a time, one discovers that there is a heart in the bulb of every hyacinth, to personify the awakening of the soul and of love out of the grave. It is now winter, and beyond the knight, who lies in the abandonment of his sorrow, the trees spread their leafless boughs against a grey winter sky; but spring will come, and the boughs will be covered with leaves, and the hyacinths will cover the ground with their blossoms, for the moral is not the moral of the Persian poet: "Here is a secret, do not tell it to anybody. The hyacinth that blossomed yesterday is dead." The very richness of the pattern of the armour, and of the boughs, and of the woven roots, and of the dry bones, seems to announce that beauty gathers the sorrows of man into her breast and gives them eternal peace.

It is some time since I saw the original drawing of *Lilith*, and it has been decided to reproduce it in this number of *The Dome* too late for me to have a proof of the engraving; but I remember that *Lilith*, the ever-changing phantasy of passion, rooted neither in good nor evil, half crawls upon the ground, like a serpent before the great serpent of the world, her guardian and her shadow; and Miss Gyles reminds me that Adam, and things to come, are reflected on the wings of the serpent; and that beyond, a place shaped like a heart is full of thorns and roses. I remember thinking that the serpent was a

little confused, and that the composition was a little lacking in rhythm, and upon the whole caring less for this drawing than for others, but it has an energy and a beauty of its own. I believe that the best of these drawings will live, and that if Miss Gyles were to draw nothing better, she would still have won a place among the few artists in black and white whose work is of the highest intensity. I believe, too, that her inspiration is a wave of a hidden tide that is flowing through many minds in many places, creating a new religious art and poetry.

W. B. Yeats.

NOTE.—*The following are the legends for two of Miss Gyles' drawings, as chosen by herself:—*

DEIRDRE. "*There is but one thing now may comfort my heart, and that thing thy sword, O Naisi.*"

LILITH REGINA TRAGÆDIÆ. "*O Lilith, tristissima, cujus in corde terræ prima magna tragædia acta est, propter te adhuc amoris manum tenet invidia.*" ("O most sorrowful Lilith, in whose heart was played Earth's first great tragedy, still for thy sake does Hatred hold Love's hand.")

AODH PLEADS WITH THE ELEMENTAL POWERS

The Seven Lights are the seven stars of the Great Bear, and the Dragon is the constellation of the Dragon, and these, in certain old mythologies, encircle the Tree of Life, on which is here imagined the Rose of the Ideal Beauty growing before it was cast into the world. Three or four lines are taken from a poem of the author's on the same subject in "The Second Book of the Rhymers' Club."

THE Powers whose name and shape no living creature knows
Have pulled the Immortal Rose ;
And though the Seven Lights bowed in their dance and wept,
The Polar Dragon slept,
His heavy rings uncoiled from glimmering deep to deep :
When will he wake from sleep ?

Great Powers of falling wave and wind and windy fire,
With your harmonious quire
Encircle her I love, and sing her into peace,
That my old care may cease ;
Unfold your flaming wings, and cover out of sight
The nets of day and night.

Dim Powers of drowsy thought, let her no longer be
Like the pale cup of the sea,
When winds have gathered, and sun and moon burned dim
Above its cloudy rim ;
But let a gentle silence, wrought with music, flow
Whither her footsteps go.

W. B. Yeats.

SYMPATHY

THE colour gladdens all your heart,
You call it Heaven, dear, but I—
Now Hope and I are far apart—
Call it the sky.

I know that Nature's tears have wet
The world with sympathy, but you—
Who know not any sorrow yet—
Call it the dew.

Althea Gyles.

MARY'S CAROL

I WAS a maid in Nazareth,
Born a peasant of peasant kin;
A little garden walléd-in
I had made sweet with lilies' breath;
My lily-flowers were red and white,
I watered them at dawn and night.

I was a maid with little dower,
There was no linen in my chest:
No necklace sparkled on my breast.
The gold spike of my lily-flower
It was the only gold I had:
But of my poortith I was glad.

I was a maid when Joseph came,
And bade me draw the yellow veil
About my maiden forehead pale,
And lose for his my kin and name,
And bake and brew and spin and weave
For him and his, from dawn to eve.

I drew sweet water from the well:
I had no lilies more to tend,
I listened at the evening's end
To tales the village women tell
Of men and angels ere the Flood
Whelmed the white feet beneath its mud.

I met an angel in the clear
Soft twilight: and I knelt to him
With throbbing heart and eyes grown dim
With holy reverence and fear.
"Hail, Mary," cried he, "full of grace—
Lift up your heart, lift up your face."

He said, "God giveth unto thee
To be a mother and a may;
Thy Son shall bring into the day
All wandering things and blind that be;
He quickening 'neath thy girdle's span
Shall be a God, shall be a man."

My child He quickens 'neath my heart,
I spin and serve as in a dream,
And well am I who beareth Him—
God's handmaid, happy, drawn apart.
There is no sign in all the sky
But knows the Birth-time drawing nigh.

I smell about my dwelling-place
The scent of lilies far away;
The dayspring kindles unto day,
The mother's thought is in my face;
I wait the child that shall be born—
My Son, my God, the cross, the thorn.

Norah Hopper.

FOUR FABLES

The Queen that would have married

A YOUNG and beautiful queen let it be known that she desired to marry; and straightway her capital town was filled with suitors. So many were they, and so worthy, that the maidens of that country sighed, and had fain been queens themselves. But the beautiful queen was mightily puzzled where to choose. And after taking counsel, she sent heralds to cry unto the suitors that she would marry the wittiest man amongst them, and that the rest might go their ways. And they all remained; for each man esteemed himself as witty as the others. So tarried they for three days; but on the fourth day a certain merry gallant, who had come a-wooing in the hope of repairing a broken fortune, was observed to be making preparation for departure. And to him hied the gossips, asking why, and whither. And he whispered unto them privily, saying, "It is a secret, but I was married to the queen last night, and I go hence to her palace by the sea, for our honeymooning." And this being noised about amongst the suitors, their hearts failed them, and they dispersed out of the land. Then the merry gallant crept forth from a hiding he had provided himself, and, hastening to the presence, explained his ruse.

"Verily," remarked the queen, having heard him, "thou art indeed a witty wight, and a bold liar to boot. Yet methinks that, in the like circumstances, some of them that are gone might perchance have had wit and grace enough not to discover this tale to me until after we were wedded. Wherefore, good youth, I may not mate with thee."

The Woman and the Wizard

"I HAVE a sore trouble," sobbed the woman.

"What is it?"

"My husband no longer loves me!"

"Riots at his club, and makes no joy of his hearth, so to say?"

"Precisely!"

"Then I shall give you a philtre—a liquor, madam, concocted from the rarest essences, and potent to rehabilitate the most attenuated affection. Let your husband take thirty drops of it daily, concealed in his meat. That he may do this with the greater readiness, I would advise you to prepare and set before him such dishes as you know he best delights in; also to smile upon him opportunely, so that he will eat his fill and be at ease. Come again in a month!"

And in a month's time the woman returned, running over with gratitude. "Oh, sir," she cried, "may Heaven prosper you! My husband is himself again!"

"You followed my instruction?"

"Yes!"

"All being now well?"

"Yes! And I have brought back the phial, which please replenish for me."

"That will not be necessary, madam. But you may continue the food and the smiling."

Specialists

A MAN dwelt continually on the heights, and wrote about "life."

And another man lived always in the depths, and wrote dreams.

The Mirror and the Maid

THE maid looked into the mirror, and the mirror said, "Thou art fair."

"Flatterer!" answered the maid.

But later she went out, and met one who spake unto her, saying, "Sweetheart, thou art fair—fairer than queens or saints, or any that have beauty."

And at night the maid looked again into the mirror, and whispered, "Verily, there is truth in thee!"

"Ay, and for all that," replied the mirror, "this morning it was 'Flatterer!' and I will be sworn that in years to come thou shalt say to me 'Liar!'"

T. W. H. Crosland.

Desdemona's Song
Othello Act 4 Sc 5
Set to Music by
Joseph S. Moorat

With deep sadness
p *ten*

Andante
oboe *p* 3

Adagio molto
ppp

The poor soul sat sigh-ing by a

sy-ca-more tree. 3 Sing all a green wil-low

Her hand on her bo-som, her head on her knee, Sing

DESDEMONA'S SONG

245

wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, The fresh stream ran

by her and mur-mur'd her moans, oh! wil-low, wil-low, wil-low

wil-low Hersalt tears fell from her and sof-ten'd the stones

Sing all a green wil-low

pp molto rall

must be my gar-

pp

pp *ten*

land *3* Let no-bo- dy

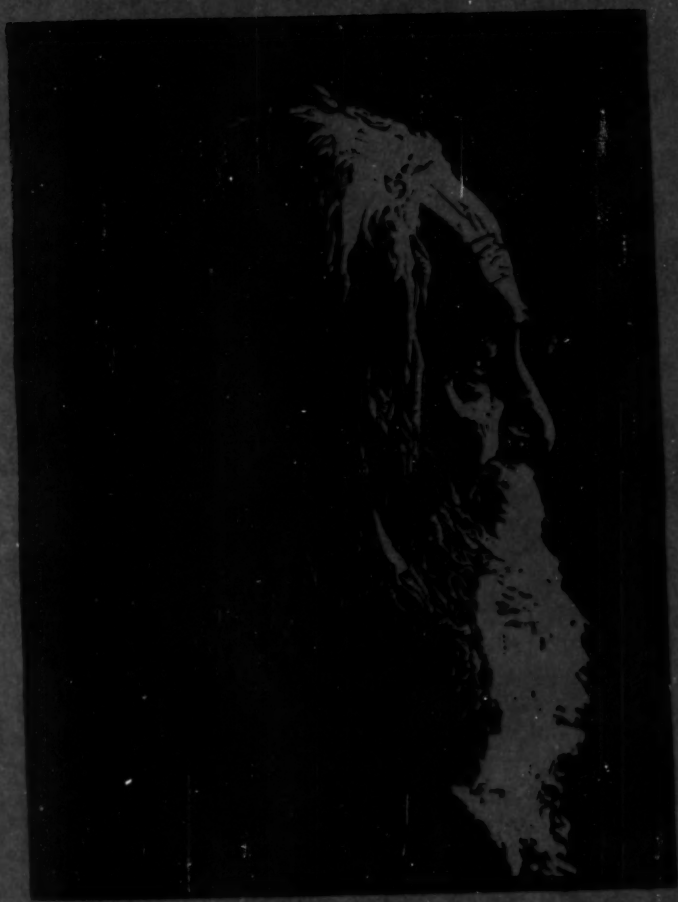
ppp

dim

blame him, his scorn I ap- prove, *3*

dim





1

MUSICAL MINIATURES

1. Die Zauberflöte

WHEN Mozart accepted the libretto of the much - abused Schikaneder, and retired into the recesses of his own being to weigh well and ponder the matter, I fancy that the stress of a great and divine moment of creative desire was pressing close at the impulse of his heart and brain. In truth Schikaneder had done little enough to bring that desire to quick fulfilment. Looked at barely and on the mere printed page, the book of "Die Zauberflöte" does not read inspiringly. But Mozart, when the flame was upon his spirit, took matters for the most part into his own hands. "Can these dry bones live?" one might well have asked, and his miraculous genius quickly made the transformation. The oddity of "Die Zauberflöte" lies in the character which did, as a matter of fact, fire him into a supreme act of artistic creation. For his humour, indeed, there was Papageno; for his love-music there were Tamino and Pamina. And what more would you have from so divine a musician? Nothing less than the loftiest note of the most delicately attuned spirituality. At this moment in Mozart's life, his outlook on art had taken upon itself the strangest spiritual garments. His "Requiem," magnificent torso that it is, is there in demonstration, and the same kind of stress was clearly upon him when he was in the act of composing his last and, in some respects, his greatest opera. He found the outlet to his needs in the character of Sarastro, and out of the fragmentary material which Schikaneder provided for him he made haste to fashion a dramatic whole of the very highest distinction. A few months have now passed since, at the Munich Hof-Theatre, I witnessed

three performances of "Die Zauberflöte," and to my eyes and to my ears there always return in memory, when I turn back in thought, the picture of that splendid High Priest, grave, noble, self-contained, liberal, philosophic, tender, thoughtful, sweet, and spiritual. The brilliant sallies of the Queen of the Night, the passing of Tamino from hatred and distrust to a knowledge of Sarastro, the loves of Pamina and Tamino, the exquisite vitality of Papageno, the fine grace and gravity of the priestly chorus—all these are the creations of a masterly mind; but they grow dim beside that moving figure of absolute purity of mind and body which seems to find a continent within the conception of the character of Sarastro. As he stands before his priests beneath the shadow of Isis and Osiris, as he wanders upon his benignant mission through the palm-groves and silver lotos of his moonlit garden, as he uplifts his hands in the invocation of his gods in the Hall of Pyramids, as he welcomes the lovers that had been true as to death within the brilliant Holy of Holies of the Temple where the gods brood in a background of intense light—a celestial paradise of burning silver—he always reaches the same ideal of that spiritual felicity in combination with absolute self-abnegation which so nobly touched the inspiration of Mozart, and which resulted in the composition of a "Nunis Possenti" and a "Qui sdegno." There is no more gracious and solemnly beautiful figure in all opera than this which the great musician himself here evolved from the heart-depths of his great desire.

"Thy new-cut ashlar takes the Light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare;
By mine own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

"The dream and depth of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the clay."

So has sung a modern poet with beauty and distinction; and that is, I think, the last prayer that Mozart implicitly made when he had finished the character of Sarastro and was turning his face to meet the night. "By his own work, before the night."

MUSICAL MINIATURES

2. Seraglio

My miniature shall here be brief enough; for youth also, the commonplace tags have it, is brief enough, and "Seraglio" is in very truth a moment captured and immortalised out of the very crown of youth—a captain-jewel in the carcanet. Here Mozart was puzzled by no mystery, was perplexed by no spiritual thought, was arrested by no sadness of speculation. The skies are all blue; the waters of the sea are for ever sparkling; the gardens of Selim, shining and golden with gay flowers and ripe plums, are fit for mirth and intrigue. Here the maiden desirous of her lover may sing in an ecstasy of unreal sadness; here her little maid, kissing the beloved under a moon, may sympathise with her sorrow and laugh for her own sweet life. Here the fat guardian of the harem may wander in fret and in fume, picking fruit and drinking wine, and dragging merry offenders to a justice that is turned into merciful forgiveness; and in a trice the ship is at hand, and away the lovers, mistress and lord, maid and man, sail to a land of dreams, and Selim's palaces and gardens fade like an unsubstantial pageant, the whole a rosy and cloudlike fragment of romance made immortal by a music that is the unique summary of a young brain at the tip-top point of flaming creativeness. That is "Seraglio." "Vivat Bacchus," sings old Osmin, as he drinks the wine from his incredible flask, and Bacchus amorous, Bacchus drunk, Bacchus driving lovers into ecstasies of real joy and mock misery, makes up the burthen of this perfect little opera. That "Seraglio" should have been written, touches with a somewhat awful poignancy the later creations—the statue-music of the "Don,"

the "Requiem," and the melancholy sublimity of Sarastro; but let us take it as it stands, and where it stands in the history of art, looking neither before it nor behind it. Shining with light, alive with laughter, chirruping with self-contentment, tender with the soft woes of a little love and much make-believe, vital with an intense feeling of motion and flexible rhythm, it is a chrysolite in the chaplet of that art which came from the dream and depth of the desire of Mozart in youth. In that young moment you find no betrayal of the "bitter paths" or of the maker of "the clay."

Vernon Blackburn.

SNOWED UP

A Conventional Comedy

ACT I

SCENE :—*The dining-car of an express going north. On the right a door leading to the smoking compartment. On the left the entrance to the kitchen. At the back a row of windows opaque with melting snow. All the tables are empty except two. At one near the back, MR. BUXTED and his daughter LEONORA are sitting over their coffee, and at the other, near the front, LEONARD FRANT is prolonging his enjoyment of the cheese. For a full minute after the curtain rises no one speaks. JAWKINS, the chef and conductor, enters from the kitchen.*

JAWKINS (*to MR. BUXTED*):—Orful night, sir.

MR. BUXTED (*snappishly*):—What?

JAWKINS :—Orful weather we're having, sir.

MR. BUXTED (*contemptuously*):—Awful weather? Awful rubbish! The very weather we've been wanting for years.

JAWKINS :—I mean—

MR. BUXTED :—I know you do. You mean to grumble instead of being very thankful. (JAWKINS *goes out deeply injured, and MR. BUXTED addresses his daughter testily.*) Bless my soul, what on earth's the wretched fellow sulking about? If it'd been raining hard and the mud a yard deep, he'd have come whining about "unseasonable weather." Why, when I was a boy, Christmas wasn't Christmas unless the roads were blocked with snowdrifts and the rivers frozen over. But since all this confounded science has got about, even in the Board Schools, the

weather's being going to the dogs. Bless my soul, a night like this makes me feel a boy again. "Awful night, awful weather!" . . . I call it awful rot.

(LEONORA *glances uneasily at LEONARD FRANT. JAWKINS re-enters, and begins brushing LEONARD'S crumbs away.*)

JAWKINS (*deliberately and emphatically, for MR. BUXTED'S ears, to LEONARD*):—Orful weather, sir. 'Orrible night.

LEONARD:—Well, certainly you're better off in the kitchen than on the footplate.

JAWKINS (*indignantly*):—Better orf in the kitching, sir, nor on the footplate! Beggin' your pardon, sir, the ingin-driver *is* usin' up his coals and water, at any rate; but if you'd step into the kitching this minute, your 'art 'ud bleed, sir.

LEONARD (*interested*):—Why, what's on?

JAWKINS (*sadly*):—Everythink's on, sir; except what the lady and you, sir, and (*throwing a resentful glance at MR. BUXTED*) that other gentleman has eaten. Not that you've eaten much—least-wise you and the lady. (LEONARD *begins to feel uncomfortable, but JAWKINS' irony is lost on MR. BUXTED.*) What's on? why, nearly all the soup's on. And nearly all the fried soles is on—though that gent opposite *did* seem to enjoy 'em, I must admit. And the turkey's on that I'd 'oped to see a whole carful o' 'ungry passengers enjoying and admitting they didn't 'ope never to taste a finer bird, nor a better cooked 'un neither. And all the sausages is on—except two that that gentleman opposite (*with withering scorn*) ate, just to oblige me. And the pertatas is on, an' the colly-flour, an' the dissert, an' the cheese, and (*nearly breaking down*) over a 'undred per cent. of the plum-pudding.

LEONARD (*uneasy, but involuntarily sympathetic*):—Very annoying and disappointing, no doubt. But, really, you couldn't expect just three of us to finish off all those things?

JAWKINS:—You're right, sir—though, to be fair and give everyone his due, I must confess that a very 'eroic attempt was made by—

LEONARD (*darting an apologetic look at LEONORA, and cutting him short*):—By you, to get the other passengers to stay.

JAWKINS (*with warmth*):—That it was, sir, though perhaps I'm the one as didn't exactly ought to say it. It was all along o' the shivery little man that started telling 'em 'ow this very

train got snowed up all night in Northwold cutting five years ago, and then kep' swearin' this snowstorm was six times worse nor that, till every man of 'em—every baby of 'em, I ought to say—trooped out at Shellmeadow Junction, except the lady, and yourself, and that gentleman yonder, who appeared at the time to be fast asleep—

LEONARD (*quickly*):—Bring the coffee, will you? (JAWKINS retires, feeling much better, and LEONORA opens a book.)

LEONARD, (*to himself*):—Hang the fellow! Not that the old man isn't grumpy enough to deserve every word of it. I ought to have shut him up, though, all the same. It's true the old man didn't seem to hear . . . but *she* did. I'll have to find some way of putting it right. The old growler cut me short enough at Barnborough when I offered him that paper . . . but, really, it's too absurd, now we're the only people left in the car, to sit mum like this. (*Aloud.*) Quite seasonable, this snow, is it not, sir?

MR. BUXTED:—Eh?

LEONARD:—The snow—very seasonable for Christmas Eve?

MR. BUXTED (*gruffly*):—Time it was, too. (*He picks up his paper.* LEONORA reddens, and bends lower over the book. LEONARD is aided in repressing himself by JAWKINS' re-entrance with coffee.)

JAWKINS:—An' a lot o' good they'll 'a' done theirselves gittin' out at Shellmedder, that I *must* say, sir. There's only one 'otel in the place—leastways it calls itself a 'otel, but it's only Temperance, kep' by two old maids, that'll have nothink in the 'ouse but cold 'am and ginger-beer; and, like as not, that little shivery chap 'll have to sleep in the cellar. Why, the last time we was snowed up, a gent came to me when we'd got clear, and said that, though it was a great noosance, as he was goin' north to spend Christmas with an uncle, who was a veggytarian, he'd never spent a better Christmas Day nor on this car, and with that he give me 'arf-a-crown. We ain't goin' to be snowed up this journey, worse luck, but if we was, I'd feed ye like a fighting-cock till Boxing Day. (*He pours out the coffee, and, as LEONARD says nothing, withdraws rather awkwardly.* LEONARD, preoccupied, drinks off the coffee at a single gulp. At length, coming to himself, he gets up with a bored air, and begins to fumble in a portmanteau on the rack for a book. LEONORA, while

his back is turned, regards him attentively, but drops her eyes to the book again the moment he turns round. He sits down. The smeared lights of a station flit past the windows. Plates rattle in the kitchen, where JAWKINS is washing up.)

LEONARD (*to himself, yawning*):—Shellmeadow couldn't be much slower than this, anyhow. The old maids would at least talk—old maids always do. I haven't spoken fifty words since we left town. If this lasts much longer, I'll go and help in the kitchen. If that cook-fellow came back I'd have to let him say what he liked, even if he disgraced me for ever, just for the sake of hearing a voice. . . . It's too ridiculous, though. I've been longing to talk with that girl these five hours and more, and I've a notion she's bored enough herself to want me to. And we can't—just because of a surly old ruffian that ought to be in the parcels-van with a label round his neck, "Any side up—without care—deliver immediately." (*After looking round listlessly, he opens his book. The train is moving ever more and more slowly. At last it stops. LEONORA lowers the window and peers out.*)

MR. BUXTED (*putting up his collar, angrily*):—Want to cut my head off?

LEONARD (*to himself*):—It 'd be a good thing—too good for the old bear, by a long way. (*LEONORA closes the window, and LEONARD rubs the mist from the glass near him, and stares through.*)

LEONARD (*to LEONORA*):—No. We're not at a station.

LEONORA (*gratefully*):—Thank you very much. (*They both dissemble any desire to talk further, and resume their reading. JAWKINS comes in, radiant.*)

LEONARD:—How long shall we stand here?

JAWKINS:—All night, sir. P'raps a few minutes longer.

LEONARD, LEONORA, AND MR. BUXTED:—What?

JAWKINS (*proudly*):—We've stuck faster'n we've ever bin since I joined the Company.

LEONORA (*frightened*):—Oh!

MR. BUXTED (*indignant*):—All humbug! When are you going to start?

JAWKINS (*with excessive politeness*):—Well, sir, if it's gittin' out and shovin' behind you're inclined for, I shall have much pleasure in introducin' you to the ingin-driver and my friend the guard.

MR. BUXTED (*reddening and growing very angry*):—None of your infernal impudence, do you hear? Do you think I'm going to sit here all night in weather like this?

JAWKINS (*sweetly*):—Beggin' your pardon, sir, I'm sure it's very seasonable weather—

MR. BUXTED (*furious*):—L-look here . . .

JAWKINS:—Just what's bin wanted for years, sir.

MR. BUXTED (*springing up and spluttering with rage*):—I—I tell you . . . I g-give you fair warning . . .

LEONORA (*running towards JAWKINS, appealingly*):—Oh, stop, stop, do please stop.

LEONARD (*to JAWKINS, loudly and sternly*):—Shut up this instant. (JAWKINS *collapses and stands speechless.*)

LEONORA (*in great trouble*):—My father . . . we have to bear with him, give way to him always. He mustn't get excited. If he gets excited—

MR. BUXTED (*stepping into the aisle, and hammering one of the tables till the glasses rattle at each epithet*):—You're an abominable, miserable, low-bred, insolent, upstart, infernal young scoundrel!

LEONORA:—Father, father!

MR. BUXTED:—And if you don't start this confounded train within five minutes—do you hear, sir? in five minutes—I'll break every bone in your miserable body. I'll—I'll— (*He splutters worse than before.*)

LEONORA (*to LEONARD*):—What shall I do? oh, what *shall* I do? When he's like this, the only way is to get him quite by himself, and give him some brandy, and tell him plainly he'll be dreadfully ill, and perhaps . . . die, if he doesn't lie quite still. That frightens him. Harry—I mean, my brother can do it. But . . . oh, what shall I do?

MR. BUXTED:—I'll smash every glass you've got in the car. I'll stick every fork on the table in your confounded carcase. I'll— . . . Yes, by thunder, I will! (*He strides up to the kitchen door and begins shaking the handle.*)

JAWKINS (*himself again, to LEONARD, affably*):—You leave 'im to me, sir. (LEONARD *slips half a sovereign into his hand.*) Oh no, sir, reelly, not a 'ole arf-quid! (*He pockets it promptly.*)

LEONARD:—It's all right. Look sharp.

JAWKINS (*raising his voice*):—Beg pardon, sir.

MR. BUXTED (*turning round and shouting*):—What?

JAWKINS:—Last time we was snowed up in this very cuttin', there was a gent as acted just like you, sir, rattling the kitchen door, an' he died through it.

MR. BUXTED (*aghast, and calming down immediately*):—He . . . did what?

JAWKINS (*cheerfully*):—Died, sir. (MR. BUXTED *sits down heavily.*) He was sittin' first of all on that very seat you're on now, sir. (MR. BUXTED *gets up with haste.*) There was a doctor on the train that night. "What *you* have to do," he ses to the gent, "is to lie down quiet, don't speak to no one for two hours, have plenty of 'ot brandy and water, and smoke as hard as you can, and then p'raps you'll pull through," he ses. But the gent, obstinate like, got angry, and kep' rattling the kitchen door, where there's two draughts, 'ot and cold, an' he caught his death an' died.

LEONORA:—O—oh!

LEONARD (*to JAWKINS, in an undertone*):—Here, that's rather piling it on!

JAWKINS (*winking*):—All in the 'arf-quid, sir.

MR. BUXTED (*cowed, and sidling into another seat*):—Dreadful . . . shocking! My good man, please bring me a little brandy at once.

JAWKINS:—Not here, sir. The gent I've told you 'of 'ad 'is brandy here, and that was what killed him. All the other gents in the car that night was having 'ot whisky, and the fumes got mixed and went to his head, and made him rave like a madman, and he died on that very bench you've just sat down on, sir.

LEONARD:—Oh, I say, look here!

JAWKINS (*chuckling*):—No extra charge, sir. All in the 'arf-quid. (MR. BUXTED *has again risen.* JAWKINS *goes up to him and takes him by the shoulder.*)

MR. BUXTED (*feebly*):—No . . . Where?

JAWKINS:—Smoking compartment. Snuggest part of the car, sir.

MR. BUXTED:—No, no . . . not alone!

JAWKINS:—Them was the doctor's orders, sir, to the other gent, and it was lying down quiet in the Smoking Compartment as saved him. (LEONARD *nudges JAWKINS frantically; but before MR. BUXTED notices the slip, JAWKINS begins leading him off.*)

LEONORA (*suddenly perceiving she will be left with LEONARD*):—
I'll go with you, father.

JAWKINS:—No, ma'am, you won't, beggin' your pardon. You said yourself he was to be got quite alone. (*LEONORA looks at LEONARD appealingly. He understands.*)

LEONARD:—Then I'll go with him.

JAWKINS:—If you do, sir, I must respectfully decline to be answerable for the consequences. "Perfickly quiet and perfickly alone"—them were the doctor's orders. (*Sinking his voice and winking at LEONARD.*) Might as well have value for that 'arf-quid, sir. Besides, the lady's got quite run down and miserable, and needs cheerin' up a bit. (*Louder.*) Cheer up, ma'am. Be thankful it didn't appear at Shellmedder with no one 'andy but them two old maids. Why, sir, you'd have been dead by now.

MR. BUXTED (*with a shudder*):—The Smoking Compartment? Where's the Smoking Compartment?

JAWKINS (*opening the door*):—Here you are, sir.

MR. BUXTED:—And the brandy?

JAWKINS (*bundling him in*):—'Ot brandy and water in five minutes, sir, and a couple o' cigars.

MR. BUXTED (*inside*):—I never smoke, never!

JAWKINS:—Then you're a dead man, sir.

MR. BUXTED:—I'll smoke a dozen—twenty!

JAWKINS:—I'll bring you the boxful, sir—ninepennies. (*He bangs the door.*)

LEONORA:—Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

LEONARD:—Confound you! You're a clever beggar, you are!

JAWKINS:—All in the 'arf-quid.

ACT II

SCENE:—*The same, an hour later. LEONORA is alone, reading.*

LEONORA:—Not another page! (*She shuts the book.*) It's too beautiful and haunting. It makes me sentimental—no, the author doesn't deserve that. It makes me . . . romantic. When Millie's letter came, inviting us to spend Christmas at Northingham, I sent her quite a sarcastic answer about her amateur match-making, and this wonderful, captivating young man she has asked

to come and amuse me . . . But when I'd read fifty pages or so of this book . . . (*She muses.*) What will he be like? (*She gets up and paces the car.*) . . . If he were like this man I've been talking to the last hour—why, perhaps . . . no, no! Millie said plainly he wouldn't come till dinner-time to-morrow. But if he was . . . (*She sits down again and opens her book, as LEONARD returns in cap and overcoat.*)

LEONORA:—Well?

LEONARD:—Still stuck. (*He throws his cap into the rack.*) It's stopped snowing, and they're making headway through the drift, but there may be another ahead of it.

LEONORA:—How dreadful!

LEONARD:—Yes. At least, for you it is. (*Taking off his coat.*) As for myself, I'm quite contented where I am . . . (*LEONORA seems to resume her reading*)—though I wasn't as lucky at the bookstall as you seem to have been.

LEONORA:—Yes, I was rather lucky. No one's talking about it, but somehow the title drew me.

LEONARD:—The title?

LEONORA:—Yes—*The Silver Island*.

LEONARD:—I see. Pirates, sunken treasure, and all that. An adventure book!

LEONORA:—Oh no. It's a—a romance.

LEONARD:—A novel?

LEONORA:—Yes . . . no. It's a romance.

LEONARD:—Isn't a romance a novel?

LEONORA:—Not . . . well, yes, I suppose so. But every novel isn't a romance.

LEONARD (*sitting down opposite*):—Why?

LEONORA:—Well, many novels—they're just reporter's work, or preaching; but a romance . . . well, I mean many a novel nowadays is a mere phonograph, but a romance . . . it's a lovely voice from fairyland, making us believe our dreams are true.

LEONARD:—And your *Silver Island* is like that?

LEONORA:—More than any other book I've read.

LEONARD:—What is it all about?

LEONORA:—It's about an island, a coral island, in a sea that never was, like a silver moon in a deep blue sky. And of course there are two people.

LEONARD :—Natives—savages?

LEONORA :—No, of course not. Two . . . lovers. The tale is so written that it might be any time since the world began, and yet these two people think all our best thoughts, and dream all the loveliest dreams we have to-day. It is an island without nettles and thorns, and poisonous fruits and wild beasts, earthquakes and storms and diseases, except in the northern coasts of it; and they live in the south on the sunny side of the Central Mountain. And it isn't only beautiful by nature. An elder great race has dwelt there before them for ages, and migrated to the mainland, leaving marble palaces, and deep wells and fountains, and vines and orange groves and gardens everywhere, just softened, but quite unspoiled by Time, when the tale begins.

LEONARD :—A fairy-book?

LEONORA :—No, no—a romance. Perhaps it *is* a sort of fairy-book. But not a child's fairy-book. It's a man and woman's—a young man and woman's.

LEONARD :—The sort of thing Santa Claus will put in my stocking, if I'm a good young man. You know it's Christmas Eve!

LEONORA :—I know you're making fun of it. I'm sorry I began to tell you.

LEONARD :—I'm not making fun of it. When you were telling about it, I was thinking it was just like this train.

LEONORA :—Really—

LEONARD :—No. I mean it seriously. When I went outside just now, and stood on the car platform, the train was like a long black reef rising out of a sea of milky foam, with the engine like a volcano on the farthest promontory, sending up smoke and red glare. Then when I got more used to it, and could see farther, it seemed more like a good stout steamship frozen fast in Arctic ice and darkness. The telegraph poles and wires were the masts and rigging, and the limestone rocks at the end of the cutting rose up cold and big like icebergs. Then I turned in from all that hugeness and silence of Nature, and found myself, just like the lovers on your silver island, in a snug little palace of Art—a cosy retreat stored with every luxury and refinement, as if the hands of fairies, or the wand of an enchanter—

JAWKINS (*appearing suddenly*):—Beg pardon, sir. You'll have something 'ot after being out in the cold?

LEONARD :—No, thanks. Nothing at all.

JAWKINS :—Just a drop o' Scotch?

LEONARD (*flatly*) :—Not a drop of anything. (JAWKINS *disappears*.)

LEONORA (*smiling*) :—Your enchanter!

LEONARD :—Just like your island, you see.

LEONORA (*laughing*) :—Yes, just like my island.

LEONARD :—And two . . . of us. Just like the island. (*He darts a swift glance at her; but she stops laughing, and picks up her book, not pleased.*)

JAWKINS (*reappearing*) :—Then at least you'll have somethink to eat, sir?

LEONARD :—Thank you, thank you. Nothing.

JAWKINS :—I've just cut all the pick o' the tit-bits off the breast of the turkey, and fried a couple more sausages, and made some fresh sauce. It's 'eavenly.

LEONARD :—No doubt. Eat it yourself.

JAWKINS (*sadly*) :—I'm full up already, sir. Just let me—

LEONARD (*decidedly*) :—Not a morsel. (*As JAWKINS goes out, to himself*) The fellow's a nuisance, but he came in at the right moment . . . I oughtn't to have said that, and looked at her that way. And yet . . . after all, this is the best Christmas Eve I've ever had. (*The door of the Smoking Compartment opens, and MR. BUXTED appears.*)

LEONORA :—Father! What are you doing?

MR. BUXTED (*doggedly*) :—Coming out.

LEONORA :—But two hours—it was to be two hours at least.

MR. BUXTED :—I've been in three hours. (*He makes for his seat, which LEONARD has taken.*) Here, look sharp out of that.

LEONARD (*rising*) :—I give up the seat, sir, of course. But you oughtn't to be here yet.

MR. BUXTED (*excitedly*) :—What d'ye mean?

LEONARD :—You've only lain quiet one hour instead of two.

MR. BUXTED :—It's a lie. I've been there all night.

LEONARD :—Really, sir—

MR. BUXTED (*louder*) :—I've been there all night, and it's an infernal hole!

LEONORA :—Father, father! (JAWKINS *comes in*.)

MR. BUXTED :—I say I've been in all night. I s-say—

JAWKINS:—Beg pardon, sir. But if I might make so bold, there seems to be a little difference between you two gents.

MR. BUXTED (*eagerly*):—Ah—Now how long have I been in that place?

JAWKINS:—'Arf an hour.

MR. BUXTED (*choking*):—Half a—*what*?

JAWKINS:—'Arf an hour, sir, roughly speaking.

MR. BUXTED (*shouting*):—Deuce take your roughly speaking! Tell me exactly—*exactly*—or I'll—I'll—

JAWKINS (*pulls out his watch, shakes it, and speaks softly to LEONARD*):—It's stopped. (*Aloud.*) Twenty-three minutes—

MR. BUXTED:—You—you insolent liar! You—

JAWKINS:—An' forty-eight seconds, exactly, Grinnidge time.

MR. BUXTED (*banging the table*):—The first scoundrel that contradicts me again, I'll pound him to bits; I'll pitch him out of the window, neck and crop; I'll cram him under the wheels. That's straight. I say I've been in there two hours! (*Louder.*) I've been in there two months!

LEONARD:—Really, sir!

MR. BUXTED (*shouting*):—I've been in two years!

JAWKINS:—Oh, come!

MR. BUXTED (*bellowing*):—I've been in two centuries!

LEONORA:—Father!

MR. BUXTED (*roaring with rage*):—I've been in that infernal hole two hundred thousand million years!

LEONARD (*disgusted, to himself*):—Go on that way, you old wretch, and you'll drop into a far worse one for still longer.

JAWKINS (*pleasantly*):—Bless me, sir, you make me feel years younger. (MR. BUXTED *blazes at him, speechless with anger.*) Why, you're the very living image of that gent I told you about, five years come Monday fortnight. He laid as good as gold all by himself about a quarter of an hour—just a bit longer nor you've bin and done—and whenever I peeped in, there he was with his pipe and whisky, as innocent as a little child. But as soon as my back's turned, out he comes, and begins arguin' with the other gents how many minutes he's been in, an' it flies straight to the brain—doin' all them sums and 'rithmetic, you see, sir—and knocks him off just as he's gettin' on beautiful. Now, sir, if you'll take my advice—

MR. BUXTED (*bolting into the Smoking Compartment*):—Yes, yes, yes. I'll take your advice. I'll take your advice.

JAWKINS:—An' what'll you take with it, sir? 'Ot brandy?

MR. BUXTED:—Yes, yes. At once.

JAWKINS:—An' another boxful of ninepennies? Right you are, sir. (*He bangs the door, taps his pocket, and winks at LEONARD, and goes out. LEONORA has seated herself again, with a face full of trouble, and opens her book.*)

LEONARD (*to himself, pityingly*):—Poor girl. (*He hesitates, then sits down opposite her as before, and speaks reassuringly*):—Tell me some more about your silver island.

LEONORA:—I cannot.

LEONARD:—Please. You mustn't be anxious or brood. Your father will be all right. Think of something else—the island.

LEONORA:—I cannot . . . (*With an effort.*) You see the next part is about a hideous monster in a cave. And you'd say . . . no, you'd think—the Smoking Compartment—just like my island! (*She tries to force a laugh.*)

LEONARD (*quickly*):—No, no. I've only been thinking—of you. You must have so much to put up with.

LEONORA:—No. Not if you understood. My father was always rather bluff and outspoken; but he never . . . till last year, when my mother died . . .

LEONARD (*gently*):—I understand.

LEONORA:—They had never been apart more than a few days at a time for thirty years. All the time my mother was so ill, he wore himself out watching and nursing, and now he's shattered, and the least thing almost drives him out of his mind.

LEONARD:—I am so sorry.

LEONORA:—Sometimes I can't explain; if this storm hadn't stopped us to-night, I could never have explained to you: and I knew what you thought of him at Barnborough and after dinner. It's only that part that hurts me—people scorning him as brutal and selfish, when but for his unselfishness he'd have been well and strong to-day. We're going now to spend Christmas at a house where there'll be young people, strangers, and if he's a damper on them all, they'll think I was inconsiderate and stupid to bring him. But I jumped at the chance of getting him away for a change. At home he broods so . . . Perhaps I ought to have thought of

others. To them he's sure to be a monster spoiling their silver island. (*She smiles sadly. LEONARD is silent.*) What are you thinking?

LEONARD (*slowly*):—I was thinking . . . I was wondering how you could bear it all—you, with your delight in romance.

LEONORA (*surprised*):—Why?

LEONARD:—Your heart is in the marble palaces and the flower-gardens, yet your feet are set willingly among the thorns and nettles; and storms beat upon your head. And the earthquakes, and the poisons, and the darkness!

LEONORA:—Go on. You mean "and the monster"?

LEONARD:—I never thought of it. I only mean I am puzzled.

LEONORA:—So am I. I'm puzzled why *you* are puzzled. I should not choose thorns and nettles for my carpet, of course; but my place is among them, and I should be worthless if I ran away. The nettles are my realities, and the flowers are only my dreams. I couldn't live without my dreams; but I hope I know how to wake up from them. Surely you would not have me drowse life away in delicious enervating reveries? No. Dreams are a refreshment, an inspiration to duty, but never a substitute for it.

LEONARD:—Still, you must believe in the dream a little, or it would mock instead of comforting you. You must believe it will come true.

LEONORA:—Or hope it will. Yes, I do. In the dark and storm I always feel sure that at last I shall have sight of my silver islet, shining beyond the blue waves. That's why I hate so many novels—the novels that are so faithful to life, cramped, bitter life like my own; and that's why I love romance—books like this one.

LEONARD:—Then it would be heartless in me to keep you from it a minute longer. (*He is about to rise.*)

LEONORA:—Don't go. I'm not sure I shall read any more.

LEONARD:—Not read any more?

LEONORA:—No. From one or two straws in chapter seven I'm afraid the wind is beginning to blow from a quarter I don't like. Don't you do that?

LEONARD:—Do what?

LEONORA:—Finish a book your own way. So many books begin so well, and end so meanly.

LEONARD :—Then how would you finish *The Silver Island*?

LEONORA :—That isn't quite fair. I should have to think it out. But it would be very cloying and futile if the lovers only loved each other because they'd never known anyone else. I hope the author makes them go to find the monster, and loose him from evil spells, and set him free to work out the good that's sure to be in him. Then, when they've done something beyond enjoying their own lucky selves, they'll come back out of the nettles, and for the first time they'll see all the beauty of the gardens. How would *you* have finished it?

LEONARD :—I'm afraid I'd have let the monster die of nettles, while the lovers ate grapes and wreathed flowers to the end of the last page.

LEONORA :—Oh!

LEONARD :—What?

LEONORA :—Well . . . you mean you are becomingly modest. You mean I lay claim to very much virtue.

LEONARD :—Not to more than you have.

LEONORA :—I have none, except what everyone has.

JAWKINS (*who during the last few moments has been quietly sticking holly and laurel in the racks and ventilators, and wreathing the gasaliers*):—Dekkyrations, ma'am.

LEONORA :—They're charming.

JAWKINS :—Well, ma'am, they done no good lyin' in the guard's van, and they make the place look a bit Christmassy. (*He deftly places a bunch of mistletoe over LEONORA's head; again taps his pocket with a wink at LEONARD, and goes out.*)

LEONORA :—That man interests me. He has imagination.

LEONARD :—Yes. (*To himself*) I've half a mind to wring his neck. (*He gets up and leans over LEONORA to take down the mistletoe.*) Excuse me.

(*LEONORA looks up and sees what JAWKINS has done. With a little cry of surprise and appeal she draws closely into the corner.*)

LEONARD (*hurt*):—You didn't think—

LEONORA :—No, no! I . . . beg your pardon.

LEONARD :—Surely—

LEONORA :—Forgive me. I'm not myself to-night . . . Father, you know. And I was so surprised . . .

LEONARD (*opening the window and throwing out the mistletoe*):—

There! And now, if you like, I'll throw that impudent rascal out after it.

LEONORA:—Not yet. You know we can't do without him. He can manage my father.

LEONARD:—Yes. As you say, he has imagination. You're not going?

LEONORA:—Only to the car platform to get a breath of air.

LEONARD:—I may come too?

LEONORA:—No. That stupid fellow, you know. (LEONARD assenting regretfully, helps her with the cloak, and she goes out.)

LEONARD:—Yes; stupid fellow, impudent rascal! Yet . . . he only pushed to a vulgar extreme what was playing in my mind. It was such a perfect little bit of romance realised when we stopped in the snow—distressed damsel, wrathful parent, faithful serving-man, and myself for adventurous knight. Two of us snugly alone with a book about lovers—why, it wouldn't have been human to renounce a flirtation, especially when I've stuck so desperately to work, and foresworn all women, and nearly all men too, these three years. . . . It's all old Fred's fault. "Come to Northingham," he says. "You've sold your invention and made your fortune; come out of your hole, and let's brush the cobwebs off you." (*He takes out a letter.*) "Millie has invited just the girl to take you in hand and turn you into a human being again. She's called Leonora Buxted." (*He crams the letter back into his pocket.*) "Leonora!" Ah, there's the mischief. It's brought back all the boyish dreams, and the foolish odes I used to scribble, "*Leonard to Leonora.*" (*He laughs, then sits down, musing.*) And now I've found time at last to know I'm a bit heart-hungry, and Leonora Buxted will find I'm a human being already if she's anything like . . . this girl here. Everything seemed different the moment she got into the car. And since it stopped . . . Hold! but this isn't quite loyal to Miss Buxted. (*He laughs; then springs up.*) What do I care for Miss Buxted, though? I don't want to see her! I won't see her! I'll wire old Fred—"Snowed up," "Detained," "Just dead," or something; and I'll tell her that, with her father as he is, I insist on seeing them safely through. Then there's bound to be some inn or other near the place they're going to . . . I owe her this little atonement for

wanting to amuse myself with her,—this small sacrifice . . . Bah! Humbug! Sacrifice, indeed! (*Leonora returns.*)

LEONORA :—It's so dark and cold out there.

LEONARD :—Then welcome back to your marble palace. (*He takes the cloak from her shoulders lingeringly.*)

JAWKINS (*in the doorway*) :—Yes, ma'am.

LEONORA :—I didn't call.

JAWKINS :—Somethink 'ot?

LEONORA :—No, no.

JAWKINS :—Negus? 'Ot mulled port an' nutmeg and sugar?

LEONORA :—Thanks, thanks. Nothing. (*He goes out slowly.*)

LEONORA *sits down near the door.*

LEONARD :—Why not your old seat? (*She does not answer, but looks towards JAWKINS' quarters.*) Oh, that fellow!

JAWKINS (*reappearing*) :—I've cut off some of the puddin', ma'am, and cooked it a noo way, with maraschino sauce.

LEONORA :—None, really. Thank you.

JAWKINS :—Then I 'ope you're ready again, sir? a bowl of 'ot soup?

LEONARD :—No. Thanks.

JAWKINS (*coaxingly*) :—A small sole aw grattin?

LEONARD :—No. None.

JAWKINS (*pleading*) :—A wee bit o' turkey, then, sir?

LEONARD (*shortly*) :—No.

JAWKINS :—I could do you a nice steak an' chips—

LEONARD :—I don't want it—nor any more of you either. (*JAWKINS withdraws grieved.*) That settles him for a bit. Now come to your old seat. It's draughty there. (*She obeys, and LEONARD sits down beside her.*) You saw the snowdrift?

LEONORA :—Yes. And yon black reef and red volcano, and steamer deck, and masts and rigging—

JAWKINS (*coming in suddenly, with a wink at LEONARD*) :—I beg your pardon, sir!

LEONARD :—But you won't get it. Why the—

JAWKINS :—The guard, sir. He's just bin along the footboard to say there's two Yorkshiremen comin' 'ome from a Sosherlist Congress, stirrin' up all the third-class people to claim their rights as our feller human bein's. They're goin' to make a raid on my pantry and eat all they can put 'ands on. So you'd

better fill yerself up, sir, you and the lady, before everythink's took.

LEONORA:—Poor things! If they've been left hungry all this time, it's a scandal.

LEONARD:—It's monstrous. (*To JAWKINS.*) Let them have all they want, poor beggars . . . and, here, if any of them can't pay, take this. (*He places some coins in JAWKINS' hands. JAWKINS goes out beaming. LEONORA gets up and takes LEONARD's old seat.*)

LEONARD:—Why. . . Oh, but, really, if he comes back again he'll go out through the window.

LEONORA:—. . . It's no use trying to talk. Will you lend me your book?

LEONARD:—It's a stupid thing—about nothing but sport and spendthrifts, and only written to sell.

LEONORA:—If you'll lend me yours, I'll lend you mine. (*LEONARD reluctantly makes the exchange, and both open the books. As LEONARD turns the leaves idly, a scrap of paper falls out. He glances at it, and lets it drop on the table.*)

LEONARD (*amazed, to himself*):—Leonard Frant! (*He picks up the scrap and reads it again.*) "This time to-morrow I shall see Leonard Frant." (*Scarcely knowing what he does, he walks over to LEONORA and holds it before her.*) . . . This . . . ?

LEONORA (*not recognising it for a moment*):—What is it? Oh! (*She starts up crimson and tries to snatch it away.*)

LEONARD:—This paper?

LEONORA (*imploringly*):—Give it to me.

LEONARD:—What is it?

LEONORA (*recovering herself with a great effort*):—It's a scrap of paper . . . with some silly nonsense on it. But that's nothing to do with you. Give it to me.

LEONARD:—Why?

LEONORA (*hotly*):—Because it's mine. Because if you don't, you are—

LEONARD:—But Frant—Leonard Frant—it's my own name.

LEONORA (*thunderstruck*):—Your own name! (*She stumbles to a seat a few feet off and sits down, with averted head, trying to overcome her confusion and humiliation. LEONARD stands irresolute; then follows her.*)

LEONARD:—I—

LEONORA:—Give it to me. (*He obeys, and she rends the scrap in pieces.*)

LEONARD:—I am so—

LEONORA:—Oh, go away, go away. Can't you . . . understand? (*Without taking his eyes off her, LEONARD slowly moves away. He puts on his coat and cap and is about to leave the car, when a thought strikes him. He walks back to her.*)

LEONARD:—You are Leonora Buxted? (*She still averts her face.*) Then let me speak. I have written no words on paper, but, fifty times more than you, I have wondered who this Leonora would be. Leonora! As a boy all my dreams wove themselves round an ideal Leonora. My clumsy sonnets were all "*From Leonard to Leonora.*" It was a feeble play on mere sounds, I know, but they were the only love-dreams I ever had. It was always "Leonora." (*She will not look or answer.*) But listen. When I saw you to-night, I wished Leonora would be like you, and, after that idiot stuck up his mistletoe, I began thinking—I had meant to . . . flirt with you, and I was ashamed, and I made up my mind not to go to Northingham at all, but to follow you and let Leonora Buxted go.

LEONORA (*quickly*):—I should not have allowed you.

LEONARD:—To give up Northingham?

LEONORA:—To follow me. I should not have allowed you.

LEONARD (*with a great effort*):—Now I must do neither.

LEONORA:—Neither!

LEONARD:—Neither follow you nor go to Northingham. It's the same thing now. . . . I shall go back to town.

LEONORA (*with a swift glance of gratitude and admiration*):—You— . . . But your host?

LEONARD:—I can make an excuse.

LEONORA:—And yourself? Your own Christmas?

LEONARD:—No. Yours. Already you have your father. . . . I go back to town.

LEONORA:—You are chivalrous. I cannot say all I think. But . . . there are others concerned, and we have not the right to be superfine. It will be a large party at Northingham. We need not . . . meet much. It would be a shame if you turned back now. You must go to Northingham.

LEONARD:—Why? Why *must*?

LEONORA :—Well . . . for your host's sake.

LEONARD :—I go back to town.

LEONORA :—Then for your own sake.

LEONARD (*emphatically*):—I go back to town. (*He waits, but LEONORA will not speak the words. There is a long pause.*)

LEONORA :—You must not go back to town.

LEONARD :—Where must I go, then?

LEONORA :—To Northingham.

LEONARD (*quickly*):—For whose sake? (*She does not answer. He sits down opposite and tries to read her face. Suddenly there are shouts without, "All's clear!"*)

MR. BUXTED (*emerging triumphantly with his watch in his hand, and echoing the voices outside*):—All's clear!

JAWKINS (*bustling in, excitedly*):—All's clear! (*To himself ruefully*) Incloodin' the pantry. (*Aloud*) All's clear, all's clear!

LEONARD (*gently drawing LEONORA's hand into his own across the table, with quiet conviction*):—Yes. All's clear!

(*LEONORA leaves her hand in his. The engine whistles, and the curtain falls.*)

UNDER THE DOME

To make room for the Christmas Stories and the Christmas Play, *The First Labour of King Oswin* is held over until the January number, which will be the first of a new volume. Other contributors to the same number will be Messrs. Will Rothenstein, Stephen Phillips, and Francis Thompson. Commencing in January, certain double-columned pages will be set apart monthly for reviews of books and notes on artistic events.

The Editor asks indulgence of those contributors who have not received replies to their kind offers. Over a thousand drawings, musical compositions, poems, and stories have reached these offices during the last few weeks.

No one who knew the late Mr. Gleeson White's habit of subordinating financial to artistic considerations, will be surprised to hear that he was unable, cut off as he was at his prime, to leave behind him adequate provision for his family. A fund is being raised, and contributions may be sent at once to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. R. Hope-Pinker, 22 Avonmore Road, West Kensington.

Certain defects were observed in this volume when it was received by University Microfilms, Inc. Since we were unable to locate a perfect copy, this volume was filmed as received.

University Microfilms, Inc., Ann Arbor, Mich.